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DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

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EVENING. ILAIA. 29TH APRIL, 1873.

THE ²LAST JOURNALS
OF
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
IN CENTRAL AFRICA,

FROM 1865 TO HIS DEATH.

(ABRIDGED FROM THE ORIGINAL LONDON EDITION.)

WITH A NARRATIVE OF

HIS LAST MOMENTS AND SUFFERINGS,

OBTAINED FROM

HIS FAITHFUL SERVANTS CHUMAH AND SUSI

By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S.,

RECTOR OF TWYWELL, NORTHAMPTON.

WITH PORTRAIT, MAPS, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

"To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours:
Come round to see the Englishman."

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

Few persons familiar with Dr. Livingstone's earlier writings have failed to observe that his books contain considerable matter which, however profitable it may be as a study for embryo explorers, members of Geographical Societies, and persons of various scientific tastes, is dry and uninteresting to people generally; and it is doubtless true that "THE LAST JOURNALS" of the great traveler, recently published in London, of which this volume is an abridged reprint, is open to the same criticism. Very few, for example, will care to know that "the strike of large masses of foliated gneiss is parallel with the major axis of the lake," or that the names of the thirty-nine species of fish inhabiting it are "Mondé, Mota, Lasa, Kasibé, Molobé, Lopembé," etc., etc.

In preparing this book the aim has been to retain everything necessary to the continuity of the narrative and a full understanding of Dr. Livingstone's travels, adventures, discoveries and experiences, and all else which would be likely to interest any considerable portion of intelligent American readers: and it is believed that for them, at least, the Journals lose nothing of their interest or depth of meaning at the compiler's hands.

In the Introduction to the London edition its Editor says: "In the midst of the universal sorrow caused by the intelligence that Dr. Livingstone had lost his life at the furthest point to which he had penetrated in his search for the true sources of the Nile, a faint hope was indulged that some of his journals might survive the disaster: this hope, I.

rejoice to say, has been realized beyond the most sanguine expectations. We have not to deplore the loss, by accident or carelessness, of a single entry, from the time of Livingstone's departure from Zanzibar in the beginning of 1866, to the day when his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala at the end of April, 1873.

"The reader must be warned that, however versed in books of African travel he may be, the very novelty of his situation amongst these pages will render him liable perhaps to a danger which a timely word may avert. Truly it may be said he has an *embarras de richesses!* To follow an explorer who by his individual exertions has filled up a great space in the map of Africa, who has not only been the first to set foot on the shores of vast inland seas, but who, with the simple appliances of his bodily stature for a sounding pole and his stalwart stride for a measuring tape, lays down new rivers by the hundreds, is a task calculated to stagger him. It may be provoking to find Livingstone busily engaged in bargaining for a canoe upon the shores of Bangweolo, much as he would have secured a boat on his own native Clyde; but it was not in his nature to be subject to those paroxysms in which travelers too often indite their discoveries and description.

"At the same time these journals will be found to contain innumerable notes on the habits of animals, birds, and fishes, many of them probably new species, and on phenomena in every direction which the keen eye searched out as the great traveler moved amongst some of the grandest scenes of this beautiful world: it may be doubted if ever eye so keen was backed by so much perseverance to shield it from a mere superficial habit of noticing. Let his adventures speak for themselves."

The Portrait and full-page Engravings in the London Edition have been copied for this book: also, substantially, a map showing the Explorer's routes and discoveries. Another map showing his earlier travels in Southern Africa has been added.

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DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTES.-----

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S ROUTES.-----

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MAP
OF
SOUTHERN AFRICA
DR. LIVINGSTONES ROUTES. -----

12 16 20 24 28 32 36 40

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS.

CHAPTER I.

THE START FOR THE INTERIOR.

ZANZIBAR, 28th January, 1866.—After a passage of twenty-three days from Bombay we arrived at this island in the *Thule*, which was one of Captain Sherard Osborne's late Chinese fleet, and now a present from the Bombay Government to the Sultan of Zanzibar. I was honored with the commission to make the formal presentation, and this was intended by H. E. the Governor-in-Council to show in how much estimation I was held, and thereby induce the Sultan to forward my enterprise. The letter to his Highness was a commendatory epistle in my favor, for which consideration on the part of Sir Bartle Frere I feel deeply grateful.

When we arrived Dr. Seward, the Acting Consul, was absent at the Seychelles on account of serious failure of health. Dr. Seward was expected back daily, and he did arrive on the 31st. I requested a private interview with the Sultan, and on the following day (29) called and told him the nature of my commission to his Highness. He was very gracious, and seemed pleased with the gift, as well he might, for the *Thule* is fitted up in the most gorgeous manner. We asked a few days to put her in perfect order, and this being the Ramadân, or fasting month, he was all the more willing to defer a visit to the vessel.

Dr. Seward arranged to have an audience with the Sultan, to carry out his instructions, which were to present me in a formal manner; Captain Bradshaw of the *Wasp*, with Captain Leatham of the *Vigilant*, and Bishop Tozer, were to accompany us in full dress, but the Sultan had a toothache and gumboil, and could not receive us; he, however, placed one of his houses at my disposal, and appointed a man who speaks English to furnish board for my men and me, and also for Captain Brebner, of the *Thule*, and his men.

6th February, 1866.—The Sultan being still unable to come, partly on account of toothache and partly on account of Ramadán, he sent his commodore, Captain Abdullah, to receive the *Thule*. When the English flag was hauled down in the *Thule*, it went up to the mainmast of the *Iskander Shah*, and was saluted by twenty-one guns; then the *Wasp* saluted the Arab flag with an equal number, which honor being duly acknowledged by a second royal salute from the *Iskander Shah*, Captain Abdullah's frigate, the ceremony ended.

Next day, we were received by the Sultan, and through his interpreter, I told him that his friend, the Governor of Bombay, had lately visited the South Mahratta Princes, and had pressed on them the necessity of education; the world was moving on, and those who neglected to acquire knowledge would soon find that power slipped through their fingers, and that the Bombay Government, in presenting his Highness with a portion of steam power, showed its desire to impart one of the greatest improvements of modern times, not desiring to monopolize power, but hoping to lift up others with themselves and I wished him to live a hundred years and enjoy all happiness.

18th.—All the Europeans went to pay visits of congratulation to his Highness the Sultan upon the conclusion of the Ramadán, when sweetmeats were placed before us. He desired me to thank the Governor of Bombay for his magnificent gift, and to state that although he would like to have me always with him, yet he would show me the same

favor in Africa which he had done here : he added that the *Thule* was at my service to take me to the Rovuma whenever I wished to leave.

The sepoys came in and did obeisance ; and I pointed out the Nassick lads as those who had been rescued from slavery, educated, and sent back to their own country by the Governor. Surely he must see that some people in the world act from other than selfish motives.

2nd March, 1866.—A northern dhow came in with slaves ; when this was reported to the Sultan he ordered it to be burned, and we saw this done from the window of the Consulate ; but he has very little power over Northern Arabs. He has shown a little vigor of late.

On visiting the slave market I found about 300 slaves exposed for sale, the greater part of whom came from Lake Nyassa and the Shire River ; I am so familiar with the peculiar faces and markings or tattooings, that I expect them to recognize me. Indeed one woman said that she had heard of our passing up Lake Nyassa in a boat, but she did not see me : others came from Chipeta, S.W. of the lake. All who have grown up seem ashamed of being hawked about for sale. The teeth are examined, the cloth lifted up to examine the lower limbs, and a stick is thrown for the slave to bring, and thus exhibit his paces. Some are dragged through the crowd by the hand, and the price called out incessantly : most of the purchasers were Northern Arabs and Persians. This is the period when the Sultan's people may not carry slaves coastwise ; but they simply cannot, for the wind is against them. Many of the dhows leave for Madagascar, and thence come back to complete their cargoes.

6th.—Rains have begun now that the sun is overhead. We expect the *Penguin* daily to come from Johanna, and take us to the Rovuma. It is an unwholesome place ; six of my men have fever ; few retain health long, and considering the lowness of the island, and the absence of sanitary regulations in the town, it is not to be wondered at.

We visited an old man to-day, the richest in Zanzibar,

who is to give me letters to his friends at Tanganyika, and I am trying to get a depot of goods for provisions formed there, so that when I reach it I may not be destitute.

18th.—I have arranged with Koorje, a Banian, who farms the custom-house revenue here, to send a supply of beads, cloth, flour, tea, coffee, and sugar, to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. The Arab there, with whom one of Koorje's people will remain in charge of the goods, is called Thani bin Suelim.

Yesterday we went to take leave of the Sultan, and to thank him for all his kindness to me and my men which has indeed been very great. He offered me men to go with me, and another letter if I wished it. He looks very ill.

The *Penguin* came a few days ago, and Lieutenant Garforth in command agrees to take me down to the Rovuma River, and land me there. I have a dhow to take my animals: six camels, three buffaloes, and a calf, two mules, and four donkeys. I have thirteen sepoy, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyans, Wekatani and Chumah.

[Several of these men had previously been employed by Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi and Shire; thus Musa, the Johanna man, was a sailor on the *Lady Nyassa*, whilst Susi and Amoda were engaged at Shupanga to cut wood for the *Pioneer*. The two Waiyau lads, Wakatani and Chumah, were liberated from the slavers by the Doctor and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, and lived for three years with the Mission party at Chibisa's before they were engaged by Livingstone. The Nassick lads were entire strangers, and were trained in India.]

19th.—We start this morning at 10 A.M. I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them.

22nd.—We reached Rovuma Bay to-day, and anchored about two miles from the mouth of the river.



LIVINGSTONE'S HOUSE, ZANZIBAR.



DHOW USED FOR TRANSPORT OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S CAMELS.

24th.—I went to the dhow, and there being no wind, I left orders with the captain to go up the right bank should a breeze arise. Mr. Fane, midshipman, accompanied me up the left bank above, to see if we could lead the camels along in the water. Near the point where the river first makes a little bend to the north, we landed and found three formidable gullies, and jungle so thick with bush, date-palms, twining bamboo, and hooked thorns, that one could scarcely get along. Further inland it was sticky mud, thickly planted over with mangrove roots and gullies in whose soft banks one sank over the ankles. No camels could have moved, and men with extreme difficulty might struggle through; but we never could have made an available road.

[Finding it impracticable to disembark at the mouth of the Rovuma, the vessels proceeded to the port of Mickindany, about 25 miles N. of Rovuma, where the Expedition was landed. The *Penguin* then left.]

25th.—I hired a house for four dollars a month, and landed all our goods from the dhow. The cattle are all very much the worse for being knocked about in the dhow. We began to prepare saddles of a very strong tree called Ntibwe. I applied also for twenty carriers, and a Banian engaged to get them as soon as possible. The people have no cattle here, they are half-caste Arabs mostly, and quite civil to us.

26th.—A few of the Nassick boys have the slave spirit pretty strongly; it goes deepest in those who have the darkest skins. Two Gallah men are the most intelligent and hard-working among them; some look on work with indifference when others are the actors.

Now that I am on the point of starting on another trip into Africa I feel quite exhilarated: when one travels with the specific object in view of ameliorating the condition of the natives, every act becomes ennobled.

Whether exchanging the customary civilities, or arriving at a village, accepting a night's lodging, purchasing food for the party, asking for information, or answering polite African inquiries as to our objects in traveling, we begin to spread

a knowledge of that people by whose agency their land will yet become enlightened and freed from the slave-trade.

The mere animal pleasure of traveling in a wild unexplored country is very great. When on lands of a couple of thousand feet elevation, brisk exercise imparts elasticity to the muscles, fresh and healthy blood circulates through the brain, the mind works well, the eye is clear, the step is firm, and a day's exertion always makes the evening's repose thoroughly enjoyable.

We have usually the stimulus of remote chances of danger either from beasts or men. Our sympathies are drawn out towards our humble hardy companions by a community of interests, and, it may be, of perils, which make us all friends. Nothing but the most pitiable puerility would lead any manly heart to make their inferiority a theme for self-exaltation; however, that is often done, as if with the vague idea that we can, by magnifying their deficiencies, demonstrate our immaculate perfections.

The effect of travel on a man whose heart is in the right place is that the mind is made more self-reliant: it becomes more confident of its own resources—there is greater presence of mind. The body is soon well-knit; the muscles of the limbs grow as hard as a board, and seem to have no fat; the countenance is bronzed, and there is no dyspepsia. Africa is a most wonderful country for appetite, and it is only when one gloats over marrow bones or elephant's feet that indigestion is possible. No doubt much toil is involved, and fatigue of which travelers in the more temperate climes can form but a faint conception; but the sweat of one's brow is no longer a curse when one works for God: it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing. No one can truly appreciate the charm of repose unless he has undergone severe exertion.

27th.—While the camels and other animals are getting over their fatigues and bad bruises, we are making camels' saddles, and repairing those of the mules and buffaloes. Oysters abound on all the rocks and on the trees over which

the tide flows: they are small, but much relished by the people. The point of land which on the north side of the entrance to the harbor narrows it to about 300 yards, is alone called Pemba.

4th April, 1866.—When about to start from Pemba, at the entrance to the other side of the bay, one of our buffaloes gored a donkey so badly that he had to be shot: we cut off the tips of the offender's horns, on the principle of "locking the stable-door when the steed is stolen," and marched. We came to level spots devoid of vegetation, and hard on the surface, but a deposit of water below allowed the camels to sink up to their bodies through the crust. Hauling them out, we got along to the jemidar's house, which is built of coral and lime. Hamesh was profuse in his professions of desire to serve, but gave a shabby hut which let in rain and wind. I slept one night in it, and it was unbearable, so I asked the jemidar to allow me to sleep in his court-room, where many of the sepoys were: he consented, but when I went refused; then, being an excitable, nervous Arab, he took fright, mustered all his men, amounting to about fifteen, with matchlocks; ran off, saying he was going to kill a lion; came back, shook hands nervously with me, vowing it was a man who would not obey him, "it was not you."

Our goods were all out in the street, bound on the pack-saddles, so at night we took the ordinary precaution of setting a guard. This excited our dignitary, and after dark all his men were again mustered with matches lighted. I took no notice of him, and after he had spent a good deal of talk, which we could hear, he called Musa and asked what I meant. The explanations of Musa had the effect of sending him to bed, and in the morning, when I learned how much I had most unintentionally disturbed him, I told him that I was sorry, but it did not occur to me to tell him about an ordinary precaution against thieves. He thought he had given me a crushing reply when he said with vehemence, "But there are no thieves here."

6th.—We made a short march round to the south-west side of the lake, and spent the night at a village.

7th.—Went about south from Kindany with a Somalie guide, named Ben Ali, a good-looking obliging man, who was to get twenty dollars to take us up to Ngomano. Our path lay in a valley, with well-wooded heights on each side, but the grass towered over our heads, and gave the sensation of smothering, whilst the sun beat down on our heads very fiercely, and there was not a breath of air stirring. Not understanding camels, I had to trust to the sepoy who overloaded them, and before we had accomplished our march of about seven miles they were knocked up.

8th. We spent the Sunday at a village called Nyangedi. Here our buffaloes and camels were first bitten by the tsetse fly. We had passed through some pieces of dense jungle which, though they offered no obstruction to foot-passengers, but rather an agreeable shade, had to be cut for the tall camels, and fortunately we found the Makonde of this village glad to engage themselves by the day either as woodcutters or carriers. We had left many things with the jemidar from an idea that no carriers could be procured. I lightened the camels, and had a party of woodcutters to heighten and widen the path in the dense jungle into which we now penetrated. Every now and then we emerged on open spaces, where the Makonde have cleared gardens. The people were very much more taken up with the camels and buffaloes than with me.

11th.—At Tandahara we were still ascending as we went south; the soil is very fertile, with a good admixture of sand in it, but no rocks are visible.

12th.—On starting we found the jungle so dense that the people thought "there was no cutting it:" it continued upwards of three miles. The trees are not large, but so closely planted together that a great deal of labor was required to widen and heighten the path. Many are mere poles, and so intertwined with climbers as to present the appearance of a ship's ropes and cables shaken in among

them, and many have woody stems as thick as an eleven-inch hawser.

We employed about ten jolly young Makonde to deal with these prehistoric plants in their own way, for they are accustomed to clearing spaces for gardens, and went at the work with a will, using tomahawks well adapted for the work. They whittled away right manfully, taking an axe when any trees had to be cut. Their pay arranged beforehand, was to be one yard of calico per day: this is not much, seeing we are still so near the sea-coast. Climbers and young trees melted before them like a cloud before the sun! Many more would have worked than we employed, but we used the precaution of taking the names of those engaged. Tall men became exhausted soonest, while the shorter men worked vigorously still—but a couple of days' hard work seemed to tell on the best of them. It is doubtful if any but meat-eating people can stand long-continued labor without exhaustion: the Chinese may be an exception.

13th.—We now began to descend the northern slope down to the Rovuma, and a glimpse could occasionally be had of the country; it seemed covered with great masses of dark green forest, but the undulations occasionally looked like hills, and here and there a *Sterculia* had put on yellow foliage in anticipation of the coming winter. More frequently our vision was circumscribed to a few yards till our merry woodcutters made for us the pleasant scene of a long vista fit for camels to pass: as a whole, the jungle would have made the authors of the natty little hints to travelers smile at their own productions—good enough, perhaps, where one has an open country with trees and hills, by which to take bearings, estimate distances, see that one point is on the same latitude, another on the same longitude with such another, and all to be laid down fair and square with protractor and compass; but so long as we remained within the vegetation that is fed by the moisture from the Indian Ocean, the steamy, smothering air, and dank, rank, luxuriant vegetation made me feel, like it,

struggling for existence,—and no more capable of taking bearings than if I had been in a hogshead and observing through the bunghole!

14th.—To-day we succeeded in reaching the Rovuma, close by where it is marked on the map that the *Pioneer* turned back in 1861. Here we rested on Sunday 15th.

16th.—Our course now lay westwards, along the side of that ragged outline of table-land, which we had formerly seen from the river as flanking both sides. The path is not straight, but from one village to another. We came perpetually on gardens, and remarked that rice was sown among the other grain.

17th.—I had to leave the camels in the hands of the sepoys: I ordered them to bring as little luggage as possible, and the havildar assured me that two buffaloes, were amply sufficient to carry all they would bring. I now find that they have more than full loads for two buffaloes, two mules, and two donkeys; but when these animals fall down under them, they assure me with so much positiveness that they are not overloaded, that I have to be silent, or only, as I have several times done before, express the opinion that they will kill these animals. The sun is very sharp; it scorches.

18th.—Ben Ali misled us away up to the north in spite of my protest, when we turned in that direction; he declared that was the proper path. We had much woodcutting, and found that our course that day and next was to enable him to visit and return from one of his wives—a comely Makonde woman! He brought her to call on me, and I had to be polite to the lady, though we lost a day by the zigzag. This is one way by which the Arabs gain influence.

19th.—We were led up over a hill again, and on to the level of the plateau, and tasted water of an agreeable coldness for the first time on this journey. The people, especially the women, are very rude, and the men very eager to be employed as woodcutters. Very merry they are at it, and every now and then one raises a cheerful shout, in which all join. I suppose they are urged on by a desire

to please their wives with a little clothing. The higher up the Rovuma we ascend, the people are more and more tattooed on the face, and on all parts of the body. The teeth are filed to points, and huge lip-rings are worn by the women; some few Mabeha men from the south side of the river have lip-rings too.

20th.—A Johanna man allowed the camels to trespass and destroy a man's tobacco patch: the owner would not allow us after this to pass through his rice-field, in which the route lay. I examined the damage, and made the Johanna man pay a yard of calico for it, which set matters all right.

21st.—After a great deal of cutting we reached the valley of Mehambwe to spend Sunday, all glad that it had come round again. Here some men came to our camp from Ndonde, who report that an invasion of Mazitu had three months ago swept away all the food out of the country, and they are now obliged to send in every direction for provisions.

A wall-eyed, ill-looking fellow, who helped to urge on the attack on our first visit in 1861, and the man to whom I gave cloth to prevent a collision, came about us disguised in a jacket. I knew him well, but said nothing to him.*

23rd.—A carrier stole a shirt, and went off unsuspected; when the loss was ascertained, the man's companions tracked him with Ben Ali by night, got him in his hut, and then collected the headmen of the village who fined him about four times the value of what had been stolen. They came back in the morning without seeming to think that they had done aught to be commended; this was the only case of theft we had noticed, and the treatment showed a natural sense of justice.

24th.—We had showers occasionally, but at night all the men were under cover of screens. We could not march more than a few miles owing to the slowness of the sepoys;

* This refers to an attack made upon the boats of the *Pioneer*.

they are a heavy drag on us, and of no possible use, except when acting as sentries at night.

26th.—On the 25th we reached Narri; the people are eager traders in meal, fowls, eggs, and honey; the women are very rude. Yesterday I caught a sepoy, Pando, belaboring a camel with a big stick as thick as any part of his arm; the path being narrow, it could not get out of his way; I shouted to him to desist; he did not know I was in sight; to-day the effect of the bad usage is seen in the animal being quite unable to move its leg: inflammation has set up in the hip-joint. We had to leave this camel at Narri.

28th.—The hills on the north now retire out of our sight. A gap in the southern plateau gives passage to a small river, which arises in a lakelet of some size, eight or ten miles inland: the river and lakelet are both called Nangadi; the latter is so broad that men cannot be distinguished, even by the keen eyes of the natives on the other side; it is very deep, and abounds in large fish.

We spend Sunday, the 29th, on the banks of the Rovuma. Ali draws a very dark picture of the Makonde. He says they know nothing of a Deity, they pray to their mothers when in distress or dying; know nothing of a future state, nor have they any religion except a belief in medicine; and every headsmen is a doctor.

I went with the Makonde to see a specimen of the gum-copal tree in the vicinity of this village. The leaves are in pairs, glossy green, with the veins a little raised on both face and back; the smaller branches diverge from the same point: the fruit, of which we saw the shells, seems to be a nut; some animal had in eating them cut them through. The bark of the tree is of a light ash color; the gum was oozing from the bark at wounded places, and it drops on the ground from branches; it is thus that insects are probably imbedded in the gum-copal.

30th.—I am sorry to suspect foul play: the buffaloes and mules are badly used, but I cannot be always near to prevent it.

CHAPTER II.

THE MARCH UP THE ROVUMA.

MAY 1st, 1866.—We now came along through a country comparatively free of wood, and we could move on without perpetual cutting and clearing. It is beautiful to get a good glimpse out on the surrounding scenery, though it still seems nearly all covered with great masses of umbrageous foliage, mostly of a dark green color, for nearly all of the individual trees possess dark glossy leaves like laurel.

When we came to Ntande's village, we found it inclosed in a strong stockade, from a fear of attack by Mabiha, who come across the river and steal their women when going to draw water: this is for the Ibo market. They offered to pull down their stockade and let us in if we would remain over-night, but we declined. Before reaching Ntande we passed the ruins of two villages; the owners were the attacking party when we ascended the Rovuma in 1862. I have still the old sail, with four bullet-holes through it, made by the shots which they fired after we had given cloth and got assurances of friendship.

3rd.—We rested in a Makoa village, the head of which was an old woman. The Makoa or Makoane are known by a half-moon figure tattooed on their foreheads or elsewhere. Our poodle dog Chitane chased the dogs of this village with unrelenting fury, his fierce looks inspired terror among the wretched pariah dogs of a yellow and white color, and those looks were entirely owing to its being difficult to distinguish at which end his head or tail lay. He enjoyed the chase of

the yelping curs immensely, but if one of them had turned he would have bolted the other way.

A motherly-looking woman came forward and offered me some meal; this was when we were in the act of departing: others had given food to the men and no return had been made. I told her to send it on by her husband, and I would purchase it, but it would have been better to have accepted it: some give merely out of kindly feeling and with no prospect of a return.

Many of the Makoa men have their faces thickly tattooed in double raised lines of about half an inch in length. After the incisions are made, charcoal is rubbed in and the flesh pressed out, so that all the cuts are raised above the level of the surface. It gives them rather a hideous look, and a good deal of that fierceness which our kings and chiefs of old put on whilst having their portraits taken.

4th.—The stream, embowered in perpetual shade and overspread with the roots of water-loving, broad-leaved trees, we found to be called Nkonya. The spot of our encampment was an island formed by a branch of it parting and re-entering it again: the owner had used it for rice.

At Nyamba, a village where we spent the night of the 5th, was a doctress and rain-maker, who presented a large basket of soroko, or, as they call it in India, "mung," and a fowl. She is tall and well made, with fine limbs and feet, and was profusely tattooed all over; even her hips and buttocks had their elaborate markings; no shame is felt in exposing these parts.

6th.—The people hereabouts seem intelligent and respectful. At service a man began to talk, but when I said, "Ku soma Mlungu,"—"we wish to pray to God," he desisted.

7th.—A camel died during the night, and the gray buffalo is in convulsions this morning. The cruelty of these sepoy's vitiates my experiment, and I quite expect many camels, one buffalo, and one mule to die yet; they sit down and smoke and eat, leaving the animals loaded in the sun. We have not averaged four miles a day in a straight line, yet the

animals have often been kept in the sun for eight hours at a stretch. Sepoys are a mistake.

8th.—We arrived at a village called Jponde. I left the havildar, sepoys, and Nassick boys here in order to make a forced march forward, where no food is to be had, and send either to the south or westwards for supplies, so that after they have rested the animals and themselves five days they may come.

9th.—I went on with the Johanna men and twenty-four carriers, for it was a pleasure to get away from the sepoys and Nassick boys; the two combined to overload the animals. I told them repeatedly that they would kill them, but no sooner had I adjusted the burdens and turned my back than they put on all their things. It was however such continual vexation to contend with the sneaking spirit, that I gave up annoying myself by seeing matters, though I felt certain that the animals would all be killed. We did at least eight miles pleasantly well, and slept at Moedaa village. We passed the spot where an Arab called Birkal was asked payment for leave to pass. After two and a half days' parley he fought, killed two Makonde, and mortally wounded a headman, which settled the matter; no fresh demand has been made. Ali's brother also resisted the same sort of demand, fought several times, or until three Makonde and two of his people were killed; they then made peace, and no other exactions have been made.

11th.—We now found a difficulty in getting our carriers along, on account of exhaustion from want of food. We met a runaway woman: she was seized by Ali, and it was plain that he expected a reward for his pains. He thought she was a slave, but a quarter of a mile off was the village she had left, and it being doubtful if she were a runaway at all, the would-be fugitive slave-capture turned out a failure.

13th.—We halted at a village at Matawatawa. A pleasant-looking lady, with her face profusely tattooed, came forward with a bunch of sweet reed, and laid it at my feet, saying, "I met you here before," pointing to the spot on the river

where we turned. I remember her coming then, and that I asked the boat to wait while she went to bring us a basket of food, and I think it was given to Chiko, and no return made. It is sheer kindness that prompts them sometimes, though occasionally people do make presents with a view of getting a larger one in return: it is pleasant to find that it is not always so. She had a quiet, dignified manner, both in talking and walking, and I now gave her a small looking-glass, and she went and brought me her only fowl and a basket of eucumber-seeds, from which oil is made; from the amount of oily matter they contain they are nutritious when roasted and eaten as nuts. She made an apology, saying they were hungry times at present. I gave her a cloth, and so parted with Kanangone.

14th.—I could not get the carriers on more than an hour and three-quarters; men tire very soon on empty stomachs. We had reached the village of Hassane. Hassane's daughter was just lifting a pot of French beans, boiled in their pods, off the fire when we entered the village; these he presented to me, and when I invited him to partake, he replied that he was at home and would get something, while I was a stranger on a journey. He, like all the other headmen, is a reputed doctor, and his wife, a stout old lady, a doctress; he had never married any wife but this one, and he had four children, all whom lived with their parents. We employed one of his sons to go to the south side and purchase food, sending at the same time some carriers to buy for themselves. The siroko and rice bought by Hassane's son we deposited with him for the party behind, when they should arrive. The amount of terror the Mazitu inspire cannot be realized by us. They shake their shields and the people fly like stricken deer. I observed that a child would not go a few yards for necessary purposes unless grandmother stood in sight.

15th–16th.—Miserably short marches from hunger, and I sympathize with the poor fellows. Those sent to buy food for themselves on the south bank were misled by a talkative fellow named Chikungu, and went off north, where we knew

nothing could be had. His object was to get paid for three days, while they only loitered here. I suppose hunger has taken the spirit out of them; but I told them that a day in which no work was done did not count: they admitted this. We pay about two feet of calico per day, and a fathom or six feet for three days' carriage.

17th.—With very empty stomachs they came on a few miles and proposed to cross to the south side; as this involved crossing the Loendi too, I at first objected, but in hopes that we might get food for them we consented, and were taken over in two very small canoes. I sent Ali and Musa meanwhile to the south to try and get some food. I got a little green sorghum for them and paid them off. These are the little troubles of traveling, and scarce worth mentioning.

19th.—Coming on with what carriers we could find at the crossing place, we reached the confluence without seeing it; and Matumora being about two miles up the Loendi, we sent over to him for aid. He came over this morning early,—a tall, well-made man, with a somewhat severe expression of countenance, from a number of wrinkles on his forehead. He took us over the Loendi, which is decidedly the parent stream of the Rovuma.

Matumora has a good character in the country, and many flee to him from oppression. He was very polite; sitting on the right bank till all the goods were carried over, then coming in the same canoe with me himself, he opened a fish basket in a weir and gave me the contents, and subsequently a little green sorghum. He literally has lost all his corn, for he was obliged to flee with his people to a rocky island in Rovuma. He had never seen a European before.

20th.—I paid Ali to his entire satisfaction, and intrusted him with a dispatch, "No. 2 Geographical," and then sent off four men south to buy food. Here we are among Matambwe. Two of Matumora's men act as guides.

Abraham, one of the Nassick boys, came up and said he had been sent by the sepoy, who declared they would come no further. It was with the utmost difficulty they had come

so far, or that the havildar had forced them on, they would not obey him—would not get up in the mornings to march; lay in the paths, and gave their pouches and muskets to the natives to carry: they make themselves utterly useless. The black buffalo is dead; one camel ditto, and one mule left behind ill. Were I not aware of the existence of the tsetse, I should say they died from sheer bad treatment and hard work.

I sent a note to be read to the sepoys stating that I had seen their disobedience, unwillingness, and skulking, and as soon as I received the havildar's formal evidence, I would send them back. I regretted parting with the havildar only.

A leopard came a little after dark while the moon was shining, and took away a little dog from among us; it is said to have taken off a person a few days ago.

22nd.—The men returned with but little food in return for much cloth. Matumora is very friendly, but he has nothing to give save a little green sorghum, and that he brings daily.

26th.—I sent Musa westwards to buy food, and he returned on the evening of the 27th without success; he found an Arab slave-dealer in the path, who had bought up all the provisions. About 11 p. m. we saw two men pass our door with two women in a chain; one man carried fire in front, the one behind, a musket. Matumora admits that his people sell each other.

27th.—The havildar and Abraham came up. Havildar says that all I said in my note was true, and when it was read to the sepoys they bewailed their folly; he adds that if they were all sent away disgraced, no one would be to blame but themselves. He brought them to Hassane's, but they were useless, though they begged to be kept on I may give them another trial, but at present they are a sad encumbrance.

The country due west of this is described by all to be so mountainous and beset by Mazitu, that there is no possibility of passing that way; I must therefore go to the middle of the lake, cross over, and then take up my line of 1863.

2nd June, 1866.—The men sent to the Matambwe south-east of this returned with a good supply of grain. The sepoys won't come; they say they cannot,—a mere excuse, because they tried to prevail on the Nassick boys to go slowly like them, and wear my patience out. They killed one camel with the butt ends of their muskets, beating it till it died. I thought of going down, disarming them all, and taking five or six of the willing ones, but it is more trouble than profit, so I propose to start westwards on the 4th or 5th. My sepoys offered Ali eight rupees to take them to the coast; thus it has been a regularly organized conspiracy.

3rd.—The cow-buffalo fell down foaming at the mouth, and expired. The meat looks fat and nice, and is relished by the people.

I asked Matumora if the Matambwe believed in God, he replied, that he did not know Him, and I was not to ask the people among whom I was going if they prayed to Him, because they would imagine that I wished them to be killed. I told him that we loved to speak about Him, etc. He said, when they prayed they offered a little meal and then prayed, but did not know much about Him. They have all great reverence for the Deity, and the deliberate way in which they say, "We don't know Him" is to prevent speaking irreverently, as that may injure the country.

4th.—Left Ngomano. I was obliged to tell the Nassick boys that they must either work or return, it was absurd to have them eating up our goods, and not even carrying their own things, and I would submit to it no more: five of them carry bales, and two the luggage of the rest. Abraham and Richard are behind. I gave them bales to carry, and promised them ten rupees per month, to begin on this date. Abraham has worked hard all along, and his pay may be the day we started from Kindany.

5th.—We slept at a village called Lamba, on the banks of the Rovuma. The country is covered with open forest, with patches of cultivation everywhere, but all dried up at

present and withered, partly from drought and partly from the cold of winter.

6th.—We left a village, called Mekosi, and soon came to a slaving party by a sand stream. They said that they had bought two slaves, but they had run away from them, and asked us to remain with them; more civil than inviting. We came on to Makochera, the principal headman in this quarter, and found him a merry laughing mortal, without any good looks to recommend his genial smile,—low forehead, covered with deep wrinkles; flat nose, somewhat of the Assyrian shape; a big mouth and lean body.

7th.—The havildar and two sepoy came up with Abraham, but Richard, a Nassick boy, is still behind from weakness. I sent three off to help him with the only cordials we could muster. The sepoy sometimes profess inability to come on, but it is unwillingness to encounter hardship: I must move on whether they come or not, for we cannot obtain food here.

I could not prevail on Makochera to give me a specimen of poetry; he was afraid; neither he nor his forefathers had ever seen an Englishman. He thought that God was not good because He killed so many people. Dr. Roscher must have traveled as an Arab if he came this way, for he was not known.

9th.—We now left and marched through the same sort of forest, gradually ascending in altitude as we went west; then we came to huge masses of granite, or syenite, with flakes peeling off. We spent the night by a hill of the usual rounded form, called Njengo. The Rovuma comes close by, but leaves us again to wind among similar great masses.

10th.—A very heavy march through the same kind of country, no human habitation appearing. The first evidence of our being near the pleasant haunts of man was a nice little woman drawing water at a well. I had become separated from the rest; on giving me water she knelt down, and, as country manners require, held it up to me with *both* hands.

An Arab party bolted on hearing of our approach: they don't trust the English, and this conduct increases our importance among the natives.

11th.—Our carriers refuse to go further, because they say that they fear being captured here on their return.

12th.—I paid off the carriers, and wait for a set from this. A respectable man, called Makoloya, visited me, and wished to ask some questions as to where I was going, and how long I should be away. He had heard from a man who came from Ibo, or Wibo, about the Bible, a large book which was consulted.

13th.—Makoloya brought his wife and a little corn, and says that his father told him that there is a God, but nothing more. The marks on their foreheads and bodies are meant only to give beauty in the dance; they seem a sort of heraldic ornament, for they can at once tell by his tattoo to what tribe or portion of tribe a man belongs. The tattoo or tembo of the Matambwe and Upper Makonde very much resembles the drawings of the old Egyptians; wavy lines, such as the ancients made to signify water, trees and gardens enclosed in squares, seem to have been meant of old for the inhabitants who lived on the Rovuma, and cultivated also, the son takes the tattoo of his father, and thus it has been perpetuated, though the meaning now appears lost. The Makoa have the half or nearly full moon, but it is, they say, all for ornament. Some blue stuff is rubbed into the cuts, and the ornament shows brightly in persons of light complexion, who by the by are common.

14th.—I am now as much dependent on carriers as if I had never bought a beast of burden—but this is poor stuff to fill a journal with. We started off to Metaba to see if the chief there would lend some men. The headman, Kitwanga, went a long way to convoy us; then turned, saying he was going to get men for Musa next day. We passed near the base of the rounded masses Ngozo and Mekanga, and think, from a near inspection, that they are over 2000 feet above the plain, possibly 3000 feet, and nearly bare,

with only the peculiar grassy plant on some parts which are not too perpendicular. The people are said to have stores of grain on them, and on one the chief said there is water; he knows of no stone buildings of the olden time in the country.

15th.—Another three hours' march brought us from the sleeping-place on the Rovuma to Metaba, the chief of which, Kinazombe, is an elderly man, with a cunning and severe cast of countenance, and a nose Assyrian in type; he has built a large reception house, in which a number of half-caste Arabs have taken up their abode. A great many of the people have guns, and it is astonishing to see the number of slave-taming sticks abandoned along the road as the poor wretches gave in, and professed to have lost all hope of escape. Many huts have been built by the Arabs to screen themselves from the rain as they traveled.

16th. The cattle of Africa are like the Indian buffalo, only partially tamed; they never give their milk without the presence of the calf or its stuffed skin, the "fulchan." The women adjacent to Mozambique partake a little of the wild animal's nature, for, like most members of the inferior races of animals, they refuse all intercourse with their husbands when enciente and they continue this for about three years afterwards, or until the child is weaned, which usually happens about the third year. I was told, on most respectable authority, that many fine young native men marry one wife and live happily with her till this period; nothing will then induce her to continue to cohabit with him, and, as the separation is to continue for three years, the man is almost compelled to take up with another wife: this was mentioned to me as one of the great evils of society. The same absurdity prevails on the West Coast.

18th.—Finding that Musa did not come up with the goods I left in his charge, and fearing that all was not right, we set off with all our hands who could carry, after service yesterday morning, and in six hours' hard tramp arrived here just in time, for a tribe of Wanindi, who are either Ajawas

or pretended Mazita, had tried to cross the Rovuma from the north bank. They came as plunderers, and Musa having received no assistance was now ready to defend the goods. A shot or two from the people of Kitwanga made the Wanindi desert after they had entered the water.

Six sepoy and Simon had come up this length; Reuben and Mabruki reported Richard to be dead. This poor boy was left with the others at Liponde, and I never saw him again. I observed him associating too much with the sepoy; and often felt inclined to reprove him, as their conversation is usually very bad, but I could not of my own knowledge say so. He came on with the others as far as Hassane or Pachassane: there he was too weak to come further, and as the sepoy were notoriously skulkers, I feared that poor Richard was led away by them, for I knew that they had made many attempts to draw away the other Nassick boys from their duty. When, however, Abraham came up and reported Richard left behind by the sepoy, I became alarmed, and sent off three boys with cordials to help him on: two days after Abraham left he seems to have died, and I feel very sorry that I was not there to do what I could. I am told now that he never consented to the sepoy temptation: he said to Abraham that he wished he were dead, he was so much troubled. The people where he died were not very civil to Simon.

The sepoy had now made themselves such an utter nuisance that I felt that I must take the upper hand with them, so I called them up this morning, and asked if they knew the punishment they had incurred by disobeying orders, and attempting to tamper with the Nassick boys to turn them back. I told them they not only remained in the way when ordered to march, but offered eight rupees to Ali to lead them to the coast, and that the excuse of sickness was nought, for they had eaten heartily three meals a day while pretending illness. They had no excuse to offer, so I disgraced the naik or corporal, and sentenced the others to carry loads; if they behave well, then they will get fatigue

pay for doing fatigue duty; if ill, nothing but their pay. Their limbs are becoming contracted from sheer idleness; while all the other men are well and getting stronger they alone are disreputably slovenly and useless-looking. Their filthy habits are to be reformed, and if found at their habit of sitting down and sleeping for hours on the march, or without their muskets and pouches, they are to be flogged.

19th.—Perim, a sepoy, reduced his load of about 20 lbs. of tea by throwing away the lead in which it was rolled, and afterwards about 15 lbs of the tea, thereby diminishing our stock to 5 lbs.

I lighted on a telegram to-day :

“Your mother died at noon on the 18th June.”

This was in 1865; it affected me not a little.

[This refers to a telegram which he received while in England, and took with him to Africa.]

CHAPTER III.

IN THE TRACKS OF THE SLAVERS.

JUNE 19TH, 1866. We passed a woman tied by the neck to a tree and dead; the people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not become the property of anyone else if she recovered after resting for a time. I may mention here that we saw others tied up in a similar manner, and one lying in the path shot or stabbed, for she was in a pool of blood. The explanation we got invariably was that the Arab who owned these victims was enraged at losing his money by the slaves becoming unable to march, and vented his spleen by murdering them; but I have nothing more than common report in support of attributing this enormity to the Arabs.

20th.—Having returned to Metaba, we were told by Kinazombe, the chief, that no one had grain to sell but himself. He had plenty of powder and common cloth from the Arabs, and our only chance with him was parting with our finer cloths and other things that took his fancy. He magnified the scarcity in front in order to induce us to buy all we could from him, but he gave me an ample meal of porridge and guinea-fowl before starting.

21st.—We had difficulties about carriers, but on reaching an island in the Rovuma, called Chimiki, we found the people were Makoa and more civil and willing to work than the Waiyan: we sent men back to bring up the havildar to a very civil headman called Chirikaloma.

24th.—Immense quantities of wood are cut down, collected in heaps, and burned to manure the land, but this does not prevent the country having an appearance of forest. Divine service at 8.30 A. M., great numbers looking on. They have a clear idea of the Supreme Being, but do not pray to Him.

Pottery seems to have been known to the Africans from the remotest times, for fragments are found everywhere, even among the oldest fossil bones in the country. Their pots for cooking, holding water and beer, are made by the women, and the form is preserved by the eye alone, for no sort of machine is ever used.

25th.—On leaving Chirikaloma we came on to Namalo, whose village that morning had been deserted, the people moving off in a body towards the Matambwe country, where food is more abundant. A poor little girl was left in one of the huts from being too weak to walk—probably an orphan. The Arab slave-traders flee from the path as soon as they hear of our approach. No food to be had for either love or money.

Near many of the villages we observe a wand bent and both ends inserted into the ground: a lot of medicine, usually the bark of trees, is buried beneath it. When sickness is in a village, the men proceed to the spot, wash themselves with the medicine and water, creep through beneath the bough, then bury the medicine and the evil influence together. This is also used to keep off evil spirits, wild beasts, and enemies.

Chirikaloma told us of a child in his tribe which was deformed from his birth. He had an abortive toe where his knee should have been; some said to his mother, "Kill him;" but she replied, "How can I kill my son?" He grew up and had many fine sons and daughters, but none deformed like himself: this was told in connection with an answer to my question about the treatment of Albinos: he said they did not kill them, but they never grew to manhood. On inquiring if he had ever heard of cannibals, or people with tails, he replied, "Yes, but we have always understood that

SLAVEES REVENGING THEIR LOSSES.



these and other monstrosities are met with only among you sea-going people." The other monstrosities referred to were those who are said to have eyes behind the head as well as in front : I have heard of them before, but then I was near Angola, in the west.

In the route along the Rovuma, we pass among people who are so well supplied with white calico by the slave-trade from Kilwa, that it is quite a drug in the market : we cannot get food for it.

26th.—My last mule died. In coming along in the morning we were loudly accosted by a well-dressed woman who had just had a very heavy slave-taming stick put on her neck ; she called in such an authoritative tone to us to witness the flagrant injustice of which she was the victim, that all the men stood still and went to hear the case. She was a near relative of Chirikaloma, and was going up the river to her husband, when the old man (at whose house she was now a prisoner) caught her, took her servant away from her, and kept her in the degraded state we saw. The withes with which she was bound were green and sappy. The old man said in justification that she was running away from Chirikaloma, and he would be offended with him if he did not secure her.

I asked the officious old gentleman in a friendly tone what he expected to receive from Chirikaloma, and he said, "Nothing." Several slaver-looking fellows came about, and I felt sure that the woman had been seized in order to sell her to them ; so I gave the captor a cloth to pay to Chirikalomo if he were offended, and told him to say that I, feeling ashamed to see one of his relatives in a slave-stick, had released her, and would take her on to her husband.

She is evidently a lady among them, having many fine beads and some strung on elephant's hair : she has a good deal of spirit too, for on being liberated she went into the old man's house and took her basket and calabash. A virago of a wife shut the door and tried to prevent her, as well as to cut off the beads from her person, but she resisted like a

good one, and my men thrust the door open and let her out, but minus her slave. The other wife—for old officious had two—joined her sister in a furious tirade of abuse, the elder holding her sides in regular fishwife fashion till I burst into a laugh, in which the younger wife joined. I explained to the different headmen in front of this village what I had done, and sent messages to Chirikaloma explanatory of my friendly deed to his relative, so that no misconstruction should be put on my act.

✓ We passed a slave woman shot or stabbed through the body and lying on the path: a group of men stood about a hundred yards off on one side, and another of women on the other side, looking on; they said an Arab who passed early that morning had done it in anger at losing the price he had given for her, because she was unable to walk any longer.

27th.—To-day we came upon a man dead from starvation, as he was very thin. One of our men wandered and found a number of slaves with slave-sticks on, abandoned by their master from want of food; they were too weak to be able to speak or say where they had come from; some were quite young.

At Chenjewala's the people are usually much startled when I explain that the numbers of slaves we see dead on the road have been killed partly by those who sold them; for I tell them that if they sell their fellows, they are like the man who holds the victim while the Arab performs the murder.

28th.—When we got about an hour from Chenjewala's we came to a party in the act of marauding; the owners of the gardens made off for the other side of the river, and waved to us to go against the people of Machelmba, but we stood on a knoll with all our goods on the ground, and waited to see how matters would turn out. Two of the marauders came to us and said they had captured five people. I suppose they took us for Arabs, as they addressed Musa. They then took some green maize, and so did some of my people, believing that as all was going, they who were really starving might as well have a share.

I went on a little way with the two marauders, and by the footprints thought the whole party might amount to four or five with guns; the gardens and huts were all deserted. A poor woman was sitting, cooking green maize, and one of the men ordered her to follow him. I said to him, "Let her alone, she is dying." "Yes," said he, "of hunger," and went on without her.

We passed village after village, and gardens all deserted! We were now between two contending parties. We slept at one garden; and as we were told by Chenjewala's people to take what we liked, and my men had no food, we gleaned what congo beans, bean leaves, and sorghum stalks we could, —poor fare enough, but all we could get.

29th.—We came on to Machemba's brother, Chimseia, who gave us food at once. One of the Nassick lads came up and reported his bundle, containing 240 yards of calico, had been stolen; he went aside, leaving it on the path (probably fell asleep), and it was gone when he came back.

Akosakone, whom we had liberated, now arrived at the residence of her husband, who was another brother of Machemba. She behaved like a lady all through, sleeping at a fire apart from the men. The ladies of the different villages we passed condoled with her, and she related to them the indignity that had been done to her. Besides this she did us many services; she bought food for us, because, having a good address, we saw that she could get double what any of our men could purchase for the same cloth; she spoke up for us when any injustice was attempted, and, when we were in want of carriers, volunteered to carry a bag of beads on her head. On arriving at Machemba's brother, Chimseia, she introduced me to him, and got him to be liberal to us in food, on account of the service we had rendered to her. She took leave of us all with many expressions of thankfulness, and we were glad that we had not mistaken her position or lavished kindness on the undeserving.

One Johanna man was caught stealing maize, then another, after I had paid for the first. I sent a request to the chief

not to make much of a grievance about it, as I was very much ashamed at my men stealing; he replied that he had liked me from the first, and I was not to fear, as whatever service he could do he would most willingly in order to save me pain and trouble. A sepoy now came up having given his musket to a man to carry, who therefore demanded payment. As it had become a regular nuisance for the sepoys to employ people to carry for them, telling them that I would pay, I demanded why he had promised in my name. "Oh, it was but a little way he carried the musket," said he. Chimseia warned us next morning, 30th June, against allowing any one to straggle or steal in front, for stabbing and plundering was the rule. The same sepoy who had employed a man to carry his musket now came forward, with his eyes fixed and shaking all over. This, I was to understand, meant extreme weakness; but I had accidentally noticed him walking quite smartly before this exhibition, so I ordered him to keep close to the donkey that carried the havildar's luggage, and on no account to remain behind the party. He told the havildar that he would sit down only for a little while; and, I suppose, fell asleep, for he came up to us in the evening as naked as a robin.

I saw another person bound to a tree and dead—a sad sight to see, whoever was the perpetrator. So many slave-sticks lie along our path, that I suspect the people here-about make a practice of liberating what slaves they can find abandoned on the march, to sell them again.

A large quantity of maize is cultivated at Chimsaka's, at whose place we this day arrived. We got a supply, but being among thieves, we thought it advisable to move on to the next place (Mtarika's). When starting, we found that fork, kettle, pot, and shot-pouch had been taken. The thieves, I observed, kept up a succession of jokes with Chumah and Wikatani, and when the latter was enjoying them, and gaping to the sky, they were busy putting the things of which he had charge under their cloths! I spoke to the chief, and he got the first three articles back for me.

SLAVES ABANDONED.



1st July, 1866.—The path is almost strewed with slave-sticks, and though the people denied it, I suspect that they make a practice of following slave caravans and cutting off the sticks from those who fall out in the march, and thus stealing them. By selling them again they get the quantities of cloth we see.

2nd.—We rested at Mtarika's old place; and though we had to pay dearly with our best table-cloths for it, we got as much as made one meal a day. At the same dear rate we could give occasionally only two ears of maize to each man; and if the sepoys got their comrades' corn into their hands, they ate it without shame. We had to bear a vast amount of staring, for the people, who are Waiyau, have a great deal of curiosity, and are occasionally rather rude. They have all heard of our wish to stop the slave-trade, and are rather taken aback when told that by selling they are art and part guilty of the mortality of which we had been unwilling spectators. Some were dumbfounded when shown that in the eye of their Maker they are parties to the destruction of human life which accompanies this traffic both by sea and land. If they did not sell, the Arabs would not come to buy. Chumah and Wakatani render what is said very eloquently in Chiyau, most of the people being of their tribe, with only a sprinkling of slaves.

Successive crowds of people came to gaze. My appearance and acts often cause a burst of laughter; sudden standing up produces a flight of women and children. To prevent peeping into the hut which I occupy, and making the place quite dark, I do my writing in the veranda. Chitane, the poodle dog, the buffalo-calf, and our only remaining donkey are greeted with the same amount of curiosity and laughter-exciting comment as myself.

Every evening a series of loud musket reports are heard from the different villages along the river; these are imitation evening guns. All copy the Arabs in dress and chewing tobacco with "nora" lime, made from burnt river shells instead of betel-nut and lime. The women are stout, well-built

persons, with thick arms and legs; their heads incline to the bullet shape; the lip-rings are small; the tattoo a mixture of Makoa and Waiyau.

3rd.—A short march brought us to Mtarika's new place. The chief made his appearance only after he had ascertained all he could about us. The population is immense; they are making new gardens, and the land is laid out by straight lines about a foot broad, cut with the hoe; one goes miles without getting beyond the marked or surveyed fields.

Mtarika came at last; a big ugly man, with large mouth and receding forehead. He asked to see all our curiosities, as the watch, revolver, breech-loading rifle, sextant. I gave him a lecture on the evil of selling his people, and he wished me to tell all the other chiefs the same thing.

5th.—We left for Mtende, the last chief before we enter on an eight days' march to Mataka's. On the way we passed the burnt bones of a person who was accused of having eaten human flesh; he had been poisoned, or, as they said, killed by poison, and then burned. His clothes were hung up on trees by the wayside as a warning to others.

7th.—We got men from Mtende to carry loads and show the way. He asked a cloth to insure his people going to the journey's end and behaving properly.

When the sepoy Perim threw away the tea and the lead lining I only reproved him and promised him punishment if he committed any other willful offense, but now he and another skulked behind and gave their loads to a stranger to carry, with a promise to him that I would pay. We waited two hours for them; and as the havildar said that they would not obey him, I gave Perim and the other some smart cuts with a cane, but I felt that I was degrading myself, and resolved not to do the punishment myself again.

8th.—Hard traveling through a depopulated country.

9th.—We slept in a wild spot, near Mount Leziro, with many lions roaring about us; one hoarse fellow serenaded us a long time, but did nothing more.

10th–11th.—Nothing to interest but the same weary trudge: our food so scarce that we can only give a handful or half a pound of grain to each person per day. A dead body lay in a hut by the wayside; the poor thing had begun to make a garden by the stream, probably in hopes of living long enough (two months or so) on wild fruits to reap a crop of maize.

12th.—A drizzling mist set in during the night and continued this morning; we set off in the dark, however, leaving our last food for the havildar and sepoys who had not yet come up.

13th.—A good many stragglers behind, but we push on to get food and send it back to them. The soil all reddish clay, the roads baked hard by the sun, and the feet of many of us are weary and sore; a weary march and long, for it is perpetually up and down now. We got to the brow of a ridge about an hour from Mataka's first gardens, and all were so tired that we remained to sleep; but we first invited volunteers to go on and buy food, and bring it back early next morning: they had to be pressed to do this duty.

14th.—As our volunteers did not come at 8 A. M., I set off to see the cause, and after an hour of perpetual up and down march, as I descended the steep slope which overlooks the first gardens, I saw my friends start up at the apparition—they were comfortably cooking porridge for themselves! I sent men of Mataka back with food to the stragglers behind and came on to his town.

An Arab, Sef Rupia or Rubea, head of a large body of slaves, on his way to the coast, most kindly came forward and presented an ox, bag of flour, and some cooked meat, all of which were extremely welcome to half-famished men, or indeed under any circumstances. He had heard of our want of food and of a band of sepoys, and what could the English think of doing but putting an end to the slave-trade? Had he seen our wretched escort, all fear of them would have vanished! He had a large safari or caravan under him. This body is usually divided into ten or twelve

portions, and all are bound to obey the leader to a certain extent: in this case there were eleven parties, and the traders numbered about sixty or seventy, who were dark coast Arabs. Each underling had his men under him, and when I saw them they were busy making the pens of branches in which their slaves and they sleep. Sef came on with me to Mataka's, and introduced me in due form with discharges of gunpowder.

We found Mataka's town situated in an elevated valley surrounded by mountains; the houses numbered at least 1,000, and there were many villages around. The mountains were pleasantly green, and had many trees which the people were incessantly cutting down. They had but recently come here: they were besieged by Mazitu at their former location west of this; after fighting four days they left unconquered, having beaten the enemy off.

Mataka kept us waiting some time in the veranda of his large square house, and then made his appearance, smiling with his good-natured face. He is about sixty years of age, dressed as an Arab, and if we may judge from the laughter with which his remarks were always greeted, somewhat humorous. He had never seen any but Arabs before. He gave me a square house to live in, indeed the most of the houses here are square, for the Arabs are imitated in everything. We stand a good deal of staring unmoved, though it is often accompanied by remarks by no means complimentary; they think they are not understood, and probably I do misunderstand sometimes.

15th.—Soon after our arrival we heard that a number of Mataka's Waiyau had, without his knowledge, gone to Nyassa, and in a foray carried off cattle and people: when they came home with the spoil, Mataka ordered all to be sent back whence they came. The chief came up to visit me soon after, and I told him that his decision was the best piece of news I had heard in the country: he was evidently pleased with my approbation; and, turning to his people, asked if they heard what I said. He repeated my remark, and said,

"You silly fellows think me wrong in returning the captives, but all wise men will approve of it," and he then scolded them roundly.

I was accidentally spectator of this party going back, for on going out of the town I saw a meat market opened, and people buying with maize and meal. On inquiring, I was told that the people and cattle there were the Nyassas, and they had slaughtered an ox, in order to exchange meat for grain as provisions on the journey. The women and children numbered fifty-four, and about a dozen boys were engaged in milking the cows: the cattle were from twenty-five to thirty head.

I gave Mataka a trinket, to be kept in remembrance of his having sent back the Nyassa people: he replied that he would always act in a similar manner. As it was a spontaneous act, it was all the more valuable.

The sepoys have become quite intolerable, and if I cannot get rid of them we shall all starve before we accomplish what we wish. Retaining their brutal feelings to the last they killed the donkey which I lent to the havildar to carry his things, by striking it on the head when in boggy places into which they had senselessly driven it loaded; then the havildar came on (his men pretending they could go no further from weakness), and killed the young buffalo and ate it when they thought they could hatch up a plausible story. They said it had died, and tigers came and devoured it—they saw them. "Did you see the stripes of the tiger?" said I. All declared that they saw the stripes distinctly. This gave us an idea of their truthfulness, as there is no striped tiger in all Africa. All who resolved on skulking or other bad behavior invariably took up with the sepoys; their talk seemed to suit evil-doers, and they were such a disreputable-looking lot that I was quite ashamed of them. The havildar had no authority, and all bore the sulky, dogged look of people going where they were forced but hated to go. This hang-dog expression of countenance was so conspicuous that I many a time have heard the

country people remark, "These are the slaves of the party." They have neither spirit nor pluck as compared with the Africans, and if one saw a village he turned out of the way to beg in the most abject manner, or lay down and slept, the only excuse afterwards being, "My legs were sore." Having allowed some of them to sleep at the fire in my house, they began a wholesale plunder of everything they could sell, as cartridges, cloths, and meat, so I had to eject them. One of them then threatened to shoot my interpreter Simon if he got him in a quiet place away from the English power. As this threat had been uttered three times, and I suspect that something of the kind had prevented the havildar exerting his authority, I resolved to get rid of them by sending them back to the coast by the first trader. I felt inclined to force them on, but it would have been acting from revenge, and to pay them out, so I forbore. I gave Mataka forty-eight yards of calico, and to the sepoys eighteen yards, and arranged that he should give them food till Suleiman, a respectable trader, should arrive. The havildar begged still to go on with me, and I consented, though he is a drag on the party, but he will count in any difficulty.

Abraham recognized his uncle among the crowds who came to see us. On making himself known he found that his mother and two sisters had been sold to the Arabs after he had been enslaved. The uncle pressed him to remain, and Mataka urged, and so did another uncle, but in vain. I added my voice, and could have given him goods to keep him afloat a good while, but he invariably replied, "How can I stop where I have no mother and no sister?" The affection seems to go to the maternal side. I suggested that he might come after he had married a wife, but I fear very much that unless some European would settle, none of these Nassick boys will come to this country.

14th-28th.—One day, calling at Mataka's I found as usual a large crowd of idlers, who always respond with a laugh to everything he utters as wit. He asked, if he went to Bombay what ought he to take to secure some gold? I replied,

"Ivory;" he rejoined, "Would slaves not be a good speculation?" I replied that, "if he took slaves there for sale, they would put him in prison." The idea of the great Mataka in "chokee" made him wince, and the laugh turned for once against him.

An immense tract of country lies uninhabited. To the north-east of Moembe we have at least fifty miles of as fine land as can be seen anywhere, still bearing all the marks of having once supported a prodigious iron-smelting and grain-growing population. The clay pipes which are put on the nozzles of their bellows and inserted into the furnace are met with everywhere—often vitrified. Pieces of broken pots, with their rims ornamented with very good imitations of basket-work, attest that the lady potters of old followed the example given them by their still more ancient mothers.

The abundance of water, the richness of soil, the available labor for building square houses, the coolness of the climate, make this nearly as desirable a residence as Magomero; but, alas! instead of three weeks' easy sail up the Zambesi and Shire, we have spent four weary months in getting here: I shall never cease bitterly to lament the abandonment of the Magomero mission.

Moaning seems a favorite way of spending the time with some sick folk. For the sake of the warmth, I allowed a Nassick boy to sleep in my house; he and I had the same complaint, dysentery, and I was certainly worse than he, but did not moan, while he played at it as often as he was awake. I told him that people moaned only when too ill to be sensible of what they were doing; the groaning ceased, though he became worse.

Three sepoys played at groaning very vigorously outside my door; they had nothing the matter with them, except perhaps fatigue, which we all felt alike; as these fellows prevented my sleeping, I told them quite civilly that, if so ill that they required to groan, they had better move off a little way, as I could not sleep; they preferred the veranda, and at once forbore.

CHAPTER IV.

LAKE NYASSA REVISITED.

JULY 28TH, 1866. We proposed to start to-day, but Mataka said he was not ready yet: the flour had to be ground, and he had given us no meat. He had sent plenty of cooked food almost every day. He came on the 28th with a good lot of flour for us, and men to guide us to Nyassa, telling us that this was Moembe, and his district extended all the way to the lake: he would not send us to Losewa, as that place had lately been plundered and burned.

On leaving Mataka's we ascended considerably, and about the end of the first day's march, near Magola's village, the barometer showed our greatest altitude, about 3400 feet above the sea. There were villages of these mountaineers everywhere, for the most part of 100 houses or more each. The springs were made the most use of that they knew; the damp spots drained, and the water given a free channel for use in irrigation further down.

29th.—At Magola's village. Although we are now rid of the sepoys, we cannot yet congratulate ourselves on being rid of the lazy habits of lying down in the path which they introduced.

30th.—A short march brought us to Pezimba's village, which consists of 200 houses and huts. It is placed very nicely on a knoll between two burns, which, as usual, are made use of for irrigating peas in winter time. The headman said that if we left now we had a good piece of

jungle before us, and would sleep twice in it before reaching Mbanga. We therefore remained. An Arab party, hearing of our approach, took a circuitous route among the mountains to avoid coming in contact with us.

31st.—I had presented Pezimba with a cloth, so he cooked for us handsomely last night, and this morning desired us to wait a little as he had not yet sufficient meal made to present: we waited and got a generous present.

In our morning's march we passed the last of the population, and went on through a fine well-watered fruitful country, to sleep near a mountain called Mtewire. A very large Arab slave-party was close by our encampment, and I wished to speak to them; but as soon as they knew of our being near they set off in a pathless course across the country, and were six days in the wilderness.

1st August, 1866.—We saw the encampment of another Arab party. It consisted of ten pens, each of which, from the number of fires it contained, may have held from eighty to a hundred slaves. This second party went across country very early this morning. We saw the fire-sticks which the slaves had borne with them. The fear they feel is altogether the effect of the English name, for we have done nothing to cause their alarm.

2nd.—There was something very cheering to me in the sight at our encampment of yellow grass and trees dotted over it, as in the Bechuana country. The birds were singing merrily too, inspired by the cold, which was 47° , and by the vicinity of some population. Marks of smiths are very abundant and some furnaces are still standing. Much cultivation must formerly have been where now, all is jungle.

We arrived at Mbanga, a village embowered in trees. Kandulo, the headman, had gone to drink beer at another village, but sent orders to give a hut and to cook for us. We remained next day. Took lunars. We had now passed through, at the narrowest part, the hundred miles of depopulated country, of which about seventy are of the N. E. of Mataka.

4th.—An hour and a half brought us to Miule, and the chief pressing us to stay, on the plea of our sleeping two nights in the jungle, instead of one if we left early next morning, we consented. I asked him what had become of the very large iron-smelting population of this region; he said many had died of famine, others had fled to the west of Nyassa: the famine is the usual effect of slave wars, and much death is thereby caused—probably much more than by the journey to the coast.

5th.—We left Miule, and commenced our march towards Lake Nyassa, and slept at the last of the streams that flow to the Loendi.

6th.—We passed two cairns this morning at the beginning of the very sensible descent to the lake. They are very common in all this Southern Africa in the passes of the mountains, and are meant to mark divisions of countries, perhaps burial-places; but the Waiyau who accompanied us thought that they were merely heaps of stone collected by some one making a garden. The cairns were placed just about the spot where the blue waters of Nyassa first came fairly into view.

8th.—We came to the lake at the confluence of the Misinje, and felt grateful to That Hand which had protected us thus far on our journey. It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected again to see; and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea, and dash in the rollers. I feel quite exhilarated.

The headman here, Mokalaose, is a real Manganja, and he and all his people exhibit the greater darkness of color consequent on being in a warm moist climate; he is very friendly, and presented millet, porridge, cassava, and hippopotamus meat boiled and asked if I liked milk, as he had some of Mataka's cattle here.

[It is necessary to explain that Livingstone knew of an Arab settlement on the western shore of the lake, and that he hoped to induce the chief man Jumbe to give him a passage to the other side.]

10th.—I sent Seyed Majid's letter up to Jumbe, but the messenger met some coast Arabs at the Loangwa, which may be seven miles from this, and they came back with him, haggling a deal about the fare, and then went off, saying that they would bring the dhow here for us. Finding that they did not come, I sent Musa, who brought back word that they had taken the dhow away over to Jumbe at Kotakota. I am resting myself and people—working up journal, lunars, and altitudes—but will either move south or go to the Arabs towards the north soon.

The Loangwa Arabs give an awful account of Jumbe's murders and selling the people, but one cannot take it all in; at the mildest it must have been bad.

12th–14th.—Map making; but my energies were sorely taxed by the lazy sepoys, and I was usually quite tired out at night. Some men have come down from Mataka's, and report the arrival of an Englishman with cattle for me; "he has two eyes behind as well as two in front:" this is enough of news for awhile!

Mokalaose has his little afflictions, and he tells me of them. A wife ran away, I asked how many he had; he told me twenty in all: I then thought he had nineteen too many. He answered with the usual reason, "But who would cook for strangers if I had but one?"

21st.—Started for the Loangwa, on the east side of the lake; hilly all the way, about seven miles. We got a house from a Waiyau man on a bank about forty feet above the level of Nyassa, but I could not sleep for the manoeuvres of a crowd of the minute ants which infested it. They chirrup distinctly; they would not allow the men to sleep either, though all were pretty tired by the rough road up.

23rd.—Proposed to the Waiyau headman to send a canoe over to call Jumbe, as I did not believe in the assertions of the half-caste Arab here that he had sent for his. All the Waiyau had helped me, and why not he? He was pleased with this, but advised waiting till a man sent to Losewa should return.

24th.—A leopard took a dog out of a house next to ours; he had bitten a man before, but not mortally.

29th.—News come that the two dhows have come over to Losewa. The Mazitu had chased Jumbe up the hills: had they said, on to an island, I might have believed them.

30th.—The fear which the English have inspired in the Arab slave-traders is rather inconvenient. All flee from me as if I had the plague, and I cannot in consequence transmit letters to the coast, or get across the lake. They seem to think that if I get into a dhow I will be sure to burn it. As the two dhows on the lake are used for nothing else but the slave-trade, their owners have no hope of my allowing them to escape; so after we have listened to various lies as excuses, we resolve to go southwards.

3rd September, 1866.—Went down to confluence of the Misinje and came to many of the eatable insect “kungu.” We got a cake of these same insects further down; they make a buzz like a swarm of bees.

The poodle dog Chitane is rapidly changing the color of its hair. All the parts corresponding to the ribs and neck are rapidly becoming red; the majority of country dogs are of this color.

I gave Mokalaose some pumpkin seed and peas. He took me into his house, and presented a quantity of beer. I drank a little, and seeing me desist from taking more, he asked if I wished a servant-girl to “*pata nimba*.” Not knowing what was meant, I offered the girl the calabash of beer, and told her to drink, but this was not the intention. He asked if I did not wish more; and then took the vessel, and as he drank the girl performed the operation on himself. Placing herself in front, she put both hands round his waist below the short ribs, and pressing gradually drew them round to his belly in front. He took several prolonged draughts, and at each she repeated the operation, as if to make the liquor go equally over the stomach. Our toppers don't seem to have discovered the need for this.

8th.—We passed very many sites of old villages, which

are easily known by the tree euphorbia planted round an umbelliferous one, and the sacred fig. One species here throws out strong buttresses in the manner of some mangroves instead of sending down twiners which take root, as is usually the case with the tropical fig. These, with millstones—stones for holding the pots in cooking—and upraised clay benches, which have been turned into brick by fire in the destruction of the huts, show what were once the “pleasant haunts of men.” No stone implements ever appear.

Here the destruction is quite recent, and has been brought about by some who entertained us very hospitably on the Misinje. It was wearisome to see the skulls and bones scattered about everywhere; one would fain not notice them, but they are so striking as one trudges along the sultry path, that it cannot be avoided.

9th.—We spent Sunday at Kandango’s village.

10th.—After spending the night at a very civil headman’s chefu, we crossed the Lotende, another of these torrents: each very lofty mass in the range seemed to give rise to one. Nothing of interest occurred as we trudged along. A very poor headman, Pamawawa, presented a roll of salt instead of food: this was grateful to us, as we have been without that luxury some time.

13th.—In the course of this day’s march we were pushed close to the lake by Mount Gome, and, being now within three miles of the end of the lake, we could see the whole plainly. There we first saw the Shire emerge, and there also we first gazed on the broad waters of Nyassa.

Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave-trade by lawful commerce on the lake, slave-dhows prosper!

An Arab slave-party fled on hearing of us yesterday. It is impossible not to regret the loss of good Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shire, and with him all hope of the Gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly

abandonment of all the advantages of the Shire route by the Bishop's successor I shall ever bitterly deplore, but all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even see the commencement of better times.

In the evening we reached the village of Cherekalongwa, and were very jovially received by the headman with beer.

14th.—At Cherekalongwa's we were requested to remain one day in order that he might see us. He had heard much about us; had been down the Shire, and as far as Mozambique, but never had an Englishman in his town before. As the heat is great we were glad of the rest and beer, with which he very freely supplied us.

15th.—We marched three hours southwards, then up the hills of the range which flanks all the lower part of the lake. The population near the chief is large, and all the heights as far as the eye can reach are crowned with villages. The people live amidst plenty. All the chiefs visited by the Arabs have good substantial square houses built for their accommodation. Mukate, the chief, never saw a European before, and everything about us is an immense curiosity to him and to his people. We had long visits from him. He tries to extract a laugh out of every remark. He is darker than the generality of Waiyau, with a full beard trained on the chin, as all the people hereabouts have—Arab fashion. The courts of his women cover a large space, our house being on one side of them. I tried to go out that way, but wandered; so the ladies sent a servant to conduct me out in the direction I wished to go, and we found egress by passing through some huts with two doors in them.

16th.—At Mukate's. The Prayer Book does not give ignorant persons any idea of an unseen Being addressed, it looks more like reading or speaking to the book: kneeling and praying with eyes shut is better than our usual way of holding Divine service.

We had a long discussion about the slave-trade. The Arabs have told the chief that our object in capturing slavers is to get them into our own possession, and make them of

our own religion. It is but little we can do, but we lodge a protest in the heart against a vile system, and time may ripen it. Their great argument is, "What could we do without Arab cloth?" My answer is, "Do what you did before the Arabs came into the country." At the present rate of destruction of population, the country will soon be a desert.

17th.—We marched down from Mukate's and to about the middle of the Lakelet Pamalombe. Mukate had no people with canoes near the usual crossing place, and he sent a messenger to see that we were fairly served.

18th.—We embarked the whole party in eight canoes, and went up the lake to the point of junction between it and the prolongation of Nyassa above it, which took us two hours. A fishing party there fled on seeing us, though we shouted that we were a traveling party (or "Olendo").

Mukate's people here left us, and I walked up to the village of the fugitives with one attendant only. Their suspicions were so thoroughly aroused that they would do nothing. The headman was said to be absent; they could not lend us a hut, but desired us to go on to Mponda's. We put up a shed for ourselves, and next morning, though we pressed them for a guide, no one would come.

19th.—When we had proceeded a mile this morning we came to 300 people making salt on a plain impregnated with it. They lixivate the soil and boil the water, which has filtered through a bunch of grass in a hole in the bottom of a pot, till all is evaporated and a mass of salt left. We held along the plain till we came to Mponda's, a large village, with a stream running past. The plain at the village is very fertile, and has many large trees on it. Mponda is a blustering sort of person, but immensely interested in everything European. He says that he would like to go with me. "Would not care though he were away ten years." I say that he may die in the journey.—"He will die here as well as there, but he will see all the wonderful doings of our country." He knew me, having come to the boat, to take a look *incognito* when we were here formerly.

We found an Arab slave-party here, and went to look at the slaves; seeing this, Mponda was alarmed lest we should proceed to violence in his town, but I said to him that we went to look only. Eighty-five slaves were in a pen formed of dura stalks. The majority were boys of about eight or ten years of age; others were grown men and women. Nearly all were in the taming-stick; a few of the younger ones were in thongs, the thong passing round the neck of each. Several pots were on the fires cooking dura and beans. A crowd went with us, expecting a scene, but I sat down, and asked a few questions about the journey, in front. The slave-party consisted of five or six half-caste coast Arabs, who said that they came from Zanzibar; but the crowd made such a noise that we could not hear ourselves speak. I asked if they had any objections to my looking at the slaves; the owners pointed out the different slaves, and said that after feeding them, and accounting for the losses in the way to the coast, they made little by the trip. I said to them it was a bad business altogether. They presented fowls to me in the evening.

20th.—The chief begged so hard that I would stay another day and give medicine to a sick child, that I consented. He promised plenty of food, and, as an earnest of his sincerity, sent an immense pot of beer in the evening. The child had been benefited by the medicine given yesterday. He offered more food than we chose to take.

The agricultural class does not seem to be a servile one: all cultivate, and the work is esteemed. The chief was out at his garden when we arrived, and no disgrace is attached to the field laborer. The slaves very likely do the chief part of the work, but all engage in it, and are proud of their skill. A lion killed a woman early yesterday morning, and ate most of her undisturbed.

It is getting very hot; the ground to the feet of the men "burns like fire" after noon, so we are now obliged to make short marches, and early in the morning chiefly.

Wikatani—Bishop Mackenzie's favorite boy—met a brother

here, and he finds that he has an elder brother and a sister at Kabinga's. The father who sold him into slavery is dead. He wishes to stop with his relatives, and it will be well if he does. Though he has not much to say, what he does advance against the slave-trade will have its weight, and it will be all in the way of preparation for better times and more light.

The elder brother was sent for, but had not arrived when it was necessary for us to leave Mponda's on the Rivulet Ntemangokwe. I therefore gave Wikatani some cloth, a flint gun instead of the percussion one he carried, some flints, paper to write upon, and commended him to Mponda's care till his relatives arrived. He had lately shown a good deal of levity, and perhaps it is best that he should have a touch of what the world is in reality.

The lines of tattoo of the different tribes serve for ornaments, and are resorted to most by the women; it is a sort of heraldry closely resembling the Highland tartans.

CHAPTER V.

WESTWARD FROM NYASSA.

SEPTEMBER 21st, 1866.—We marched westwards, making across the base of Cape Maclear. Two men employed as guides and carriers, went along grumbling that their dignity was so outraged by working—"only fancy Waiyau carrying like slaves!!" They went but a short distance, and took advantage of my being in front to lay down the loads, one of which consisted of the havildar's bed and cooking things; here they opened the other bundle and paid themselves—the gallant havildar sitting and looking on. He has never been of the smallest use, and lately has pretended to mysterious pains in his feet; no swelling or other symptom accompanied this complaint. On coming to Pima's village he ate a whole fowl and some fish for supper, slept soundly till daybreak, then on awaking commenced a furious groaning—"his feet were so bad." I told him that people usually moaned when insensible, but he had kept quiet till he awaked; he sulked at this, and remained all day, though I sent a man to carry his kit for him, and when he came up he had changed the seat of his complaint from his feet to any part of his abdomen. He gave off his gun-belt and pouch to the carrier. This was a blind to me, for I examined and found that he had already been stealing and selling his ammunition: this is all preparatory to returning to the coast with some slave-trader. Nothing can exceed the ease and grace with which sepoy can glide from a swagger into the most abject begging of food from the villagers. He has remained behind.

22nd.—We had a Waiyau party with us—six handsomely-attired women carried huge pots of beer for their husbands, who very liberally invited us to partake. After seven hours' hard traveling we came to the village, where we spend Sunday. The chief, a one-eyed man, was rather coy—coming *incognito* to visit us; and, as I suspected that he was present, I asked if the chief were an old woman, afraid to look at and welcome a stranger? All burst into a laugh, and looked at him, when he felt forced to join in it, and asked what sort of food we liked best. Chumah put this clear enough by saying, "He eats everything eaten by the Waiyau."

24th.—We went only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the village of Marenga, a very large one, situated at the eastern edge of the bottom of the heel of the lake. The chief is ill of a loathsome disease derived direct from the Arabs.

The bogs, or earthen sponges, of this country occupy a most important part in its physical geography, and probably explain the annual inundations of most of the rivers. Wherever a plain sloping towards a narrow opening in hills or higher grounds exists, there we have the conditions requisite for the formation of an African sponge. The vegetation, not being of a heathy or peat-forming kind, falls down, rots, and then forms rich black loam. In many cases a mass of this loam, two or three feet thick, rests on a bed of pure river sand, which is revealed by crabs and other aquatic animals bringing it to the surface. At present, in the dry season, the black loam is cracked in all directions, and the cracks are often as much as three inches wide, and very deep. The whole surface has now fallen down, and rests on the sand, but when the rains come, the first supply is nearly all absorbed in the sand. The black loam forms soft slush, and floats on the sand. The narrow opening prevents it from moving off in a landslide, but an oozing spring rises at that spot.

25th.—Marenga's town on the west shore of Lake Nyassa is very large, and his people collected in great numbers to gaze at the stranger. The chief's brother asked a few

questions, and I took the occasion to be a good one for telling him something about the Bible and the future state. The men said that their fathers had never told them aught about the soul, but they thought that the whole man rotted and came to nothing. What I said was very nicely put by a volunteer spokesman, who seemed to have a gift that way, for all listened most attentively, and especially when told that our Father in Heaven loved all, and heard prayers addressed to Him.

Marenga came dressed in a red-figured silk shawl, and attended by about ten court beauties, who spread a mat for him, then a cloth above, and sat down as if to support him. He asked me to examine his case inside a hut. He exhibited his loathsome skin disease, and being blacker than his wives, the blotches with which he was covered made him appear very ugly. He thought that the disease was not in the country before Arabs came. Another new disease acquired from them was the small-pox.

26th.—An Arab passed us yesterday. He told Musa that all the country in front was full of Mazitu; that forty-four Arabs and their followers had been killed by them at Kasungu, and he only escaped. Musa and all the Johanna men now declared that they would go no farther. Musa said, "No good country that; I want to go back to Johanna to see my father and mother and son." I took him to Marenga, and asked the chief about the Mazitu. He explained that the disturbance was caused by the Manganja finding that Jumbe brought Arabs and ammunition into the country every year, and they resented it in consequence; they would not allow more to come, because they were the sufferers, and their nation was getting destroyed.

I explained to Musa that we should avoid the Mazitu: Marenga added, "There are no Mazitu near where you are going;" but Musa's eyes *stood out* with terror, and he said, "I no can believe that man." But I inquired, "How can you believe the Arab so easily?" Musa answered, "I ask him to tell me true, and he say true, true," etc.

When we started, all the Johanna men walked off, leaving the goods on the ground. They have been such inveterate thieves that I am not sorry to get rid of them; for though my party is now inconveniently small, I could not trust them with flints in their guns, nor allow them to remain behind, for their object was invariably to plunder their loads.

[Here then we have Livingstone's account of the origin of Musa's well-told story of the explorer's murder by Mazitu.]

With our goods in canoes we went round the bottom of the heel of Nyassa, slept among reeds, and next morning (27th) landed at Msangwa. A man had been taken off by a crocodile last night; he had been drinking beer, and went down to the water to cool himself, where he lay down, and the brute seized him. The water was very muddy, being stirred up by an east wind, which lashed the waves into our canoes, and wetted our things. The loud wail of the women is very painful to hear; it sounds so dolefully.

28th.—We reached Kimsusa's. The chief was absent, but he was sent for immediately. His town has much increased since I saw it last.

29th.—Another Arab passed last night, with the tale that his slaves had all been taken from him by the Mazitu. I propose to go west of this among the Maravi until quite away beyond the disturbances, whether of Mazitu or Manganja.

30th.—We enjoy our Sunday here. We have abundance of food from Kimsusa's wife. The chief wished me to go alone and enjoy his drinking bout, and then we could return to this place together; but this was not to my taste.

1st October, 1866.—Kimsusa came this morning, and seemed very glad again to see his old friend. He sent off at once to bring an enormous ram, which had either killed or seriously injured a man. The animal came tied to a pole to keep him off the man who held it, while a lot more carried him. He was prodigiously fat; this is a true African way of showing love—plenty of fat and beer. Accordingly the

chief brought a huge basket of "pombe," the native beer, and another of "nsima," or porridge, and a pot of cooked meat; to these were added a large basket of maize. So much food had been brought to us, that we had at last to explain that we could not carry it.

Kimsusa speaks more rationally about the Deity than some have done, and adds, that it was by following the advice which I gave him the last time I saw him, and not selling his people, that his village is now three times its former size. He has another village besides, and he was desirous that I should see that too; that was the reason he invited me to come, but the people would come and visit me.

2nd.—Kimsusa made his appearance early with a huge basket of beer, 18 inches high and 15 inches in diameter. He served it out for a time, taking deep draughts himself, becoming extremely loquacious in consequence. He took us to a dense thicket behind his town, among numbers of lofty trees, many of which I have seen nowhere else. A space had been cleared, and we were taken to this shady spot as the one in which business of importance and secrecy is transacted. Another enormous basket of beer was brought here by his wives, but there was little need for it, for Kimsusa talked incessantly, and no business was done.

3rd.—The chief came early, and sober. I rallied him on his previous loquacity, and said one ought to find time in the morning if business was to be done: he took it in good part, and one of his wives joined in bantering him. She is *the* wife, and mother of the sons in whom he delights, and who will succeed him. Kimsusa said he would give me carriers to go up to the Maravi, but he wished to be prepaid: to this I agreed, but even then he could not prevail on anyone to go.

4th.—A woman turned up here, and persuaded Chumah that she was his aunt. He wanted to give her at once a fathom of calico and beads, and wished me to cut his pay down for the purpose. I persuaded him to be content with a few beads for her. He gave her his spoon and some other valuables, fully persuaded that she was a relative, though he

was interrogated first as to his father's name, and tribe, etc., before she declared herself. It shows a most forgiving disposition on the part of these boys to make presents to those who, if genuine relations, actually sold them. But those who have been caught young know nothing of the evils of slavery, and do not believe in its ills.

5th.—The chief came early with an immense basket of beer, as usual. We were ready to start: he did not relish this; but I told him it was clear that his people set very light by his authority. He declared that he would force them or go himself, with his wives as carriers. This dawdling and guzzling had a bad effect on my remaining people. Simon, a Nassick lad, for instance, overheard two words which he understood; these were "Mazitu" and "lipululu," or desert; and from these he conjured up a picture of Mazitu rushing out upon us from the jungle, and killing all without giving us time to say a word! To this he added scraps of distorted information: Khambuiiri was a very bad chief in front, etc., all showing egregious cowardice; yet he came to give me advice. On asking what he knew, he replied that he had heard the above two words, and that Chumah could not translate them, but he had caught them, and came to warn me.

The chief asked me to stay to-day, and he would go with his wives to-morrow; I was his friend, and he would not see me in difficulties without doing his utmost. He says that there is no danger of our not finding people for carrying loads.

6th.—We marched about seven miles to the north to a village. It was very hot. Kimsusa behaves like a king: his strapping wives came to carry loads, and shame his people. Many of the young men turned out and took the loads, but it was evident that they feared retaliation if they ventured up the pass. One wife carried beer, another meal; and as soon as we arrived, cooking commenced: porridge and roasted goat's flesh made a decent meal. Kimsusa delights in showing me to his people as his friend. If I

could have used his pombe, or beer, it would have put some fat on my bones, but it requires a strong digestion; many of the chiefs and their wives live on it almost entirely.

7th.—I heard hooping-cough in the village. We found our visitors so disagreeable that I was glad to march; they were Waiyau, and very impudent, demanding gun or game medicine to enable them to shoot well: they came into the hut uninvited, and would take no denial.

A Manganja man, who formerly presented us with the whole haul of his net, came and gave me four fowls: some really delight in showing kindness. When we came near the bottom of the pass Tapiri, Kimsusa's men became loud against his venturing further; he listened, then burst away from them: he listened again, then did the same; and as he had now got men for us, I thought it better to let him go.

In three hours and a quarter we had made a clear ascent of 2200 feet above the lake. The first persons we met were two men and a boy, who were out hunting with a dog and basket-trap. This is laid down in the run of some small animal; the dog chases it, and it goes into the basket which is made of split bamboo, and has prongs looking inwards, which prevent its egress: mouse traps are made in the same fashion.

8th.—At the first village we found that the people up here and those down below were mutually afraid of each other. Kimsusa came to the bottom of the range, his last act being the offer of a pot of beer, and a calabash of Toku, which latter was accepted. I paid his wives for carrying our things: they had done well, and after we had gained the village where we slept, sang and clapped their hands vigorously till one o'clock in the morning, when I advised them to go to sleep. The men he at last provided were very faithful and easily satisfied. Here we found the headman, Kawa, of Mpalapala, quite as hospitable. Resting on the 8th to make up for the loss of rest on Sunday; we marched on Tuesday (the 9th), but were soon brought to a stand by Gombwa, whose village, Tamiala, stands on another ridge.

Gombwa, a laughing, good-natured man, said that he had

sent for all his people to see me; and I ought to sleep, to enable them to look on one the like of whom had never come their way before. Intending to go on, I explained some of my objects in coming through the country, advising the people to refrain from selling each other, as it ends in war and depopulation. He was cunning, and said, "Well, you must sleep here, and all my people will come and hear those words of peace." I explained that I had employed carriers, who expected to be paid though I had gone but a small part of a day; he replied, "But they will go home and come again to-morrow, and it will count but one day:" I was thus constrained to remain.

9th.—Both barometer and boiling-point showed an altitude of upwards of 4000 feet above the sea. This is the hottest month, but the air is delightfully clear, and delicious. The country is very fine, lying in long slopes, with mountains rising all around, from 2000 to 3000 feet above this upland. At every turning we meet people, or see their villages; all armed with bows and arrows. Many carry large knives of fine iron; and indeed the metal is abundant. Young men and women wear the hair long, a mass of small ringlets comes down and rests on the shoulders, giving them the appearance of the ancient Egyptians. One side is often cultivated, and the mass hangs jauntily on that side; some few have a solid cap of it.

We were invited by Gombwa in the afternoon to speak the same words to his people that we used to himself in the morning. He nudged a boy to respond, which is considered polite, though he did it only with a rough hem! at the end of each sentence. As for our general discourse we mention our relationship to our Father: His love to all His children—the guilt of selling any of His children—the consequence; *e. g.* it begets war, for they don't like to sell their own, and steal from other villagers, who retaliate. Arabs and Waiyan invited into the country by their selling, foster feuds, and war and depopulation ensue. We mention the Bible—future state—prayer: advise union, that they should unite as

one family to expel enemies, who came first as slave-traders, and ended by leaving the country a wilderness. In reference to union, we showed that they ought to have seen justice done to the man who lost his wife and child at their very doors; but this want of cohesion is the bane of the Manganja. If the evil does not affect themselves they don't care whom it injures.

10th.—Kawa and his people were with us early this morning, and we started from Tamiala with them. The weather is lovely, and the scenery, though at present tinged with yellow from the grass, might be called glorious. The bright sun and delicious air are quite exhilarating. On resting by a dark sepulchral grove, a tree attracted the attention, as nowhere else seen: it is called Bokonto, and said to bear eatable fruit. Many fine flowers were just bursting into full blossom. After about four hours' march we put up at Chitimba, the village of Kangomba, and were introduced by Kawa, who came all the way for the purpose.

11th.—A very cold morning, with a great bank of black clouds in the east, whence the wind came. The huts are built very well. The roof, with the lower part plastered, is formed so as not to admit a ray of light, and the only visible mode of ingress for it is by the door. This case shows that winter is cold: on proposing to start, breakfast was not ready: then a plan was formed to keep me another day at a village close by, belonging to one Kulu, a man of Kauma, to whom we go next. It was effectual, and here we are detained another day.

12th.—We march westerly, with a good deal of southing. Kulu gave us a goat, and cooked liberally for us all. He set off with us as if to go to Kauma's in our company, but after we had gone a couple of miles he slipped behind, and ran away. Some are naturally mean, and some naturally noble: the mean cannot help showing their nature, nor can the noble; but the noble-hearted must enjoy life most. Kulu got a cloth, and he gave us at least its value; but he thought he had got more than he gave, and so by running away that he

had done us nicely, without troubling himself to go and introduce us to Kauma. I usually request a headman of a village to go with us. They give a good report of us, if for no other reason than for their own credit, because no one likes to be thought giving his countenance to people other than respectable, and it costs little.

We came close to the foot of several squarish mountains, having perpendicular sides. One, called "Ulazo pa Malungo," is used by the people, whose villages cluster round its base as a storehouse for grain. Large granaries stand on its top, containing food to be used in case of war. A large cow is kept up there, which is supposed capable of knowing and letting the owners know when war is coming. There is a path up, but it was not visible to us.

We spent the night at a Kanthunda village on the western side of a mountain called Phunze. Many villages are planted round its base, but in front, that is, westwards, we have plains, and there the villages are as numerous: mostly they are within half a mile of each other, and few are a mile from other hamlets. Each village has a clump of trees around it.

All the people are engaged at present in making mounds six or eight feet square, and from two to three feet high. The sods in places not before hoed are separated from the soil beneath and collected into flattened heaps, the grass undermost; when dried, fire is applied and slow combustion goes on; most of the products of the burning being retained in the ground, much of the soil is incinerated. The final preparation is effected by the men digging up the subsoil round the mound, passing each hooful into the left hand, where it pulverizes, and is then thrown on to the heap. It is thus virgin soil on the top of the ashes and burned ground of the original heap, very clear of weeds. At present many mounds have beans and maize about four inches high.

13th.—Kauma, a fine tall man, with a bald head and pleasant manners, told us that some of his people had lately returned from the Chibisa or Babisa country, whither they

had gone to buy ivory, and they would give me information about the path. He took a fancy to one of the boys' blankets; offering a native cloth, much larger, in exchange, and even a sheep to boot; but the owner being unwilling to part with his covering, Kauma told me that he had not sent for his Babisa travelers on account of my boy refusing to deal with him. A little childish this, but otherwise he was very hospitable; he gave me a fine goat, which, unfortunately, my people left behind.

14th.—Spent Sunday here. The population is very great and very ceremonious. When we meet anyone he turns aside and sits down: we clap the hand on the chest and say, "Re peta—re peta," that is, "we pass," or let us pass:" this is responded to at once by a clapping of the hands together. When a person is called at a distance he gives two loud claps of assent; or if he rises from near a superior he does the same thing, which is a sort of leave-taking.

We have to ask who are the principal chiefs in the direction which we wish to take, and decide accordingly. Zomba was pointed out as a chief on a range of hills on our west: beyond him lies Undi m'senga. I had to take this route, as my people have a very vivid idea of the danger of going northwards towards the Mazitu. We made more southing than we wished.

We rested at Pachoma; the headman offering a goat and beer, but I declined, and went on to Molomba. Here Kauma's carriers turned because a woman had died that morning as we left the village. They asserted that had she died before we started not a man would have left: this shows a reverence for death, for the woman was no relative of any of them. The headman of Molomba was very poor but very liberal, cooking for us and presenting a goat; another headman from a neighboring village, a laughing, good-natured old man, named Chikala, brought beer and a fowl in the morning. I asked him to go on with us to Mironga, it being important, as above mentioned, to have the like of his kind in our company, and he consented.

16th.—Crossed the Rivulet Chikuyo and went on to Chipanga: this is the proper name of what on the Zambesi is corrupted into Shupanga. The headman, a miserable hemp consuming leper, fled from us. We were offered a miserable hut, which we refused; Chikala meanwhile went through the whole village seeking a better, which we ultimately found: it was not in this chief to be generous, though Chikala did what he could in trying to indoctrinate him: when I gave him a present he immediately proposed to *sell* a goat! We got on pretty well however.

Passing on we came to a smithy, and watched the founder at work drawing off slag from the bottom of his furnace. He broke through the hardened slag by striking it with an iron instrument inserted in the end of a pole, when the material flowed out of the small hole left for the purpose in the bottom of the furnace. The ore (probably the black oxide) was like sand, and was put in at the top of the furnace, mixed with charcoal. Only one bellows was at work, formed out of a goatskin, and the blast was very poor. Many of these furnaces or their remains, are met with on knolls; those at work have a peculiarly tall hut built over them.

On the eastern edge of a valley lying north and south, are two villages screened by fine specimens of the *Ficus Indica*. One of these is owned by the headman Theresa, and there we spent the night. The people look very poor, having few or no beads; the ornaments being lines and cuttings on the skin. They trust more to buazé than cotton. I noticed but two cotton patches. The women are decidedly plain; but monopolize all the buazé cloth. Theresa was excessively liberal, and having informed us that Zomba lived some distance up the range and was not the principal man in these parts, we, to avoid climbing the hills, turned away to the north, in the direction of the paramount chief, Chisumpi, whom we found to be only traditionally great.

20th.—In passing along we came to a village embowered in fine trees; the headman is Kaveta, a really fine specimen of the Kanthunda, tall, well-made, with a fine forehead and

Assyrian nose. He proposed to us to remain over night with him, and I unluckily declined.

Convoing us out a mile, we parted with this gentleman, and then came to a smith's village, where the same invitation was given and refused. A sort of infatuation drove us on, and after a long hot march we found the great Chisumpi, the fac-simile in black of Sir Colin Campbell; his nose, mouth, and the numerous wrinkles on his face were identical with those of the great General, but here all resemblance ceased. Two men had preceded us to give information, and when I followed I saw that his village was one of squalid misery, the only fine things about being the lofty trees in which it lay. Chisumpi begged me to sleep at a village about half a mile behind: his son was brow-beating him on some domestic affair, and the older man implored me to go. Next morning he came early to that village, and arranged for our departure, offering nothing, and apparently not wishing to see us at all. I suspect that though paramount chief, he is weak-minded, and has lost thereby all his influence, but in the people's eyes he is still a great one.

Several of my men exhibiting symptoms of distress, I inquired for a village in which we could rest Saturday and Sunday, and at a distance from Chisumpi. A headman volunteered to lead us to one west of this. In passing the sepulchral grove of Chisumpi our guide remarked, "Chisumpi's forefathers sleep there." This was the first time I have heard the word "sleep" applied to death in these parts.

We found Chitikola's village, called Paritala, a pleasant one on the east side of the Adiamawe Valley. Many elephants and other animals feed in the valley, and we saw the Bechuana Hopo again after many years.

Chitikola was absent from Paritala when we arrived on some *milando* or other. These *milandos* are the business of their lives. They are like petty lawsuits; if one trespasses on his neighbor's rights in any way it is a *milando*, and the headmen of all the villages about are called on to

settle it. Women are a fruitful source of *milando*. A few ears of Indian corn had been taken by a person, and Chitikola had been called a full day's journey off to settle this *milando*. He administered *Muavé* and the person vomited, therefore innocence was clearly established! He came in the evening of the 21st footsore and tired, and at once gave us some beer. This perpetual reference to food and drink is natural, inasmuch as it is the most important point in our intercourse. While the chief was absent we got nothing; the queen even begged a little meat for her child, who was recovering from an attack of small-pox. There being no shops we had to sit still without food. I took observations for longitude, and whiled away the time by calculating the lunars. Next day the chief gave us a goat cooked whole and plenty of porridge: I noticed that he too had the Assyrian type of face.

CHAPTER VI.

AMONG THE IRON WORKERS.

WE started with Chitikola as our guide on the 22nd of October, 1866, and he led us away westwards across the Lilongwe River, then turned north till we came to a village called Mashumba, the headman of which was the only chief who begged anything except medicine, and he got less than we were in the habit of giving in consequence. We give a cloth usually, and clothing being very scarce this is considered munificent.

23rd.—We had the Zanlanyama range on our left, and our course was generally north, but we had to go in the direction of the villages which were on friendly terms with our guides, and sometimes we went but a little way, as they studied to make the days as short as possible. The headman of the last village, Chitoku, was with us, and he took us to a village of smiths, four furnaces and one smithy being at work.

24th.—Our guide, Mpanda, led us through the forest by what he meant to be a short cut to Chimuna's. We came on a herd of about fifteen elephants, and many trees laid down by these animals: they seem to relish the roots of some kinds, and spend a good deal of time in digging them up; they chew woody roots and branches as thick as the handle of a spade. Many buffaloes feed here, and we viewed a herd of elands; they kept out of bow-shot only: a herd of the baama or hartebeest stood at 200 paces, and one was shot.

While all were rejoicing over the meat, we got news from the inhabitants of a large village in full flight, that the

Mazitu were out on a foray. While roasting and eating meat I went forward with Mpanda to get men from Chimuna to carry the rest, but was soon recalled. Another crowd were also in full retreat; the people were running straight to the Zanolanyama range regardless of their feet, making a path for themselves through the forest; they had escaped from the Mazitu that morning; "they saw them!" Mpanda's people wished to leave and go to look after their own village, but we persuaded them, on pain of a *milando*, to take us to the nearest village, that was at the bottom of Zanolanyama proper, and we took the spoor of the fugitives. The hard grass with stalks nearly as thick as quills must have hurt their feet sorely, but what of that in comparison with dear life! We meant to take our stand on the hill and defend our property in case of the Mazitu coming near; and we should, in the event of being successful, be a defence to the fugitives who crowded up its rocky sides, but next morning we heard that the enemy had gone to the south. Had we gone forward, as we intended, to search for men to carry the meat we should have met the marauders, for the men of the second party of villagers had remained behind guarding their village till the Mazitu arrived, and they told us what a near escape I had had from walking into their power.

25th.—Came along northwards to Chimuna's town, a large one of Chipeta with many villages around. Our path led through the forest, and as we emerged into the open strath in which the villages lie, we saw the large anthills, each the size of the end of a one-storied cottage, covered with men on guard watching for the Mazitu.

A long line of villagers were just arriving from the south, and we could see at some low hills in that direction the smoke arising from the burning settlements. None but men were present; the women and the chief were at the mountain called Pambe; all were fully armed with their long bows, some flat in the bow, others round, and it was common to have the quiver on the back, and a bunch of feathers stuck in the hair like those in our Lancers' shakos. But they

remained not to fight, but to watch their homes and stores of grain from robbers amongst their own people in case no Mazitu came! They gave a good hut, and sent off at once to let the chief at Pambe know of our arrival. We heard the cocks crowing up there in the mountain as we passed in the morning. Chimuna came in the evening, and begged me to remain a day in his village, Pamaloo, as he was the greatest chief the Chipeta had. I told him all wished the same thing, and if I listened to each chief we should never get on, and the rains were near, but we had to stay over with him.

26th.—All the people came down to-day from Pambe, and crowded to see the strangers. They know very little beyond their own affairs, though these require a good deal of knowledge, and we should be sorely put about if, without their skill, we had to maintain an existence here. Their furnaces are rather bottle shaped, and about seven feet high by three broad. One toothless patriarch had heard of books and umbrellas, but had never seen either. The oldest inhabitant had never traveled far from the spot in which he was born, yet he has a good knowledge of soils and agriculture, hut-building, basket-making, pottery, and the manufacture of bark-cloth and skins for clothing, as also making of nets, traps, and cordage.

Chimuna had a most ungainly countenance, yet did well enough: he was very thankful for a blister on his loins to ease rheumatic pains, and presented a huge basket of porridge before starting, with a fowl, and asked me to fire a gun that the Mazitu might hear and know that armed men were here. They all say that these marauders flee from fire-arms, so I think that they are not Zulus at all, though adopting some of their ways.

On arriving at Mapuio's village, he was, as often happens, invisible, but he sent us a calabash of fresh-made beer, which is very refreshing, gave us a hut, and promised to cook for us in the evening. We have to employ five or six carriers, and they rule the length of the day's march. Those from

Chimuna's village growled at the cubit of calico with which we paid them, but a few beads pleased them perfectly, and we parted good friends. It is not likely I shall ever see them again, but I always like to please them, because it is right to consider their desires. Is that not what is meant in "Blessed is he that considereth the poor?" There is a great deal of good in these poor people. In cases of *milando* they rely on the most distant relations and connections to plead their cause, and seldom are they disappointed, though time at certain seasons, as for instance at present, is felt by all to be precious. Every man appears with hoe or axe on shoulder, and the people often only sit down as we pass and gaze at us till we are out of sight.

Clapping the hands in various ways is the polite way of saying "Allow me," "I beg pardon," "Permit me to pass," "Thanks;" it is resorted to in respectful introduction and leave-taking, and also is equivalent to "Hear, hear." When inferiors are called they respond by two brisk claps of the hands, meaning "I am coming." They are very punctilious amongst each other. A large ivory bracelet marks the headman of a village; there is nothing else to show differences of rank.

28th.—We spent Sunday at Mapuio's and had a long talk with him; his country is in a poor state from the continual incursions of the Mazitu, who are wholly unchecked.

29th.—We marched westwards to Makosa's village, and could not go further, as the next stage is long and through an ill-peopled country. The morning was lovely, the whole country bathed in bright sunlight, and not a breath of air disturbed the smoke as it slowly curled up from the heaps of burning weeds, which the native agriculturist wisely destroys. The people generally were busy hoeing in the cool of the day. One old man in a village where we rested had trained the little hair he had left into a tail, which, well plastered with fat, he had bent on itself and laid flat on his crown; another was carefully paring a stick for stirring the porridge, and others were enjoying the cool shade of the wild fig-trees

which are always planted at villages. It is a sacred tree all over Africa and India, and the tender roots which drop down towards the ground are used as medicine—a universal remedy. Can it be a tradition of its being like the tree of life, which Archbishop Whately conjectures may have been used in Paradise to render man immortal? One kind of fig-tree is often seen hacked all over to get the sap, which is used as bird-lime; bark-cloth is made of it too. I like to see the men weaving or spinning, or reclining under these glorious canopies, as much as I love to see our more civilized people lolling on their sofas or ottomans.

30th.—The black traders come from Tette to this country to buy slaves, and as a consequence here we come to bugs again, which we left when we passed the Arab slave-traders' beat.

1st. *November*, 1866.—In the evening we made the Chigumokire, a nice rivulet, where we slept, and the next morning we proceeded to Kangene, whose village is situated on a mass of mountains, and to reach which we made more southing than we wished. Our appearance on the ascent of the hill caused alarm, and we were desired to wait till our spokesman had explained the unusual phenomenon of a white man.

This kept us waiting in the hot sun among heated rocks, and the chief, being a great ugly public-house-keeper looking person, excused his incivility by saying that his brother had been killed by the Mazitu, and he was afraid that we were of the same tribe. On asking if Mazitu wore clothes like us he told some untruths, and, what has been an unusual thing, began to beg powder and other things. I told him how other chiefs had treated us, which made him ashamed. He represented the country in front to the N. W. to be quite impassable from want of food: the Mazitu had stripped it of all provisions, and the people were living on what wild fruits they could pick up.

2nd.—Kangene is very disagreeable naturally, and as we have to employ five men as carriers, we are in his power.

We can scarcely enter into the feelings of those who are harried by marauders. Like Scotland in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries harassed by Highland Celts on one side and by English Marchmen on the other, and thus kept in the rearward of civilization, these people have rest neither for many days nor for few. When they fill their garner they can seldom reckon on eating the grain, for the Mazitu come when the harvest is over and catch as many able-bodied young persons as they can to carry away the corn. Thus it was in Scotland so far as security for life and property was concerned; but the Scotch were apt pupils of more fortunate nations. To change of country they were as indifferent as the Romans of the olden times; they were always welcome in France, either as pilgrims, scholars, merchants, or soldiers; but the African is different. If let alone the African's mode of life is rather enjoyable; he loves agriculture, and land is to be had anywhere. He knows nothing of other countries, but he has imbibed the idea of property in man. This Kangene told me that he would like to give me a slave to look after my goats: I believe he would rather give a slave than a goat!

We were detained by the illness of Simon for four days. When he recovered we proposed to the headman to start with five of his men, and he agreed to let us have them; but having called them together such an enormous demand was made for wages, and in advance, that on the 7th of November we took seven loads forward through a level uninhabited country generally covered with small trees, slept there, and on the morning of the 8th, after leaving two men at our depot, came back, and took the remaining five loads.

Kangene was disagreeable to the last. He asked where we had gone, and, having described the turning point as near the hill Chimbimbe, he complimented us on going so far, and then sent an offer of three men; but I preferred not to have those who would have been spies unless he could give five and take on all the loads. He said that he would find the number, and after detaining us some hours brought two,

one of whom, primed with beer, babbled out that he was afraid of being killed by us in front. I asked whom we had killed behind, and moved off. The headman is very childish, does women's work—cooking and pounding; and in all cases of that kind the people take after their leader. The chiefs have scarcely any power unless they are men of energy; they have to court the people rather than be courted. We came much further back on our way from Mapuio's than we liked; in fact, our course is like that of a vessel baffled with foul winds: this is mainly owing to being obliged to avoid places stripped of provisions or suffering this spoliation. The people, too, can give no information about others at a distance from their own abodes. Even the smiths, who are a most plodding set of workers, are as ignorant as the others: they supply the surrounding villages with hoes and knives: and, combining agriculture with handicraft, pass through life. An intelligent smith came as our guide from Chimbimbe Hill on the 7th, and did not know a range of mountains about twenty miles off: "it was too far off for him to know the name."

10th.—We found the people on the Mando to be Chawa, or Ajawa, but not of the Waiyau race; they are Manganja, and this is a village of smiths. We got five men readily to go back and bring up our loads; and the sound of the hammer is constant, showing a great deal of industry. They combine agriculture, and hunting with their handicraft.

A herd of buffaloes came near the village, and I went and shot one, thus procuring a supply of meat for the whole party and villagers too. The hammer which we hear from dawn till sunset is a large stone, bound with the strong inner bark of a tree, and loops left which form handles. Two pieces of bark form the tongs, and a big stone sunk into the ground the anvil. They make several hoes in a day, and the metal is very good; it is all from yellow hæmatite, which abounds all over this part of the country; the bellows consist of two goat-skins with sticks at the open ends, which are opened and shut at every blast.



FORGING HOES.



MANGANJA AND MACHINGA WOMEN.

13th.—A lion came last night and gave a growl or two on finding he could not get our meat: a man had lent us a hunting net to protect it and us from intruders of this sort. The people kept up a shouting for hours afterwards, in order to keep him away by the human voice.

14th.—We marched northwards, and remained for the night at a blacksmith's, or rather founder's village; the two occupations of founder and smith are always united, and boys taught to be smiths in Europe or India would find themselves useless if unable to smelt the ore. A good portion of the trees of the country have been cut down for charcoal, and those which now spring up are small; certain fruit trees alone are left. The long slopes on the undulating country, clothed with fresh foliage, look very beautiful. The people at Kalumbi, on the Mando (where we spent four days), had once a stockade of wild fig and euphorbia round their village, which has a running rill on each side of it; but the trees which enabled them to withstand a siege by Mazitu fell before elephants and buffaloes during a temporary absence of the villagers; the remains of the stockade are all around it yet. Lions sometimes enter huts by breaking through the roof: elephants certainly do, for we saw a roof destroyed by one; the only chance for the inmates is to drive a spear into the belly of the beast while so engaged.

A man came and reported the Mazitu to be at Chanyandula's village, where we are going. The headman advised remaining at his village till we saw whether they came this way or went by another path. The women were sent away, but the men went on with their employments: two proceeded with the building of a furnace on an anthill, where they are almost always placed, and they keep a look-out while working. We have the protection of an all-embracing Providence, and trust that He, whose care of His people exceeds all that our utmost self-love can attain, will shield us and make our way prosperous.

16th.—An elephant came near enough last night to scream at us, but passed on, warned, perhaps, by the shouting of

the villagers not to meddle with man. No Mazitu having come, we marched on. The iron trade must have been carried on for an immense time in the country, for one cannot go a quarter of a mile without meeting pieces of slag and broken pots, calcined pipes, and fragments of the furnaces, which are converted by the fire into brick.

When we arrived at Kanyenje, Kanyindula was out collecting charcoal. He sent a party of men to ask if we should remain next day: an old, unintellectual-looking man was among the number sent, who had twenty-seven rings of elephants' skin on his arm, all killed by himself by the spear alone: he had given up fighting elephants since the Mazitu came, whom we heard had passed away to the south-east of this place, taking all the crops of last year, and the chief alone has food. He gave us some, which was very acceptable, as we got none at the two villages south of this. Kanyindula came himself in the evening, an active, stern-looking man, but we got on very well with him.

20th.—Kanyindula came with three carriers this morning instead of five, and joined them in demanding prepayment: however, we came on without his people, leaving two to guard the loads.

About four miles up the valley we came to a village at the fountain-eye of the Bua, and thence sent men back for the loads; while we had the shelter of good huts during a heavy thunder-shower, which made us willing to remain all night. The valley is lovely in the extreme.

21st.—We left Bua fountain, and made a short march to Mokatoba, a stockaded village, where the people refused to admit us till the headman came. They have a little food here, and sold us some. We have been on rather short commons for some time, and this made our detention agreeable.

We are making our way slowly to the north, where food is said to be abundant. I divided about 50 lbs. of powder among the people of my following to shoot with, and buy goats or other food as we could. This reduces our extra loads to three—four just now, Simon being sick again.

Mem.—The people assent by lifting up the head instead of nodding it down as we do; deaf mutes are said to do the same.

22nd.—We reached Silubi's village, on the base of a rocky detached hill. No food to be had; all taken by Mazitu, so Silubi gave me some Masuko fruit instead. They find that they can keep the Mazitu off by going up a rocky eminence, and hurling stones and arrows down on the invaders: they can defend themselves also by stockades, and these are becoming very general.

On reaching Zeore's village, on the Lokuzhwa, we found it stockaded, and stagnant pools round three sides of it. The Mazitu had come, pillaged all the surrounding villages, looked at this, and then went away; so the people had food to sell. The men know nothing of distant places, the Manganja being a very stay-at-home people. The stockades are crowded with huts, and the children have but small room to play in the narrow spaces between.

25th.—Sunday at Zeore's. The villagers thought we prayed for rain, which was much needed. I disabused their minds about rain-making prayers, and found the headman intelligent.

27th.—Zeore's people would not carry without prepayment, so we left our extra loads as usual and went on, sending men back for them: these, however, did not come till 27th, and then two of my men got fever. I groan in spirit, and do not know how to make our gear into nine loads only. It is the knowledge that we shall be detained some two or three months during the heavy rains that makes me cleave to it as a means of support.

Last night a loud clapping of hands by the men was followed by several half-suppressed screams by a woman. They were quite *eldritch*, as if she could not get them out. Then succeeded a lot of utterances as if she were in ecstasy, to which a man responded, "Moio, moio." The utterances, so far as I could catch, were in five-syllable snatches—abrupt and labored. I wonder if this "bubbling or boiling over"

has been preserved as the form in which the true prophets of old gave forth their "burdens?" One sentence, frequently repeated towards the close of the effusion, was "*linyama uta*," "flesh of the bow," showing that the Pythoness loved venison killed by the bow. The people applauded, and attended, hoping, I suppose, that rain would follow her efforts. Next day she was duly honored by drumming and dancing.

30th. We march to Embora's. This village is on a tongue of land chosen for its strength. Embora came to visit us soon after we arrived—a tall man with a Yankee face. He was very much tickled when asked if he were a Motumboka. After indulging in laughter at the idea of being one of such a small tribe of Manganja, he said proudly "That he belonged to the Echewa, who inhabited all the country to which I was going." They are generally smiths; a mass of iron had just been brought in to him from some outlying furnaces.

3rd December, 1866.—March through a hilly country covered with dwarf forest to Kande's village, surrounded by a dense hedge of bamboo and a species of bushy fig that loves edges of water-bearing streams: it is not found where the moisture is not perennial. Kande is a fine tall smith. Two Waiyau now volunteered to go on with us, and as they declared their masters were killed by the Mazitu, and Kande seemed to confirm them, we let them join.

A continuous tap-tapping in the villages shows that bark cloth is being made. The bark, on being removed from the tree, is steeped in water, or in a black muddy hole, till the outer of the two inner barks can be separated; then commences the tapping with a mallet to separate and soften the fibres. The head of this is often of ebony, with the face cut into small furrows, which, without breaking, separate and soften the fibres.

4th.—Marched westwards, over a hilly, dwarf forest-covered country: as we advanced, trees increased in size, but no people inhabited it; we spent a miserable night at Katette, wetted by a heavy thunder-shower, which lasted a good while. Morning (5th) muggy, clouded all over, and rolling

thunder in distance. Went three hours with, for a wonder, no water, but made westing chiefly, and got on to the Lokuzhwa again: all the people are collected on it.

6th.—Too ill to march.

7th.—Went on, and passed Mesumbe's village, also protected by bamboos, and came to the hill Mparawe, with a village perched on its northern base and well up its sides. In various villages we have observed miniature huts, about two feet high, very neatly thatched and plastered; here we noticed them in dozens. On inquiring, we were told that when a child or relative dies one is made, and when any pleasant food is cooked or beer brewed, a little is placed in the tiny hut for the departed soul, which is believed to enjoy it.

9th.—A poor child, whose mother had died, was unprovided for; no one not a relative will nurse another's child. It called out piteously for its mother by name, and the women (like the servants in the case of the poet Cowper when a child), said, "She is coming." I gave it a piece of bread, but it was too far gone, and is dead to-day.

An alarm of Mazitu sent all the villagers up the sides of Mparawe this morning. The affair was a chase of a hyæna, but everything is Mazitu! The Babisa came here, but were surrounded and nearly all cut off. Muasi was so eager to be off with a party to return the attack on the Mazitu, that, when deputed by the headman to give us a guide, he got the man to turn at the first village, so we had to go on without guides, and made about due north.

11th.—We are now detained in the forest, at a place called Chonde Forest, by set-in rains. The birds now make much melody and noise—all intent on building.

12th.—Across an undulating forest country north we got a man to show us the way, if a pathless forest can so be called. We used a game-path as long as it ran north, but left it when it deviated, and rested under a baobab-tree with a marabou's nest—a bundle of sticks on a branch; the young ones uttered a hard chuck, chuck, when the old ones flew over them. A sun-bird, with bright scarlet throat and breast,

had its nest on another branch; it was formed like the weaver's nest, but without a tube.

13th.—Reached the Tokosusi. Here I got a pallah antelope, and a very strange flower called “katende,” which was a whorl of seventy-two flowers sprung from a flat round root; but it cannot be described.

A “set-in” rain came on after dark, and we went on through slush, the trees sending down heavier drops than the showers as we neared the Loangwa; we forded several deep gullies, all flowing north or north-west into it. The paths were running with water, and when we emerged from the large Mopane Forest, we came on the plain of excessively adhesive mud, on which Miranda's stronghold stands on the left bank of Loangwa, here a good-sized river. The people were all afraid of us, and we were mortified to find that food is scarce. The Mazitu have been here three times, and the fear they have inspired, though they were successfully repelled, has prevented agricultural operations from being carried on.

Mem.—A flake of reed is often used in surgical operations among the natives, as being sharper than their knives.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE LOANGWA TO THE CHAMBEZE.

DECEMBER 16TH, 1866.—We could get no food at any price on 15th, so we crossed the Loangwa, and judged it to be from seventy to a hundred yards wide. No guide would come, so we went on without one.

17th.—We went on through a bushy country without paths, and struck the Pamazi, a river of sixty yards wide, in steep banks and in flood, and held on as well as we could through a very difficult country, the river forcing us north-west: I heard hippopotami in it. We made only about three miles of northing, and found the people on the left bank uncivil: they would not lend a hut, so we soon put up a tent of waterproof cloth and branches.

18th.—As the men grumbled at their feet being pierced by thorns in the trackless portions we had passed, I was anxious to get a guide, but the only one we could secure would go to Molenga's only; so I submitted, though this led us east instead of north. When we arrived we were asked what we wanted, seeing we brought neither slaves nor ivory: I replied that it was much against our will that we came; but the guide had declared that this was the only way to Casembe's, our next stage. To get rid of us they gave a guide, and we set forward northwards.

20th.—Reached Casembe, a miserable hamlet of a few huts. The people here are very suspicious, and will do nothing but with a haggle for prepayment; we could get no grain, nor even native herbs, though we rested a day to try.

22nd.—Shot a bush-buck; slept on the bank of Nyamazi.

23rd.—Hunger sent us on; for a meat diet is far from satisfying: we all felt very weak on it, and soon tired on a march, but to-day we hurried on to Kavimba, who successfully beat off the Mazitu. It is very hot, and between three and four hours is a good day's march. On sitting down to rest before entering the village we were observed, and all the force of the village issued to kill us as Mazitu; but when we stood up the mistake was readily perceived, and the arrows were placed again in their quivers. In the hut four Mazitu shields show that they did not get it all their own way.

A very small return present was made by Kavimba, and nothing could be bought except at exorbitant prices. We remained all day on the 24th, haggling and trying to get some grain. He took a fancy to a shirt, and left it to his wife to bargain for. She got the length of cursing and swearing, and we bore it, but could get only a small price for it. We resolved to hold our Christmas some other day, and in a better place. The women seem ill-regulated here—Kavimba's brother had words with his spouse, and at the end of every burst of vociferation on both sides called out, "Bring the Muavi! bring the Muavi!" or ordeal.

Christmas-day, 1866.—No one being willing to guide us to Moerwa's, I hinted to Kavimba that should we see a rhinoceros I would kill it. He came himself, and led us on where he expected to find these animals, but we saw only their footsteps. We lost our four goats somewhere—stolen or strayed in the pathless forest, we do not know which, but the loss I felt very keenly, for whatever kind of food we had, a little milk made all right, and I felt strong and well; but coarse food hard of digestion without it was very trying. We spent the 26th in searching for them, but all in vain. The loss affected me more than I could have imagined. A little indigestible porridge, of scarcely any taste, is now my fare, and it makes me dream of better.

27th.—Our guide asked for his cloth to wear on the

way, as it was wet and raining, and his bark cloth was a miserable covering. I consented, and he bolted on the first opportunity; the forest being so dense he was soon out of reach of pursuit: he had been advised to this by Kavimba, and nothing else need have been expected. We then followed the track of a traveling party of Babisa, but the grass springs up over the paths, and it was soon lost: the rain had fallen early in these parts, and the grass was all in seed. On resting near the top of an ascent two honey hunters came to us. They were using the honey-guide as an aid; the bird came to us as they arrived, waited quietly during the half-hour they smoked and chatted, and then went on with them.

28th.—Three men, going to hunt bees, came to us as we were starting and assured us that Moerwa's was near.

Moerwa came to visit me in my hut, a rather stupid man, though he has a well-shaped and well-developed forehead, and tried the usual little arts of getting us to buy all we need here though the prices are exorbitant. "No people in front, great hunger there." "We must buy food here and carry it to support us." We have nothing, as we saw no animals in our way hither, and hunger is ill to bear. By giving Moerwa a good large cloth he was induced to cook a mess of millet and elephant's stomach.

30th.—Marched for Chitembo's, because it is said he has not fled from the Mazitu, and therefore has food to spare. While resting, Moerwa, with all his force of men, women, and dogs, came up, on his way to hunt elephants. The men were furnished with big spears, and their dogs are used to engage the animal's attention while they spear it; the women cook the meat and make huts, and a smith goes with them to mend any spear that may be broken. In the evening we encamped beside a little rill, and made our shelters, but we had so little to eat that I dreamed the night long of dinners I had eaten, and might have been eating.

I shall make this beautiful land better known, which is an essential part of the process by which it will become the "pleasant haunts of men." It is impossible to describe its

rich luxuriance, but most of it is running to waste through the slave-trade and internal wars.

31st.—When we started this morning after rain, all the trees and grass dripping, a lion roared, but we did not see him. A woman had come a long way and built a neat miniature hut in the burnt-out ruins of her mother's house: the food-offering she placed in it, and the act of filial piety, no doubt, comforted this poor mourner's heart.

We arrived at Chitembo's village and found it deserted. The Babisa dismantle their huts and carry off the thatch to their gardens, where they live till harvest is over. This fallowing of the framework destroys many insects, but we observed that wherever Babisa and Arab slavers go they leave the breed of the domestic bug: it would be well if that were all the ill they did! Chitembo was working in his garden when we arrived, but soon came, and gave us the choice of all the standing huts: he is an old man, much more frank and truthful than our last headman, and says that Chitapangwa is paramount chief of all the Abemba.

Three or four women whom we saw performing a rain dance at Moerwa's were here doing the same; their faces smeared with meal, and axes in their hands, imitating as well as they could the male voice. I got some millet here and a fowl.

We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

* * * * *

1st January, 1867.—May He who was full of grace and truth impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favor; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honor—for His mercy's sake.

4th.—It is a *set-in* rain. We have neither sugar nor salt, so there are no soluble goods; but cloth and gunpowder get damaged easily. It is hard fare and scanty; I feel always

hungry, and am constantly dreaming of better food when I should be sleeping. Savory viands of former times come vividly up before the imagination, even in my waking hours; this is rather odd as I am not a dreamer; indeed I scarcely ever dream but when I am going to be ill or actually so.

6th.—After service two men came and said that they were going to Lobemba, and would guide us to Motuna's village. These men's faces pleased us, but they did not turn out all we expected, for they guided us away westwards without a path: it was a drizzling rain, and this made us averse to striking off in the forest without them. No inhabitants now except at wide intervals, and no animals either.

No food at Motuna's village, yet the headman tried to extort two fathoms of calico on the ground that he was owner of the country: we offered to go out of his village and make our own sheds on "God's land," that is, where it is uncultivated, rather than have any words about it: he then begged us to stay.

On the 9th of *January* we ascended a hardened sandstone range. Two men who accompanied our guide called out every now and then to attract the attention of the honey-guide, but none appeared. There are no people here now in these lovely wild valleys; but to-day we came to mounds made of old for planting grain, and slag from iron fences.

10th.—In the afternoon an excessively heavy thunderstorm wetted us all to the skin before any shelter could be made. Two of our men wandered, and other two remained behind lost, as our track was washed out by the rains. The country is a succession of enormous waves, all covered with jungle, and no traces of paths; we were in a hollow, and our firing was not heard till this morning, when we ascended a height and were answered. At midday reached the village of Chafunga. Famine here too, but some men had killed an elephant and came to sell the dried meat. We bought up all the food we could get; but it did not suffice for the marches we expect to make to get to the Chambeze, where food is said to be abundant, we were therefore again obliged to travel on

Sunday. We had prayers before starting; but I always feel that I am not doing right; it lessens the sense of obligation in the minds of my companions; but I have no choice.

15th.—We had to cross the Chimbwe at its eastern end, where it is fully a mile wide, and I, being the first to cross, neglected to give orders about the poor little dog, Chitane. The water was waist deep, the bottom soft peaty stuff with deep holes in it, and the northern side infested by leeches. The boys were—like myself—all too much engaged with preserving their balance to think of the spirited little beast, and he must have swam till he sunk. He was so useful in keeping all the country curs off our huts; none dare to approach and steal, and he never stole himself. He shared the staring of the people with his master, then in the march he took charge of the whole party, running to the front, and again to the rear, to see that all was right. He was becoming yellowish-red in color; and, poor thing, perished in what the boys all call Chitane's water.

16th.—March through the mountains, which are of beautiful white and pink dolomite, scantily covered with upland trees and vegetation.

17th.—Detained in an old Babisa slaving encampment by set-in rain till noon, then set off in the midst of it.

18th.—The headman of Lisunga, Chaokila, took our present, and gave nothing in return.

19th.—Raining most of the day. Nothing but famine and famine prices, the people living on mushrooms and leaves.

[We now come to a disaster which cannot be exaggerated in importance when we witness its after effects month by month on Dr. Livingstone.]

20th.—A guide refused, so we marched without one. The two Waiyau, who joined us at Kande's village, now deserted. They had been very faithful all the way, and took our part in every case. Knowing the language well, they were extremely useful, and no one thought that they would desert, for they were free men—their masters had been killed by the Mazitu—and this circumstance, and their uniform

good conduct, made us trust them more than we should have done any others who had been slaves. But they left us in the forest, and heavy rain came on, which obliterated every vestige of their footsteps. To make the loss the more galling, they took what we could least spare—the medicine-box, which they would only throw away as soon as they came to examine their booty. One of these deserters exchanged his load that morning with a boy called Baraka, who had charge of the medicine-box, because he was so careful. This was done, because with the medicine-chest were packed five large cloths and all Baraka's clothing and beads, of which he was very careful. The Waiyau also offered to carry this burden a stage to help Baraka, while he gave his own load, in which there was no cloth, in exchange. The forest was so dense and high, there was no chance of getting a glimpse of the fugitives, who took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambeze, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge-pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all! I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie.

All the other goods I had divided in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of that undercurrent of vexations which is not wanting in even the smoothest life, and certainly not worthy of being moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and people—but this loss I feel most keenly. Everything of this kind happens by the permission of One who watches over us with most tender care; and this may turn out for the best by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious, charm-dreading people further north. I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and to the heathen.

We returned to Lisunga, and got two men off to go back to Chafunga's village, and intercept the deserters if they went there; but it is likely that, having our supply of flour,

they will give our route a wide berth and escape altogether. It is difficult to say from the heart, "Thy will be done;" but I shall try. Yet this loss of the medicine-box gnaws at the heart terribly.

21st.—22nd.—Remained at Lisunga—raining nearly all day. We were now forced to go on, and made for the next village to buy food. Want of food, and rain are our chief difficulties now.

24th.—The village of Moaba is on the east side of the marshy valley of the Movushi, and very difficult to be approached, as the water is chin-deep in several spots. I decided to make sheds on the west side, and send over for food, which, thanks to the Providence which watches over us, we found at last in a good supply of maëre and some ground-nuts.

25th.—Remain and get our maëre ground into flour. Moaba has cattle, sheep, and goats. An owl makes the woods resound by night and early morning with his cries, which consist of a loud, double-initial note, and then a succession of lower descending notes. Another new bird, or at least new to me, makes the forests ring.

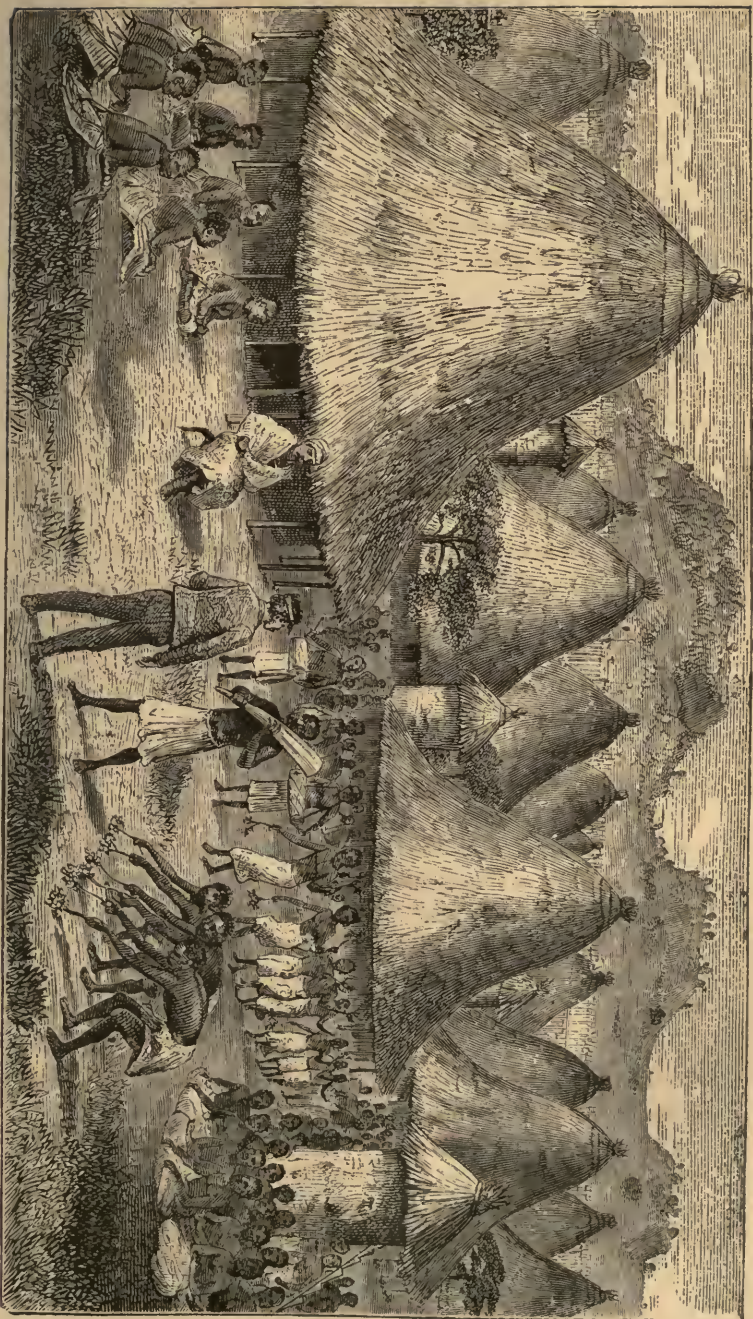
26th.—Went northwards along the Movushi, and then took lodging in a deserted temporary village.

27th.—A set-in rain all the morning, but having meat we were comfortable in the old huts. In changing my dress this morning I was frightened at my own emaciation.

28th.—We went five miles along the Movushi and the Chambeze to a crossing-place. The canoe-man was excessively suspicious; when prepayment was acceded to, he asked a piece more, and although he was promised full payment as soon as we were all safely across, he kept the last man on the south side as a hostage for this bit of calico: he then ran away. They must cheat each other sadly.

Slept in forest without seeing anyone. Then next day we met with a party who had come from their village to look for us. This village had half a mile of ooze and sludgy marsh in front of it, and a stockade as usual. We observed

CHITAPANGWA RECEIVING DR. LIVINGSTONE.



that the people had great fear of animals at night, and shut the gates carefully, of even temporary villages.

31st.—At midday we came to the Lopiri, the rivulet which waters Chitapangwa's stockade, and soon after found that his village has a triple stockade, the inner being defended also by a deep broad ditch and hedge of a solanaceous thorny shrub.

Chitapangwa, or Motoka as he is also called, sent to inquire if we wanted an audience. "We must take something in our hands the first time we came before so great a man." Being tired from marching, I replied, "Not till the evening," and sent notice at 5 P. M. of my coming. We passed through the inner stockade, and then on to an enormous hut, where sat Chitapangwa, with three drummers and ten or more men, with two rattles in their hands. The drummers beat furiously, and the rattlers kept time to the drums, two of them advancing and receding in a stooping posture, with rattles near the ground, as if doing the chief obeisance, but still keeping time with the others. I declined to sit on the ground, and an enormous tusk was brought for me. The chief saluted courteously. He has a fat, jolly face, and legs loaded with brass and copper leglets. I mentioned our losses by the desertion of the Waiyau, but his power is merely nominal, and he could do nothing. After talking a while he came along with us to a group of cows, and pointed out one. "That is yours," said he. The tusk on which I sat was sent after me too as being mine, because I had sat upon it. He put on my cloth as token of acceptance, and sent two large baskets of sorghum to the hut afterwards, and then sent for one of the boys to pump him after dark.

1st February, 1867.—We found a small party of black Arab slave-traders here from Bagamoyo on the coast; and as the chief had behaved handsomely as I thought, I went this morning and gave him one of our best cloths; but when we were about to kill the cow, a man interfered and pointed out a smaller one. I asked if this was by the orders of the chief. The chief said that the man had lied, but I declined to take any cow at all if he did not give it willingly.

The slavers, the headman of whom was Magaru Mafupi, came and said that they were going off on the 2nd; but by payment I got them to remain a day, and was all day employed in writing dispatches.

3rd.—Magaru Mafupi left this morning with a packet of letters, for which he is to get Rs. 10 at Zanzibar.

I ordered another supply of cloth and beads, and I sent for a small quantity of coffee, sugar, candles, French preserved meats, a cheese in tin, six bottles of port-wine, quinine, calomel, and resin of jalap, to be sent to Ujiji.

I proposed to go a little way east with this route to buy goats, but Chitapangwa got very angry, saying, I came only to show my things, and would buy nothing: he then altered his tone, and requested me to take the cow first presented and eat it, and as we were all much in need I took it. We were to give only what we liked in addition; but this was a snare, and when I gave two more cloths he sent them back, and demanded a blanket. The boys alone have blankets; so I told him these were not slaves, and I could not take from them what I had once given. Though it is disagreeable to be thus victimized, it is the first time we have tasted fat for six weeks and more.

6th.—Chitapangwa came with his wife to see the instruments which I explained to them as well as I could, and the books, as well as the Book of Books, and to my statements he made intelligent remarks. The boys are sorely afraid of him. When Abraham does not like to say what I state, he says to me: "I don't know the proper word;" but when I speak without him, he soon finds them. He and Simon thought that talking in a cringing manner was the way to win him over; so I let them try it with a man he sent to communicate with us, and the result was this fellow wanted to open their bundles, pulled them about, and kept them awake most of the night. Abraham came at night: "Sir, what shall I do? they won't let me sleep." "You have had your own way," I replied, "and must abide by it." He brought them over to me in the morning, but I soon dismissed both him and them.

7th.—I sent to the chief either to come to me or say when I should come to him and talk; the answer I got was that he would come when shaved, but he afterwards sent a man to hear what I had to advance—this I declined, and when the rain ceased I went myself.

On coming into his hut I stated that I had given him four times the value of his cow, but if he thought otherwise, let us take the four cloths to his brother Moamba, and if he said that I had not given enough, I would buy a cow and send it back. This he did not relish at all. "Oh, great Englishman! why should we refer a dispute to an inferior. I am the great chief of all this country. Ingleze mokolu, you are sorry that you have to give so much for the ox you have eaten. You would not take a smaller, and therefore I gratified your heart by giving the larger; and why should not you gratify my heart by giving cloth sufficient to cover me, and please me?"

I said that my cloths would cover him, and his biggest wife too all over; he laughed at this, but still held out; and as we have meat, and he sent maize and calabashes, I went away. He turns round now, and puts the blame of greediness on me. I cannot enter into his ideas, or see his point of view; cannot, in fact, enter into his ignorance, his prejudices, or delusions, so it is impossible to pronounce a true judgment. One who has no humor cannot understand one who has: this is an equivalent case.

8th.—The chief demands one of my boxes and a blanket; I explain that one day's rain would spoil the contents, and the boys who have blankets, not being slaves, I cannot take from them what I have given. I am told that he declares that he will take us back to the Loangwa; make war and involve us in it, deprive us of food, etc.: this succeeds in terrifying the boys. He thinks that we have some self-interest to secure in passing through the country, and therefore he has a right to a share in the gain. When told it was for a public benefit, he pulled down the underlid of the right eye. He believes we shall profit by our journey, though he knows not in what way.

11th.—The chief sent us a basket of hippopotamus flesh from the Chambeze, and a large one of green maize. He says the three cloths I offered are still mine: all he wants is a box and blanket; if not a blanket, a box must be given, a tin one. He keeps out of my way, by going to the gardens every morning. He is good-natured, and our intercourse is a laughing one; but the boys betray their terrors in their tone of voice, and render my words powerless.

13th.—I gave one of the boxes at last, Chitapangwa offering a heavy Arab wooden one to preserve our things, which I declined to take, as I parted with our own partly to lighten a load. Abraham unwittingly told me that he had not given me the chief's statement in full when he pressed me to take his cow. It was, "Take and eat the one you like, and give me a blanket." Abraham said, "He has no blanket." Then he said to me, "Take it and eat it, and give him any pretty thing you like." I was thus led to mistake the chief, and he, believing that he had said explicitly he wanted a blanket for it, naturally held out.

I got ready to go, but the chief was very angry, and came with all his force, exclaiming that I wanted to leave against his will and power, though he wished to adjust matters, and send me away nicely. He does not believe that we have no blankets. It is hard to be kept waiting here, but all may be for the best: it has always turned out so, and I trust in Him on whom I can cast all my cares. The Lord look on this and help me. Though I have these nine boys, I feel quite alone. I gave the chief some seeds, peas, and beans, for which he seemed thankful, and returned little presents of food and beer.

14th.—I showed the chief one of the boys' blankets, which he is willing to part with for two of our cloths, each of which is larger than it, but he declines to receive it, because we have new ones. I invited him, since he disbelieved my assertions, to look in our bales, and if he saw none, to pay us a fine for the insult: he consented in a laughing way to give us an ox. All our personal intercourse has been of the good-natured sort. It is the communications to the boys, by three



THE CHIEF CHITAPANGWA.



CHITAPANGWA'S WIVES.

men who are our protectors, or rather spies, that is disagreeable; I won't let them bring these fellows near me.

15th.—He came early in the morning, and I showed that I had no blanket, and he took the old one and said that the affair was ended. A long misunderstanding would have been avoided, had Abraham told me fully what the chief said at first.

16th.—The chief is not so bad, as the boys are so cowardly. They assume a chirping, piping tone of voice in speaking to him, and do not say what at last has to be said, because in their cringing souls they believe they know what should be said better than I do. It does not strike them in the least that I have grown grey amongst these people; and it is immense conceit in mere boys to equal themselves to me. The difficulty is greater, because when I do ask their opinions I only receive the reply, "It is as you please, sir." Very likely some men of character may arise and lead them; but such as I have would do little to civilize.

17th.—Too ill with rheumatic-fever to have service; this is the first attack of it I ever had—and no medicine! but I trust in the Lord, who healeth His people.

19th.—Chitapangwa begged me to stay another day, that one of the boys might mend his blanket; it has been worn every night since April, and I, being weak and giddy, consented.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE SOUTHERN SHORES OF TANGANYIKA.

FEBRUARY 20TH, 1867.—I told the chief before starting that my heart was sore, because he was not sending me away so cordially as I liked. He at once ordered men to start with us, and gave me a brass knife with ivory sheath, which he had long worn, as a memorial. He explained that we ought to go north as, if we made easting, we should ultimately be obliged to turn west, and all our cloth would be expended ere we reached the Lake Tanganyika; he took a piece of clay off the ground and rubbed it on his tongue as an oath that what he said was true, and came along with us to see that all was right; and so we parted. We soon ascended the plateau, which encloses with its edge the village and stream of Molemba.

22nd.—We came to a perennial rivulet running north, the Merungu. Here we met Moamba's people, but declined going to his village, as huts are disagreeable; they often have vermin, and one is exposed to the gaze of a crowd through a very small doorway. The people in their curiosity often make the place dark, and the impudent ones offer characteristic remarks, then raise a laugh, and run away.

We encamped on the Merungu's right bank in forest, sending word to Moamba that we meant to do so. He sent a deputation, first of all his young men, to bring us; then old men, and lastly he came himself with about sixty followers. I explained that I had become sick by living in a little hut at Molemba; that I was better in the open air; that huts

contained vermin; and that I did not mean to remain any while here, but go on our way. He pressed us to come to his village, and gave us a goat and kid, with a huge calabashful of beer. I promised to go over and visit him next day; and went accordingly.

23rd.—Moamba's village was a mile off, and on the left bank of the Merenge, a larger stream than the Merungu flowing north and having its banks and oozes covered with fine, tall, straight, evergreen trees. The village is surrounded with a stockade, and a dry ditch some fifteen or twenty feet wide, and as many deep. I had a long talk with Moamba, a big, stout, public-house-looking person, with a slight outward cast in his left eye, but intelligent and hearty. I presented him with a cloth; and he gave me as much *maëre* meal as a man could carry, with a large basket of ground-nuts. He wished us to come to the Merenge, if not into his village, that he might see and talk with me.

He was very anxious to know why we were going to Tanganyika; for what we came; what we should buy there; and if I had any relations there. He then showed me some fine large tusks, eight feet six in length. "What do you wish to buy, if not slaves or ivory?" I replied, that the only thing I had seen worth buying was a fine fat chief like him, as a specimen, and a woman feeding him, as he had, with beer. He was tickled at this; and said that when we reached our country, I must put fine clothes on him.

24th.—I went over after service, but late, as the rain threatened to be heavy. A case was in process of hearing, and one old man spoke an hour on end, the chief listening all the while with the gravity of a judge. He then delivered his decision in about five minutes, the successful litigant going off lullilooing. Each person, before addressing him, turns his back to him and lies down on the ground, clapping the hands: this is the common mode of salutation. Another form here in Lobemba is to rattle the arrows or an arrow on the bow, which all carry. We had a little talk with the chief; but it was late before the cause was heard through.

He asked us to come and spend one night near him on the Merenge, and then go on, so we came over in the morning to the vicinity of his village. A great deal of copper-wire is here made, the wire-drawers using for one part of the process a seven-inch cable. They make very fine wire, and it is used chiefly as leglets and anklets; the chief's wives being laden with them, and obliged to walk in a stately style from the weight: the copper comes from Katanga.

26th.—With the chief's men we did not get on well, but with himself all was easy. His men demanded prepayment for canoes to cross the river Loömbe; but in the way that he put it, the request was not unreasonable, as he gave a man to smooth our way, and get canoes, or whatever else was needed, all the way to Chibue's. I gave a cloth when he put it thus, and he presented a goat, a spear ornamented with copper-wire, abundance of meal, beer, and numbo; so we parted good friends, as his presents were worth the cloth.

6th March, 1867.—We came after a short march to a village on the Molilanga; here we meet with bananas for the first time, called, as in Lunda, nkonde. A few trophies from Mazitu are hung up: Chitapangwa had twenty-four skulls ornamenting his stockade. The Babemba are decidedly more warlike than any of the tribes south of them: their villages are stockaded, and have deep dry ditches round them, so it is likely that Mochimbe will be effectually checked, and forced to turn his energies to something else than to marauding.

Our man from Moamba here refused to go further, and we were put on the wrong track by the headman wading through three marshes, each at least half a mile broad. The people of the first village we came to shut their gates on us, then came running after us; but we declined to enter their village: it is a way of showing their independence. We made our sheds on a height in spite of their protests. They said that the gates were shut by the boys; but when I pointed out the boy who had done it, he said that he had been ordered to do it by the chief. If we had gone in now we should

have been looked on as having come under considerable obligations.

8th.—We went on to a village on the Loömbe, where the people showed an opposite disposition, for not a soul was in it—all were out at their farms. When the good wife of the place came she gave us all huts, which saved us from a pelting shower. The boys herding the goats did not stir as we passed down the sides of the lovely valley. The herdsman said we were welcome, and he would show the crossing next day; he also cooked some food for us.

All the people are now transplanting tobacco from the spaces under the eaves of the huts into the fields. It seems unable to bear the greater heat of summer: they plant also a kind of liranda, proper for the cold weather.

10th.—I have been ill of fever ever since we left Moamba's; every step I take jars in the chest, and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first, and had to hold in my pace not to leave the people altogether. I have a constant singing in the ears, and can scarcely hear the loud tick of the chronometers. The appetite is good, but we have no proper food, chiefly maëre meal or beans, or mapemba or ground-nuts, rarely a fowl.

11th.—Detained by a set-in rain. We saw an old iron furnace, and masses of hæmatite, which seems to have been the ore universally used.

12th.—Rain held us back for some time, but we soon reached Chibue, a stockaded village. Like them all, it is situated by a stream, with a dense clump of trees on the waterside of some species of mangrove.

15th.—We now are making for Kasonso, the chief of the lake, and a very large country all around it. Everyone carries an axe, as if constantly warring with the forest. My long-continued fever ill disposes me to enjoy the beautiful landscape.

19th.—A party of young men came out of the village near which we had encamped to force us to pay something for not

going into their village. "The son of a great chief ought to be acknowledged," etc. They had their bows and arrows with them, and all ready for action. I told them we had remained near them because they said we could not reach Kasonso that day. Their headman had given us nothing. After talking awhile, and threatening to do a deal to-morrow, they left, and through an Almighty Providence nothing was attempted. We moved on N. W. in forest, and came to a village of Kasonso in a very lovely valley.

20th.—We found Kasonso situated at the confluence of two streams; he shook hands a long while, and seems a frank sort of man. A shower of rain set the driver ants on the move, and about two hours after we had turned in we were overwhelmed by them. To describe this attack is utterly impossible. I wakened covered with them: my hair was full of them. One by one they cut into the flesh, and the more they are disturbed, the more vicious are their bites; they become quite insolent. I went outside the hut, but there they swarmed everywhere; they covered the legs, biting furiously; it is only when they are tired that they leave off.

28th.—Set-in rain and Chumah fell ill. After sleeping in various villages and crossing numerous streams, we came to Mombo's village, near the ridge overlooking the lake.

1st. April 1867.—We went up a low ridge of hills at its lowest part, and soon after passing the summit the blue water loomed through the trees. I was detained, but soon heard the boys firing their muskets on reaching the edge of the ridge, which allowed of an undisturbed view. This is the south-eastern end of Liemba, or, as it is sometimes called, Tanganyika. We had to descend at least 2000 feet before we got to the level of the lake. It seems about eighteen or twenty miles broad, and we could see about thirty miles up to the north. Four considerable rivers flow into the space before us. The nearly perpendicular ridge of about 2000 feet extends with breaks all around, and there, embosomed in tree-covered rocks, reposes the lake peacefully in the huge cup-shaped cavity.



THE VILLAGE ON LAKE LIEMBA (TANGANYIKA).

I never saw anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and causes the waves to assume a bluish tinge. Several rocky islands rise in the eastern end, which are inhabited by fishermen, who capture abundance of fine large fish, of which they enumerate about twenty-four species. In the north it seems to narrow into a gateway, but the people are miserably deficient in geographical knowledge, and can tell us nothing about it. They suspect us, and we cannot get information, or indeed much of anything else. I feel deeply thankful at having got so far. I am excessively weak—cannot walk without tottering, and have constant singing in the head, but the Highest will lead me further.

After being a fortnight at this lake it still appears one of surpassing loveliness. Its peacefulness is remarkable, though at times it is said to be lashed up by storms. It lies in a deep basin whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees at present all green: down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not two miles from the perpendicular. The village (Pambete), at which we first touched the lake, is surrounded by palm-oil trees—not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a bunch of the ripe fruit. In the morning and evening huge crocodiles may be observed quietly making their way to their feeding grounds; hippopotami snort by night and at early morning.

After I had been a few days here I had a fit of insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine. I found myself floundering outside my hut and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright I let them go, and fell back heavily on my head on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the

entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness; some hours elapsed before I could recognize where I was.

30th.—We begin our return march from Liemba. Slept at a village on the lake, and went on next day to Pambete, where we first touched it.

1st May, 1867.—We intended to go north-west to see whether this lake narrows or not, for all assert that it maintains its breadth such as we see it beyond Pemba as far as they know it; but when about to start, the headman and his wife came and protested so solemnly that by going N. W. we should walk into the hands of a party of Mazitu there, that we deferred our departure. It was not with a full persuasion of the truth of the statement that I consented, but we afterwards saw good evidence that it was true, and that we were saved from being plundered. These marauders have changed their tactics, for they demand so many people, and so many cloths, and then leave. They made it known that their next scene of mulcting would be Mombo's village, and there they took twelve people—four slaves, and many cloths, then went south to the hills they inhabit. A strict watch was kept on their movements by our headman and his men. They trust to fleeing into a thicket on the west of the village should the Mazitu come.

The Mazitu having left, we departed and slept half-way up the ridge. I had another fit of insensibility last night: the muscles of the back lose all power, and there is constant singing in the ears, and inability to do the simplest sum.

11th.—A short march to-day brought us to a village on the Moami, and to avoid a Sunday in the forest we remained. The elephants had come into the village and gone all about it, and to prevent their opening the corn safes the people had bedaubed them with elephant's droppings.

12th–13th.—News that the Arabs had been fighting with Nsama came, but this made us rather anxious to get northward along Liemba, and we made for Mokambola's village near the edge of the precipice which overhangs the lake.

As we began our descent we saw the Lofu coming from the west and entering Liemba. We came to a village about 2' W. of the confluence, whose headman was affable and generous. The village has a meadow some four miles wide on the land side, in which buffaloes disport themselves, but they are very wild and hide in the gigantic grasses.

We remained here because two were lame, and all tired by the descent of upwards of 2000 feet, and the headman sent for fish for us. He dissuaded us strongly from attempting to go down the Liemba, as the son of Nsama (Kapoma) was killing all who came that way in revenge for what the Arabs had done to his father's people, and he might take us for Arabs. A Suaheli Arab came in the evening, and partly confirmed the statements of the headman of Karambo; I resolved therefore to go back to Chitimba's in the south, where the chief portion of the Arabs are assembled, and hear from them more certainly.

18th.—Return to Mokambola's village, and leave for Chitimba's. Baraka stopped behind at the village, and James ran away to him, leaving his bundle, containing three chronometers, in the path: I sent back for them, and James came up in the evening; he had no complaint, and no excuse to make. The two think it will be easy to return to their own country by begging, though they could not point it out to me when we were much nearer to where it is supposed to be.

19th.—Where we were brought to a standstill was miserably cold (55°), so we had prayers and went on S. and S.W. to the village of Chisaka.

20th.—Chitimba's village was near in the same direction; here we found a large party of Arabs, mostly black Suahelis. They occupied an important portion of the stockaded village, and when I came in, politely showed me to a shed where they are in the habit of meeting. After explaining whence I had come, I showed them the Sultan's letter. Hamees presented a goat, two fowls, and a quantity of flour. It was difficult to get to the bottom of the Nsama affair, but

according to their version that chief sent an invitation to them, and when they arrived called for his people, who came in crowds—as he said to view the strangers. I suspect that the Arabs became afraid of the crowds and began to fire; several were killed on both sides, and Nsama fled, leaving his visitors in possession of the stockaded village and all it contained. Others say that there was a dispute about an elephant, and that Nsama's people were the aggressors. At any rate it is now all confusion; those who remain at Nsama's village help themselves to food in the surrounding villages and burn them, while Chitimba has sent for the party who are quartered here to come to him. An hour or two after we arrived, a body of men came from Kasonso, with the intention of proceeding into the country of Nsama, and if possible catching Nsama, "he having broken public law by attacking people who brought merchandise into the country." This new expedition makes the Arabs resolve to go and do what they can to injure their enemy. It will just be a plundering foray—each catching what he can, whether animal or human, and retiring when it is no longer safe to plunder!

This throws the barrier of a broad country between me and Lake "Moero" in the west, but I trust in Providence a way will be opened. I think now of going southwards and then westwards, thus making a long *détour* round the disturbed district.

The name of the principal Arab is Hamees Wodim Tagh, the other is Syde bin Alle bin Mansure: they are connected with one of the most influential native mercantile houses in Zanzibar. Hamees has been particularly kind to me in presenting food, beads, cloth, and getting information.

Thami bin Suaelim is the Arab to whom my goods are directed at Ujiji.

24th.—At Chitimba's we are waiting to see what events turn up to throw light on our western route. Some of the Arabs and Kasonso's men went off to-day: they will bring information perhaps as to Nsama's haunts, and then we shall move south and thence west.

28th.—Information came that Nsama begged pardon of the Arabs, and would pay all that they had lost. He did not know of his people stealing from them: we shall hear in a day or two whether the matter is to be patched up or not. While some believe his statements, others say, "Nsama's words of peace are simply to gain time to make another stockade:" in the mean time Kasonso's people will ravage all his country on this eastern side.

Hamees is very anxious that I should remain a few days longer, till Kasonso's son, Kampamba, comes with *certain* information, and then he will see to our passing safely to Chiwere's village from Kasonso's. All have confidence in this last-named chief as an upright man.

1st June, 1867.—Another party of marauders went off this morning to plunder Nsama's country to the west of the confluence of the Lofu as a punishment for a breach of public law. The men employed are not very willing to go, but when they taste the pleasure of plunder, they will relish it more!

The Arabs inform me that between this and the sea, about 200 miles distant, lies the country of the Wasango—called Usango—a fair people, like Portuguese, and very friendly to strangers. The Wasango possesses plenty of cattle: their chief is called Merere.

The country in which we now are is called by the Arabs and natives Ulungu, that farther north-west is named Marungu. Hamees is on friendly terms with the Mazitu (Watuta) in the east, who do not plunder.

There is nothing interesting in a heathen town. All are busy in preparing food or clothing, mats or baskets, whilst the women are cleaning or grinding their corn, which involves much hard labor. They first dry this in the sun, then put it into a mortar, and afterwards with a flat basket clean off the husks and the dust, and grind it between two stones; the next thing is to bring wood and water to cook it. The chief here was aroused the other day, and threatened to burn his own house and all his property because the people stole from it, but he did not proceed so far: it was

probably a way of letting the Arab dependants know that he was aroused.

Some of the people who went to fight attacked a large village, and killed several men; but in shooting in a bushy place they killed one of their own party and wounded another.

I am rather perplexed how to proceed. Some Arabs seem determined to go westwards as soon as they can make it up with Nsama, whilst others distrust him. One man will send his people to pick up what ivory they can, but he himself will retire to the Usango country. Nsama is expected to-day or to-morrow. It would be such a saving of time and fatigue for us to go due west, rather than south, and then west, but I feel great hesitation as to setting out on the circuitous route.

16th.—News came to-day that an Arab party in the south-west, in Lunda, lost about forty people by the small-pox.

17th–19th.—Hamees went to meet the party from the south-west, probably to avoid bringing the small-pox here. They remain at about two hours' distance. Hamees reports that though the strangers had lost a great many people by small-pox, they had brought good news of certain Arabs still further west: one, Seide ben Umale, or Salem, lived at a village near Casembe, ten days distant, and another, Juma Merikano, or Katata Katanga, at another village further north, and Seide ben Habib was at Phueto, which is nearer Tanganyika. This party comprises the whole force of Hamees, and he now declares that he will go to Nsama and make the matter up, as he thinks that he is afraid to come here, and so he will make the first approach to friendship.

On pondering over the whole subject, I see that, tiresome as it is to wait, it is better to do so than go south and then west, for if I should go I shall miss seeing Moero, which is said to be three days from Nsama's present abode. Hamees remarked that it was the Arab way first to smooth the path before entering upon it; sending men and presents first, thereby ascertaining the disposition of the inhabitants. He

advises patience, and is in hopes of making a peace with Nsama.

24th.—The Arabs are all busy reading their Koran, and in praying for direction; to-morrow they will call a meeting to deliberate as to what steps they will take in the Nsama affair. Hamees, it seems, is highly thought of by that chief, who says, "Let him come, and all will be right." Hamees proposes to go with but a few people. These Zanzibar men are very different from the slavers of the Waiyau country.

25th.—It was decided at the meeting that Hamees, with a few people only, should go to Nsama on the first day after the appearance of the new moon (they are very particular on this point); the present month having been an unhappy one they will try the next.

28th.—A wedding took place among the Arabs to-day. About a hundred blank cartridges were fired off, and a procession of males, dressed in their best, marched through the village. They sang with all their might, though with but little music in the strain. Women sprinkled grain on their heads as wishes for plenty.

Nsama is said to be waiting for the Arabs in his new stockade. It is impossible to ascertain exactly who is to blame in this matter, for I hear one side only.

6th July, 1867.—An earthquake happened at 3.30 P. M., accompanied with a hollow rumbling sound; it made me feel as if afloat, but it lasted only a few seconds. The boys came running to ask me what it was. Nowhere could it be safer; the huts will not fall, and there are no high rocks near.

7th.—Hamees started this morning with about 300 followers dressed in all their finery, and he declares that his sole object is peace. Kasonso, Mombo, Chitimba send their people, and go themselves to lend all their influence in favor of peace. Syde stops here. Before starting Syde put some incense on hot coals, and all the leaders of the party joined in a short prayer; they seem earnest and sincere in their incantations, according to their knowledge and belief. I wished to go too, but Hamees objected, as not being quite sure whether

Nsama would be friendly, and he would not like anything to befall me when with him.

8th.—My remaining here enables me to observe that both men and women are in almost constant employment. The men are making mats, or weaving, or spinning; no one could witness their assiduity in their little affairs and conclude that they were a lazy people. The only idle time I observe here is in the mornings about seven o'clock, when all come and sit to catch the first rays of the sun as he comes over our clump of trees, but even that time is often taken as an opportunity for stringing beads.

14th.—Hamees crossed the Lovu to-day at a fordable spot. The people on the other side refused to go with a message to Nsama, so Hamees had to go and compel them by destroying their stockade. A second village acted in the same way, though told that it was only peace that was sought of Nsama: this stockade suffered the same fate, and then the people went to Nsama, and he showed no reluctance to have intercourse. He gave abundance of food, pombe, and bananas; the country being extremely fertile. Nsama also came and ratified the peace by drinking blood with several of the underlings of Hamees. He is said to be an enormously bloated old man, who cannot move unless carried, and women are constantly in attendance pouring pombe into him. He gave Hamees ten tusks, and promised him twenty more, and also to endeavor to make his people return what goods they plundered from the Arabs, and he is to send his people over here to call us after the new moon appears.

It is tiresome beyond measure to wait so long, but I hope to see Moero for this exercise of patience, and I could not have visited it had Hamees not succeeded in making peace.

17th.—A lion roared very angrily at the village last night, he was probably following the buffaloes that sometimes come here to drink at night: they are all very shy, and so is all the game, from fear of arrows.

Chitimba has left us from a fear of his life, he says; it is probable that he means this flight to be used as an excuse to

Nsama after we are gone. "And I, too, was obliged to flee from my village to save my life! What could I do?" This is to be his argument, I suspect.

24th.—When Nsama was told that an Englishman wished to go past him to Moero, he replied, "Bring him, and I shall send men to take him thither."

Hamees is building a "tembe," or house, with a flat roof, and walls plastered over with mud, to keep his ivory from fire while he is absent. We expect that Nsama will send for us a few days after the 2nd August, when the new moon appears; if they do not come soon, Hamees will send men to Nsama without waiting for his messengers.

28th.—Prayers, with the Litany. Slavery is a great evil wherever I have seen it. A poor old woman and child are among the captives, the boy about three years old seems a mother's pet. His feet are sore from walking in the sun. He was offered for two fathoms, and his mother for one fathom; he understood it all, and cried bitterly, clinging to his mother. She had, of course, no power to help him; they were separated at Karungu afterwards.

29th.—Went 2½ hours west to village of Ponda, where a head Arab, called by the natives Tipo Tipo, lives; his name is Hamid bin Mohamad bin Juma Borajib. He presented a goat, a piece of white calico, and four big bunches of beads, also a bag of *Holcus sorghum*, and apologized because it was so little. He had lost much by Nsama; and received two arrow wounds there; they had only twenty guns at the time, but some were in the stockade, and though the people of Nsama were very numerous they beat them off, and they fled carrying the bloated carcass of Nsama with them.

The people seem to have no family names. A man takes the name of his mother, or should his father die he may assume that. Marriage is forbidden to the first, second, and third degrees: they call first and second cousins, brothers and sisters.

CHAPTER IX.

TO LAKE MOERO AND CASEMBE'S TOWN.

AUGUST 1st, 1867.—Chronometer A stopped to-day without any apparent cause, except the earthquake. It is probably malaria which causes that constant singing in my ears ever since my illness at Lake Liemba.

5th.—Men came yesterday with the message that Hamees must wait a little longer, as Nsama had not yet got all the ivory and the goods which were stolen: they remained over yesterday.

Slaves are sold here in the same open way that the business is carried on in Zanzibar slave-market. A man goes about calling out the price he wants for the slave, who walks behind him; if a woman, she is taken into a hut to be examined in a state of nudity.

25th.—Nsama requested the Arabs to give back his son who was captured; some difficulty was made about this by his captor, but Hamees succeeded in getting him and about nine others, and they are sent off to-day. We wait only for the people, who are scattered about the country.

30th.—We marched to-day from Chitimba's village after three months and ten days' delay. On reaching Ponda, 2½ hours distant, we found Tipo Tipo, or Hamidi bin Mohamad, gone on, and so we followed him.

1st September, 1867.—We had to march in the afternoon on account of a dry patch existing in the direct way. We slept without water.

Baraka went back to Tipo Tipo's village, thus putting his intention of begging among the Arab slaves into operation.

He has only one complaint, and that is dislike to work. He tried perseveringly to get others to run away with him; lost the medicine-box, six tablecloths, and all our tools by giving his load off to a country lad while he went to collect mushrooms: he will probably return to Zanzibar, and be a slave to the Arab slaves after being a perpetual nuisance to us for upwards of a year.

2nd.—When we reached the ford of the Lofu, we found that we were at least a thousand feet below Chitimba's.

The Lofu at the ford was 296 feet, the water flowing briskly over hardened sandstone flag, and from thigh to waist deep; elsewhere it is a little narrower, but not passable except by canoes.

4th-5th.—Went seven hours west of the Lofu to a village called Hara, one of those burned by Hamces because the people would not take a peaceful message to Nsama. This country is called Itawa, and Hara is one of the districts. We waited at Hara to see if Nsama wished us any nearer to himself. He is very much afraid of the Arabs, and well he may be, for he was until lately supposed to be invincible. He fell before twenty muskets, and this has caused a panic throughout the country. The land is full of food, though the people have nearly all fled.

9th.—Went three hours west of Hara, and came to Nsama's new stockade, built close by the old one burned by Tipo Tipo, as Hamidi bin Mohamad was named by Nsama. I sent a message to Nsama, and received an invitation to come and visit him, but bring no guns. A large crowd of his people went with us, and before we came to the inner stockade they felt my clothes to see that no fire-arms were concealed about my person. When we reached Nsama, we found a very old man, with a good head and face and a large abdomen, showing that he was addicted to pombe: his people have to carry him. I gave him a cloth, and asked for guides to Moero, which he readily granted, and asked leave to feel my clothes and hair. He sent me a goat, flour, and pombe, and next day we returned to Hara.

Nsama's people have generally small, well-chiseled features, and many are really handsome, and have nothing of the West Coast negro about them, but they file their teeth to sharp points, and greatly disfigure their mouths. The only difference between them and Europeans is the color. Many of the men have very finely formed heads, and so have the women; and the fashion of wearing the hair sets off their foreheads to advantage.

10th.—Some people of Ujiji have come to Nsama's to buy ivory with beads, but, finding that the Arabs have forestalled them in the market, they intend to return in their dhow, or rather canoe, which is manned by about fifty hands. I sent a box, containing papers, books, and some clothes, to Ujiji.

14th.—I remained at Hara, for I was ill, and Hamees had no confidence in Nsama, because he promised his daughter to wife by way of cementing the peace, but had not given her. Nsama also told Hamees to stay at Hara, and he would send him ivory for sale, but none came, nor do people come here to sell provisions, as they do elsewhere; so Hamees will return to Chitimba's, to guard his people and property there, and send on Syde Hamidi and his servants to Lopéré, Kabuiré, and Moero, to buy ivory.

The entire population of the country has received a shock from the conquest of Nsama, and their views of the comparative values of bows and arrows and guns have undergone a great change. Nsama was the Napoleon of these countries; no one could stand before him, hence the defeat of the invincible Nsama has caused a great panic. The Arabs say that they lost about fifty men in all: Nsama must have lost at least an equal number. The people seem intelligent, and will no doubt act on the experience so dearly bought.

In the midst of the doubts of Hamees, a daughter of Nsama came this afternoon to be a wife and cementer of the peace! She came riding "pickaback" on a man's shoulders; a nice, modest, good-looking young woman, her hair rubbed all over with *nkola*, a red pigment, made from the camwood, and much used as an ornament. She was accompanied by



THE ARRIVAL OF HAMEES' BRIDE.

about a dozen young and old female attendants, each carrying a small basket with some provisions, as cassava, ground-nuts, &c. The Arabs were all dressed in their finery, and the slaves, in fantastic dresses, flourished swords, fired guns, and yelled. When she was brought to Hamees' hut she descended, and with her maids went into the hut. She and her attendants had all small, neat features. I had been sitting with Hamees, and now rose up and went away; as I passed him, he spoke thus to himself: "Hamees Wadim Tagh! see to what you have brought yourself!!"

15th.—A guide had come from Nsama to take us to the countries beyond his territory. Hamees set off this morning with his new wife to his father-in-law, but was soon met by two messengers, who said that he was not to come yet.

16th–18th.—Hamidi went to Nsama to try and get guides, but he would not let him come into his stockade unless he came up to it without either gun or sword. Hamidi would not go in on these conditions, but Nsama promised guides, and they came after a visit by Hamees to Nsama, which he paid without telling any of us: he is evidently ashamed of his father-in-law.

Those Arabs who despair of ivory invest their remaining beads and cloth in slaves.

20th.—I had resolved to go to Nsama's, and thence to Moero to-day, but Hamees sent to say that men had come, and we were all to go with them on the 22nd. Hamees' wife, seeing the preparations that were made for starting, thought that her father was to be attacked, so she, her attendants, and the guides decamped by night. Hamees went again to Nsama and got other guides to enable us to get off at once.

22nd.—We went north for a couple of hours, then descended into the same valley as that in which I found Nsama.

23rd.—A fire had broken out the night after we left Hara, and the wind being strong, it got the upper hand, and swept away at once the whole of the temporary village of dry straw huts: Hamees lost all his beads, guns, powder, and cloth, except one bale. The news came this morning, and

prayers were at once offered for him with incense; some goods will also be sent, as a little incense was. The prayer-book was held in the smoke of the incense while the responses were made. These Arabs seem to be very religious in their way: the prayers were chiefly to Harasji, some relative of Mohamad.

25th.—Off at 5:30 A.M., through the same well-grown forest we have passed and came to a village stockade, where the gates were shut, and the men all outside, in fear of the Arabs; we then descended from the ridge on which it stood, about a thousand feet, into an immense plain, with a large river in the distance, some ten miles off.

26th.—Two and a half hours brought us to the large river we saw yesterday. It is called Chiséra.

30th.—We crossed the Kamosenga, or another river, and reach Karungu's.

1st October, 1867.—Karungu was very much afraid of us; he kept every one out of his stockade at first, but during the time the Arabs sent forward to try and conciliate other chiefs he gradually became more friendly. Men were also sent to Nsama asking him to try and induce Mtéma and Chikongo to be friendly and sell ivory and provisions, but he replied that these chiefs were not men under him, and if they thought themselves strong enough to contend against guns he had nothing to say to them. Other chiefs threatened to run away as soon as they saw the Arabs approaching. These were assured that we meant to pass through the country alone, and if they gave us guides to show us how, we should avoid the villages altogether, and proceed to the countries where ivory was to be bought; however, the panic was too great, no one would agree to our overtures, and at last when we did proceed, a chief on the River Choma fulfilled his threat and left us three empty villages. There were no people to sell, though the granaries were crammed, and it was impossible to prevent the slaves from stealing.

3rd-4th.—When Chikongo heard Tipó Tipó's message about buying ivory he said, "And when did Tipó Tipó place

ivory in my country that he comes seeking it?" Yet he sent a tusk, and said, "That is all I have, and he is not to come here." I wished to go on to Moero, but all declare that our ten guns would put all the villages to flight: they are terror-struck.

16th.—An Arab who had been long ill at Chitimba's died yesterday, and was buried in the evening. No women were allowed to come near. A long, silent prayer was uttered over the corpse when it was laid beside the grave, and then a cloth was held over as men in it deposited the remains beneath sticks placed slanting on the side of the bottom of the grave; this keeps the earth from coming directly into contact with the body.

A feast was made by the friends of the departed, and portions sent to all who had attended the funeral: I got a good share.

18th.—The last we hear of Nsama is that he will not interfere with Chikongo. Two wives beat drums and he dances to them; he is evidently in his dotage. We hear of many Arabs to the west of us.

20th.—Very ill; I am always so when I have no work—sore bones—much headache; then lost power over the muscles of the back, as at Liemba; no appetite and much thirst; the fever uninfluenced by medicine.

22nd.—The final message from Chikongo was a discouraging one—no ivory. The Arabs, however, go west with me as far as Chisawé's, who, being accustomed to Arabs from Tanganyika, will give me men to take me on to Moero: the Arabs will then return, and we shall move on.

When a slave wishes to change his master he goes to one whom he likes better and breaks a spear or a bow in his presence; the transference is irrevocable. If the old master wishes to recover his slave, the new one may refuse to part with him except when he gets his full price: a case of this kind happened here yesterday.

25th.—Authority was found in the Koran for staying one day more here. This was very trying; but the fact was our

guide from Hara hither had enticed a young slave girl to run away, and he had given her in charge to one of his countrymen, who turned round and tried to secure her for himself, and gave information about the other enticing her away. Nothing can be more tedious than the Arab way of traveling.

27th.—Off early in a fine, drizzling rain, which continued for two hours, and came on to a plain about three miles broad, full of large game.

28th.—Five hours brought us to the Choma River and the villages of Chifupa, but, as already mentioned, the chief and people had fled, and no persuasion could prevail on them to come and sell us food. We showed a few who ventured to come among us what we were willing to give for flour, but they said, "Yes, we will call the women and they will sell." None came.

30th.—Two ugly images were found in huts built for them: they represent in a poor way the people of the country, and are used in rain-making and curing the sick ceremonies; this is the nearest approach to idol worship I have seen in the country.

31st.—We were met by a herd of buffaloes, but Syde seized my gun from the boy who carried it, and when the animals came close past me I was powerless, and not at all pleased with the want of good sense shown by my usually polite Arab friend.

2nd November, 1867.—These valleys along which we travel are beautiful. Green is the prevailing color; but the clumps of trees assume a great variety of forms, and often remind one of English park scenery. The long line of slaves and carriers, brought up by their Arab employers, adds life to the scene; they are in three bodies, and number 450 in all. Each party has a guide with a flag, and when that is planted all that company stops till it is lifted, and a drum is beaten, and a kudu's horn sounded. One party is headed by about a dozen leaders, dressed with fantastic head-gear of feathers and beads, red cloth on the bodies, and skins cut into strips and twisted: they take their places in line, the drum beats,

the horn sounds harshly, and all fall in. These sounds seem to awaken a sort of *esprit de corps* in those who have once been slaves. My attendants now jumped up, and would scarcely allow me time to dress, when they heard the sounds of their childhood, and all day they were among the foremost. One said to me "that his feet were rotten with marching," and this though told that they were not called on to race along like slaves.

The Africans cannot stand sneers. When any mishap occurs in the march (as when a branch tilts a load off a man's shoulder) all who see it set up a yell of derision; if anything is accidentally spilled, or if one is tired and sits down, the same yell greets him, and all are excited thereby to exert themselves. They hasten on with their loads, and hurry with the sheds they build, the masters only bringing up the rear, and helping any one who may be sick. The distances traveled were quite as much as the masters or we could bear. Had frequent halts been made—as, for instance, a half or a quarter of an hour at the end of every hour or two—but little distress would have been felt; but five hours at a stretch is more than men can bear in a hot climate. The female slaves held on bravely; nearly all carried loads on their heads, the head, or lady, of the party, who is also the wife of the Arab, was the only exception. She had a fine white shawl, with ornaments of gold and silver on her head. These ladies had a jaunty walk, and never gave in on the longest march; many pounds' weight of fine copper leglets above the ankles seemed only to help the sway of their walk: as soon as they arrive at the sleeping-place they begin to cook, and in this art they show a good deal of expertness, making savory dishes for their masters out of wild fruits and other not very likely materials.

3rd.—The ranges of hills retire as we advance; the soil is very rich. At two villages the people did not want us, so we went on and encamped near a third, Kabwakwa, where a son of Mohamad bin Saleh, with a number of Wanyamwesi, lives. The chief of this part is Muabo, but we did not see him:

the people brought plenty of food for us to buy. The youth's father is at Casembe's. The country-people were very much given to falsehood—every place inquired for was near—ivory abundant—provisions of all sorts cheap and plenty. Our headmen trusted to these statements of this young man rather, and he led them to desist going further. Rua country was a month distant, he said, and but little ivory there. It is but three days off. (We saw it after three days.) "No ivory at Casembe's or here in Buiré, or Kabuiré." He was right as to Casembe. Letters, however, came from Hamees, with news of a depressing nature. Chitimba is dead, and so is Mambwé. Chitimba's people are fighting for the chieftainship: great hunger prevails there now, the Arabs having bought up all the food.

This unfavorable news from a part where the chief results of their trading were deposited, made Syde and Tipo Tipo decide to remain in Buiré only ten or twenty days, send out people to buy what ivory they could find, and then retire.

As Syde and Tipo Tipo were sending men to Casembe for ivory, I resolved to go thither first, instead of shaping my course for Ujiji.

7th.—Start for Moero, convoyed by all the Arabs for some distance: they have been extremely kind.

8th.—Villages are very thickly studded over the valley formed by Kakoma range, and another at a greater distance on our right; 100 or 200 yards is a common distance between these villages, which, like those in Londa, are all shaded with trees of a species of *Ficus indica*. One belongs to Puta, and this Puta, the paramount chief, sent to say that if we slept there, and gave him a cloth, he would send men to conduct us next day, and ferry us across: I was willing to remain, but his people would not lend a hut, so we came on to the lake, and no ferry.

Lake Moero seems of goodly size, and is flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. Its banks are of coarse sand, and slope gradually down to the water: outside these banks stands a thick belt of tropical vegetation, in which

fishermen build their huts. The country called Rua lies on the west, and is seen as a lofty range of dark mountains: another range of less height, but more broken, stands along the eastern shore, and in it lies the path to Casembe. We slept in a fisherman's hut on the north shore.

The northern shore has a fine sweep like an unbent bow, and round the western end flows the water that makes the river Lualaba, which, before it enters Moero, is the Luapula, and that again (if the most intelligent reports speak true) is the Chambezé before it enters Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo.

We came along the north shore till we reached the eastern flanking range, then ascended and turned south, the people very suspicious, shutting their gates as we drew near. We were alone, and only nine persons in all, but they must have had reason for fear. One headman refused us admission, then sent after us, saying that the man who had refused admission was not the chief: he had come from a distance, and had just arrived. It being better to appear friendly than otherwise, we went back, and were well entertained. Provisions were given when we went away. The people here are Babemba, but beyond the river Kalongosi they are all Balunda.

A trade in salt is carried on from different salt springs and salt mud to Lunda and elsewhere. We meet parties of salt-traders daily, and they return our salutations very cordially, rubbing earth on the arms.

12th.—We came to the Kalongosi, about 60 yards wide, and flowing fast over stones. It is deep enough, even now when the rainy season is not commenced, to require canoes. Fish in great numbers are caught when ascending to spawn: they are secured by weirs, nets, hooks. Large, strong baskets are placed in the rapids, and filled with stones: when the water rises these baskets are standing-places for the fishermen to angle or throw their nets. Having crossed the Kalongosi we were now in Lunda, or Londa.

13th.—We saw that the Kalongosi went north till it met a large meadow on the shores of Moero, and, turning westwards, it entered there. The fishermen gave us the names of 39 species of fish in the lake.

14th.—Being doubtful as to whether we were in the right path, I sent to a village to inquire. The headman, evidently one of a former Casembe school, came to us full of wrath. "What right had we to come that way, seeing the usual path was to our left?" He mouthed some sentences in the pompous Lunda style, but would not show us the path; so we left him, and after going through a forest of large trees, $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours south, took advantage of some huts on the Kifurwa River, built by bark-cloth cutters.

15th.—We now crossed a brook, Chirongo, one yard wide and one deep; but our march was all through well-grown forest, chiefly gum-copal trees and bark-cloth trees. The gum-copal oozes out in abundance after or during the rains, from holes a quarter of an inch in diameter, made by an insect: it falls, and in time sinks into the soil, a supply for future generations. The small, well-rounded features of the people of Nsama's country are common here, as we observe in the salt-traders and villages; indeed, this is the home of the Negro, and the features such as we see in pictures of ancient Egyptians, as first pointed out by Mr. Winwood Reade.

18th.—We rest by the Kabusi, a sluggish narrow rivulet. It runs into the Chungu, a quarter of a mile off. The Chungu is broad but choked with trees and aquatic plants. On this, the Chungu, Dr. Lacerda, died. The statements of the people are confused, but the following is what I have gleaned from many: There were some Ujiji people with the Casembe of the time. The Portuguese and Ujijians began to fight, but Casembe said to them and the Portuguese, "You are all my guests, why should you fight and kill each other?" He then gave Lacerda ten slaves, and men to live with him and work at building huts, bringing firewood, water, &c. He made similar presents to the Ujijians, which quieted them. Lacerda was but ten days at Chungu when he died. The feud arose from one of Lacerda's people killing an Ujijian at the water: this would certainly be a barrier to their movements.

By advice of a guide whom we picked up at Kifurwa, we

sent four fathoms of calico to apprise Casembe of our coming: the Arabs usually send ten fathoms; in our case it was a very superfluous notice, for Casembe is said to have been telegraphed to by runners at every stage of our progress after crossing the Kalongosi.

We remain by the Chungu until Casembe sends one of his counsellors to guide us to his town. It has been so perpetually clouded over that we have been unable to make out our progress, and the dense forest prevented us seeing Mocro as we wished: rain and thunder perpetually, though the rain seldom fell where we were. The soil is very rich. Casembe's ground-nuts are the largest I have seen, and so is the cassava. I got over a pint of palm oil for a cubit of calico.

A fine young man, whose father had been the Casembe before this one, came to see us; he is in the background now, otherwise he would have conducted us to the village: a son or heir does not succeed to the chieftainship here.

21st.—When one Casembe dies, the man who succeeds him invariably removes and builds his pembwé, or court, at another place: when Dr. Lacerda died, the Casembe moved to near the north end of the Mofwé. There have been seven Casembes in all. The word means a *general*.

The plain extending from the Lundé to the town of Casembe is level, and studded pretty thickly with red ant-hills, from 15 to 20 feet high. Casembe has made a broad path from his town to the Lundé, about a mile and a half long, and as broad as a carriage-path. The chief's residence is enclosed in a wall of reeds, 8 or 9 feet high, and 300 yards square; the gateway is ornamented with about sixty human skulls; a shed stands in the middle of the road before we come to the gate, with a cannon dressed in gaudy cloths. A number of noisy fellows stopped our party, and demanded tribute for the cannon; I burst through them, and the rest followed without giving anything: they were afraid of the English. The town is on the east bank of the Lakelet Mofwé, and one mile from its northern end. Mohamad bin Saleh now met us, his men firing guns of welcome; he conducted us to his shed of recep-

tion, and then gave us a hut till we could build one of our own. Mohamad is a fine, portly, black Arab, with a pleasant smile, and pure white beard, and has been more than ten years in these parts, and lived with four Casembes: he has considerable influence here, and also on Tanganyika.

An Arab trader, Mohamad Bogarib, who arrived seven days before us with an immense number of slaves, presented a meal of vermicelli, oil, and honey; also cassava meal cooked so as to resemble a sweet meat. (I had not tasted honey or sugar since we left Lake Nyassa, in September, 1866.) They had coffee, too.

Neither goats, sheep, nor cattle thrive here, so the people are confined to fowls and fish. Cassava is very extensively cultivated—indeed, so generally is this plant grown, that it is impossible to know which is town and which is country: every hut has a plantation around it, in which is grown cassava, *Holcus sorghum*, maize, beans, nuts.

Many of Casembe's people appear with the ears cropped and hands lopped off: the present chief has been often guilty of this barbarity. One man has just come to us without ears or hands: he tries to excite our pity, making a chirruping noise by striking his cheeks with the stumps of his hands.

A dwarf also, one Zofu, with backbone broken, comes about us: he talks with an air of authority, and is present at all public occurrences: the people seem to bear with him. He is a stranger from a tribe in the north, and works in his garden very briskly: his height is 3 feet 9 inches.

CHAPTER X.

A MONTH WITH CASEMBE.

NOVEMBER 24TH, 1867.—We were called to be presented to Casembe in a grand reception.

The present Casembe has a heavy uninteresting countenance, without beard or whiskers, and somewhat of the Chinese type, and his eyes have an outward squint. He smiled but once during the day, and that was pleasant enough, though the cropped ears and lopped hands, with human skulls at the gate, made me indisposed to look on anything with favor. His principal wife came with her attendants, after he had departed, to look at the Englishman (Moengerese). She was a fine, tall, good-featured lady, with two spears in her hand; the principal men who had come around made way for her, and called on me to salute: I did so; but she, being forty rods off, I involuntarily beckoned her to come nearer: this upset the gravity of all her attendants; all burst into a laugh, and ran off.

Casembe's smile was elicited by the dwarf making some uncouth antics before him. His executioner also came forward to look: he had a broad Lunda sword on his arm, and a curious scissor-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears. On saying to him that his was nasty work, he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears a moment: many men of respectability show that at some former time they have been thus punished. Casembe sent us another large basket of fire-dried fish in addition to that sent us at Chungu, two baskets of flour, one of dried cassava, and a pot

of pombe or beer. Mohamad, who was accustomed to much more liberal Casembes, thinks this one very stingy, having neither generosity or good sense; but as we cannot consume all he gives, we do not complain.

27th.—Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation, carried by six, or more commonly by twelve men in a sort of palanquin: she has European features, but light-brown complexion. A number of men run before her, brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear the way: she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. She is very attentive to her agriculture; cassava is the chief product; sweet potatoes, maize, sorghum, pennisetum, millet, ground-nuts, cotton. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen; they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me.

Mohamad bin Saleh proposes to go to Ujiji next month. He waited when he heard of our coming, in order that we might go together: he has a very low opinion of the present chief. The area which has served for building the chief town at different times, is about ten miles in diameter.

1st December, 1867.—An old man named Perembe is the owner of the land on which Casembe has built. They always keep up the traditional ownership. Munongo is a brother of Perembe, and he owns the country east of the Kalongosi: if any one wished to cultivate land he would apply to these aboriginal chiefs for it. Old Perembe is a sensible man: Mohamad thinks him 150 years old. He is always on the side of liberality and fairness; he says that the first Casembe was attracted to Mofwe by the abundance of fish in it. He has the idea of all men being derived from a single pair.

13th.—Set in rains. A number of fine young girls who live in Casembe's compound came and shook hands in their way, which is to cross the right over to your left, and clasp them; then give a few claps with both hands, and repeat the crossed clasp: they want to tell their children that they have seen me.

15th.—To-day I announced to Casembe our intention of going away. I am always ill when not working; I spend my time writing letters, to be ready when we come to Ujiji.

18th.—We have been here a month, and I cannot get more than two lunars: I got altitudes of the meridian of stars north and south soon after we came, but not lunars. Casembe sent a big basket of fire-dried fish, two pots of beer, and a basket of cassava, and says we may go when we choose.

19th.—On going to say good-bye to Casembe, he tried to be gracious, said that we had eaten but little of his food; yet he allowed us to go. He sent for a man to escort us; and on the 22nd we went to Lunde River, crossed it, and went on to sleep at the Chungu, close by the place where Casembe's court stood when Dr. Lacerda came, for the town was moved further west as soon as the Doctor died. There are many palm-oil palms, but no tradition exists of their introduction.

23rd.—We crossed the Chungu. Rain from above, and cold and wet to the waist below, as I do not lift my shirt, because the white skin makes all stare. I saw black monkeys at this spot. Casembe sent three men to guide me to Moero.

24th.—Drizzly rain, and we are in a miserable spot by the Kabusi, in a bed of brakens four feet high. The guides won't stir in this weather. I gave beads to buy what could be got for Christmas.

25th. Drizzly showers every now and then; soil, black mud. About ten men came as guides and as a convoy of honor to Mohamad.

27th.—In two hours we crossed Mandapala, now waist deep. This part was well stocked with people five years ago, but Casembe's severity in cropping ears and other mutilations, selling the children for slight offences, etc., made them all flee to neighboring tribes; and now, if he sent all over the country, he could not collect a thousand men.

[Livingstone refers (on the 15th Dec.) to some writings he was engaged upon, and we find one of them here in his journal which takes the form of a dispatch to Lord Clarendon,

with a note attached to the effect that it was not copied or sent, as he had no paper for the purpose. It affords an epitomized description of his late travels, and the stay at Casembe, and portions thereof are inserted here in the place of many notes written daily, but which only repeat the same events and observations in a less readable form].

TOWN OF CASEMBE, 10th December, 1867.

Lat. $9^{\circ} 37' 13''$ South; long. 28° East.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

MY LORD,—The first opportunity I had of sending a letter to the coast occurred in February last, when I was at a village called Molemba (lat. $10^{\circ} 14'$ S.; long. $31^{\circ} 46'$ E.), in the country named Lobemba.

On leaving Lobemba we entered Ulungu, and, as we proceeded northwards, perceived by the barometers and the courses of numerous rivulets, that a decided slope lay in that direction. A friendly old Ulungu chief, named Kasonso, on hearing that I wished to visit Lake Liemba, which lies in his country, gave his son with a large escort to guide me thither; and on the 2nd April last, we reached the brim of the deep cup-like cavity in which the lake reposes. The descent is 2000 feet, and still the surface of the water is upwards of 2500 feet above the level of the sea. The sides of the hollow are very steep, and sometimes the rocks run the whole 2000 feet sheer down to the water. The scenery is extremely beautiful. The "Aeazy," a stream of 15 yards broad and thigh deep, came down alongside our precipitous path, and formed cascades by leaping 300 feet at a time. These, with the bright red of the clay schists among the greenwood-trees, made the dullest of my attendants pause and remark with wonder.

We remained six weeks on the shores of the lake, trying to pick up some flesh and strength. A party of Arabs came into Ulungu after us in search of ivory, and hearing that an Englishman had preceded them, naturally inquired where I was. But our friends, the Baulungu, suspecting that mischief was meant, stoutly denied that they had ever seen anything

of the sort; and then became very urgent that I should go on to one of the inhabited islands for safety. I regret that I suspected them of intending to make me a prisoner there, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes; but when the villagers who deceived the Arabs told me afterwards with an air of triumph how nicely they had managed, I saw that they had only been anxious for my safety. On three occasions the same friendly disposition was shown; and when we went round the west side of the lake in order to examine the arm or branch above referred to, the headman at the confluence of the Lofu protested so strongly against my going—the Arabs had been fighting, and I might be mistaken for an Arab and killed—that I felt half-inclined to believe him. Two Arab slaves entered the village the same afternoon in search of ivory, and confirmed all he had said. We now altered our course, intending to go south about the district disturbed by the Arabs. When we had gone 60 miles we heard that the head-quarters of the Arabs were 22 miles further. They had found ivory very cheap, and pushed on to the west, till attacked by a chief named Nsama, whom they beat in his own stockade. They were now at a loss which way to turn.

On reaching Chitimba's village I found them about 600 in all; and, on presenting a letter I had from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was immediately supplied with provisions, beads, and cloth. They approved of my plan of passing to the south of Nsama's country, but advised waiting till the effects of punishment, which the Baulungu had resolved to inflict on Nsama for breach of public law, were known. It had always been understood that whoever brought goods into the country was to be protected; and two hours after my arrival at Chitimba's, the son of Kasonso, our guide, marched in with his contingent. It was anticipated that Nsama might flee; if to the north, he would leave me a free passage through his country; if to the south, I might be saved from walking into his hands. But it turned out that Nsama was anxious for peace. He had sent two men with elephants' tusks to

begin a negotiation ; but treachery was suspected, and they were shot down. Another effort was made with ten goats, and repulsed. This was much to the regret of the head Arabs. It was fortunate for me that the Arab goods were not all sold, for Lake Moerò lay in Nsama's country, and without peace no ivory could be bought, nor could I reach the lake.

The peace-making between the people and Arabs was, however, a tedious process, occupying three and a half months—drinking each other's blood. This, as I saw it west of this in 1854, is not more horrible than the thirtieth dilution of deadly night-shade or strychnine is in homœopathy. I thought that had I been an Arab I could easily swallow that, but not the next means of cementing the peace—marrying a black wife. Nsama's daughter was the bride, and she turned out very pretty. She came riding pickaback on a man's shoulders: this is the most dignified conveyance that chiefs and their families can command. She had ten maids with her, each carrying a basket of provisions, and all having the same beautiful features as herself. She was taken by the principal Arab, but soon showed that she preferred her father to her husband, for seeing preparations made to send off to purchase ivory, she suspected that her father was to be attacked, and made her escape.

I then visited Nsama, and, as he objected to many people coming near him, took only three of my eight attendants. His people were very much afraid of fire-arms, and felt all my clothing to see if I had any concealed on my person. Nsama is an old man, with head and face like those sculptured on the Assyrian monuments. He has been a great conqueror in his time, and with bows and arrows was invincible. He is said to have destroyed many native traders from Tanganyika, but twenty Arab guns made him flee from his own stockade, and caused a great sensation in the country. He was much taken with my hair and woollen clothing; but his people, heedless of his scolding, so pressed upon us that we could not converse, and, after promising to send for me to

talk during the night, our interview ended. He promised guides to Moero, and sent us more provisions than we could carry; but showed so much distrust, that after all we went without his assistance.

Nsama's people are particularly handsome. Many of the men have as beautiful heads as one could find in an assembly of Europeans. All have very fine forms, with small hands and feet. The women excited the admiration of the Arabs. They have fine, small, well-formed features: their great defect is one of fashion, which does not extend to the next tribe; they file their teeth to points, the hussies, and that makes their smile like that of the crocodile.

The Arabs sent out men in all directions to purchase ivory; but their victory over Nsama had created a panic among the tribes which no verbal assurances could allay. If Nsama had been routed by twenty Arab guns no one could stand before them but Casembe; and Casembe had issued strict orders to his people not to allow the Arabs who fought Nsama to enter his country. They did not attempt to force their way, but after sending friendly messages and presents to different chiefs, when these were not cordially received, turned off in some other direction, and at last, despairing of more ivory, turned homewards. From first to last they were extremely kind to me, and showed all due respect to the Sultan's letter. I am glad that I was witness to their mode of trading in ivory and slaves. It formed a complete contrast to the atrocious dealings of the Kilwa traders, who are supposed to be, but are not, the subjects of the same Sultan.

Since coming to Casembe's the testimony of natives and Arabs has been so united and consistent, that I am but ten days from Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo, that I cannot doubt its accuracy. I am so tired of exploration without a word from home or anywhere else for two years, that I must go to Ujiji on Tanganyika for letters before doing anything else. The banks and country adjacent to Lake Bangweolo are reported to be now very muddy and very unhealthy. I have no medicine.

The town of Casembe covers a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being dotted over that space. Some have square enclosures of reeds, but no attempt has been made at arrangement: it might be called a rural village rather than a town. No estimate could be formed by counting the huts, they were so irregularly planted, and hidden by cassava; but my impression from other collections of huts was that the population was under a thousand souls. The court or compound of Casembe—some would call it a palace—is a square enclosure of 300 yards by 200 yards. It is surrounded by a hedge of high reeds. Inside, where Casembe honored me with a grand reception, stands a gigantic hut for Casembe, and a score of small huts for domestics. The Queen's hut stands behind that of the chief, with a number of small huts also. Most of the enclosed space is covered with a plantation of cassava, *Curcus purgaris*, and cotton.

Casembe sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins. He was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs and head were covered with sleeves, leggings and cap made of various colored beads in neat patterns: a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. Each of his headmen came forward, shaded by a huge, ill-made umbrella, and followed by his dependants, made obeisance to Casembe, and sat down on his right and left: various bands of musicians did the same. When called upon I rose and bowed, and an old counselor, with his ears cropped, gave the chief as full an account as he had been able to gather during our stay of the English in general, and my antecedents in particular. My having passed through Lunda to the west of Casembe, and visited chiefs of whom he scarcely knew anything, excited most attention. He then assured me that I was welcome to his country, to go where I liked, and do what I chose. We then went (two boys carrying his train behind him) to an inner apartment, where the

articles of my present were exhibited in detail. He had examined them privately before, and we knew that he was satisfied. They consisted of eight yards of orange-colored serge, a large striped tablecloth; another large cloth made at Manchester, in imitation of West Coast native manufacture, which never fails to excite the admiration of Arabs and natives, and a large richly gilded comb for the back hair, such as ladies wore fifty years ago: this was given to me by a friend at Liverpool, and as Casembe and Nsama's people cultivate the hair into large knobs behind, I was sure that this article would tickle the fancy. Casembe expressed himself pleased, and again bade me welcome.

I had another interview, and tried to dissuade him from selling his people as slaves. He listened awhile, then broke off into a tirade on the greatness of his country, his power and dominion, which Mohamad bin Saleh, who has been here for ten years, turned into ridicule, and made the audience laugh by telling how other Lunda chiefs had given me oxen and sheep, while Casembe had only a poor little goat and some fish to bestow. He insisted also that there were but two sovereigns in the world, the Sultan of Zanzibar and Victoria. When we went on a third occasion to bid Casembe farewell, he was much less distant, and gave me the impression that I could soon become friends with him; but he has an ungainly look, and an outward squint in each eye. A number of human skulls adorned the entrance to his courtyard; and great numbers of his principal men having their ears cropped, and some with their hands lopped off, showed his barbarous way of making his ministers attentive and honest. I could not avoid indulging a prejudice against him.

The different Casembes visited by the Portuguese seem to have varied much in character and otherwise. Pereira, the first visitor, said (I quote from memory) that Casembe had 20,000 trained soldiers, watered his streets daily, and sacrificed twenty human victims every day. I could hear nothing of human sacrifices now, and it is questionable if the present

Casembe could bring a thousand stragglers into the field. When he usurped power five years ago, his country was densely peopled; but he was so severe in his punishments—cropping the ears, lopping off the hands, and other mutilations, selling the children for very slight offences, that his subjects gradually dispersed themselves in the neighboring countries beyond his power. This is the common mode by which tyranny is cured in parts like these, where fugitives are never returned. The present Casembe is very poor. When he had people who killed elephants he was too stingy to share the profits of the sale of the ivory with his subordinates. The elephant hunters have either left him or neglect hunting, so he has now no tusks to sell to the Arab traders who come from Tanganyika.

I send no sketch of the country, because I have not yet passed over a sufficient surface to give a connected view of the whole watershed of this region, and I regret that I cannot recommend any of the published maps I have seen as giving even a tolerable idea of the country. One bold constructor of maps has tacked on 200 miles to the north-west end of Lake Nyassa, a feat which no traveler has ever ventured to imitate. Another has placed a river in the same quarter running 3000 to 4000 feet up hill, and named it the "NEW ZAMBESI," because I suppose the old Zambesi runs down hill. I have walked over both these mental abortions, and did not know that I was walking on water till I saw them in the maps.

[The dispatch breaks off at this point. The year concludes with health impaired. As time goes on we shall see how ominous the conviction was which made him dread the swamps of Bangweolo.]

28th–31st.—We came on to the rivulet Chirongo, and then to the Kabukwa, where I was taken ill. Heavy rains kept the convoy back. I have had nothing but coarsely-ground sorghum meal for some time back, and am weak; I used to be the first in the line of march, and am now the last; Mo-hamad presented a meal of finely-ground porridge and a fowl,

and I immediately felt the difference, though I was not grumbling at my coarse dishes. It is well that I did not go to Bangweolo Lake, for it is now very unhealthy to the natives, and I fear that without medicine continual wettings by fording rivulets might have knocked me up altogether.

1st January, 1868.—Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year for Thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year prepare me for it.

* * * * * * *

My guide to Moero came to-day, and I visited the lake several times, so as to get a good idea of its size. The first fifteen miles in the north are from twelve or more to thirty-three miles broad. The great mass of the Rua Mountains confines it.

Our course was slow, caused partly by rains, and partly by waiting for the convoy. The people at Kalongosi were afraid to ferry us or any of his people in the convoy out of Casembe's country; but at last we gave a good fee, and their scruples yielded: they were influenced also by seeing other villagers ready to undertake the job; the latter nearly fought over us on seeing that their neighbors got all the fare. We then came along the lake, and close to its shores.

12th.—Sunday at Karembwe's village. We went yesterday to the shore, and by protraction Rua point was distant thirty-three miles. Karembwe sent for us, to have an audience; he is a large man with a gruff voice, but liked by his people and by strangers. I gave him a cloth, and he gave me a goat. The enthusiasm with which I held on to visit Moero had communicated itself to Tipo Tipo and Syde bin Alle, for they followed me up to this place to see the lake, and remained five days while we were at Casembe's.

14th.—Leaving the lake, and going north, we soon got on to a plain flooded by the Luao. We had to wade through very adhesive black mud, generally ankle deep, and having many holes in it much deeper: we had four hours of this, and then came to the ford of the Luao itself. We waded up

a branch of it waist deep for at least a quarter of a mile, then crossed a narrow part by means of a rude bridge of branches and trees, of about forty yards width.

16th.—After sleeping near the Luao we went on towards Kabwabwata, the village in which Mohamad's son lives. In many of the villages the people shut their stockades as soon as we appear, and stand bows and arrows in hand till we have passed: the reason seems to be that the slaves when out of sight of their masters carry things with a high hand, demanding food and other things as if they had power and authority. One slave stole two tobacco pipes yesterday in passing through a village; the villagers complained to me when I came up, and I waited till Mohamad came and told him; we then went forward, the men keeping close to me till we got the slave and the pipes. They stole cassava as we went along, but this could scarcely be prevented. They laid hold of a plant an inch-and-a-half thick, and tore it out of the soft soil with its five or six roots as large as our largest carrots, stowed the roots away in their loads, and went on eating them; but the stalk thrown among those still growing shows the theft. The raw roots are agreeable and nutritious. No great harm is done by this, for the gardens are so large, but it inspires distrust in the inhabitants, and makes it dangerous for Arabs to travel not fully manned and armed.

On reaching the village Kabwabwata a great demonstration was made by Mohamad's Arab dependants and Wanyamwesi: the women had their faces all smeared with pipe-clay, and lullilooed with all their might. When we came among the huts, they cast handfuls of soil on their heads, while the men fired off their guns as fast as they could load them. Those connected with Mohamad ran and kissed his hands, and fired, till the sound of shouting, lullilooing, clapping of hands, and shooting was deafening: Mohamad was quite overcome by this demonstration, and it was long before he could still them.

17th.—Mohamad is anxious to stay a little while with his son, for it is a wet season, and the mud is disagreeable

to travel all over; it is said to be worse near Ujiji: he cooks small delicacies for me with the little he has, and tries to make me comfortable. Vinegar is made from bananas, and oil from ground-nuts. I am anxious to be off, but chiefly to get news.

I find that many Unyamwesi people are waiting here, on account of the great quantity of rainwater in front: it would be difficult, they say, to get canoes on Tanganyika, as the waves are now large.

24th.—Two of Mohamad Bogharib's people came from Casembe's to trade here, and a body of Syde bin Habib's people also from Garaganza, near Kaze; they report the flooded lands on this side of Lake Tanganyika as waist and chest deep. Bin Habib, being at Katanga, will not stir till the rains are over, and I fear we are storm-stayed till then too.

26th-27th.—I am ill with fever, as I always am when stationary.

28th.—Better, and thankful to Him of the Greatest Name. We must remain; it is a dry spot, and favorable for ground-nuts. *Hooping-cough* here.

30th.—Stone underground houses are reported in Rua, but whether natural or artificial Mohamad could not say. If a present is made to the Rua chiefs they never obstruct passengers.

7th to 21st February, 1868.—On inquiring of men who have seen the underground houses in Rua, I find that they are very extensive, ranging along mountain sides for twenty miles, and in one part a rivulet flows inside. In some cases the doorways are level with the country adjacent: in others, ladders are used to climb up to them; inside they are said to be very large, and not the work of men, but of God. The people have plenty of fowls, and they too obtain shelter in these Troglodyte habitations.

23rd.—I was visited by an important chief called Chape, who said that he wanted to make friends with the English. He did not beg anything, and promised to send me a goat.

CHAPTER XI.

KABWABWATA AND THE RUA MOUNTAINS.

FEBRUARY 24TH, 1868.—Some slaves who came with Mohamad Bogharib's agent, abused my men this morning, as bringing unclean meat into the village to sell, though it had been killed by a man of the Wanyamwesi. They called out, "Kaffir, Kaffir!" and Susi, roused by this, launched forth with a stick; the others joined in the row, and the offenders were beaten off, but they went and collected all their number and renewed the assault. One threw a heavy block of wood and struck Simon on the head, making him quite insensible and convulsed for some time. He has three wounds on the head which may prove serious. This is the first outburst of Mohamadan bigotry we have met, and by those who know so little of the creed that it is questionable if one of them can repeat the formula: "La illaha illa lahu Mohamad Rasulela salla lahu, a leihi oa Salama." Simon recovered, but Gallahs are in general not strong.

25TH.—Mohamad called on me this morning to apologize for the outrage of yesterday; but no one was to blame except the slaves, and I wanted no punishment inflicted if they were cautioned for the future. It seems plain that if they do not wish to buy the unclean meat they can let it alone,—no harm is done. The Wanyamwesi kill for all, and some Mohamadans say that they won't eat of it, but their wives and people do eat it privately.

I asked Mohamad bin Saleh to-day if it were true that he was a prisoner at Casembe's. He replied, "Quite so." Some Garaganza people, now at Katanga, fought with Casembe,

and Mohamad was suspected of being connected with them. Casembe attacked his people, and during the turmoil a hundred frasilahs of copper were stolen from him, and many of his people killed. Casembe kept him a prisoner till sixty of his people were either killed or died, among these Mohamad's eldest son: he was thus reduced to poverty. He gave something to Casembe to allow him to depart, and I suspect that my Sultan's letter had considerable influence in inducing Casembe to accede to his request, for he repeated again and again in my hearing that he must pay respect to my letter, and see me safe at least as far as Ujiji. Mohamad says that he will not return to Casembe again, but will begin to trade with some other chief: it is rather hard for a man at his age to begin *de novo*. He is respected among the Arabs, who pronounce him to be a good man. He says that he has been twenty-two years in Africa, and never saw an outburst like that of yesterday among the Wanyamwesi: it is, however, common for the people of Ujiji to drink palm toddy, and then have a general row in the bazaar, but no bad feeling exists next day.

If a child cuts the upper front teeth before the lower, it is killed, as unlucky: this is a widely-spread superstition. When I was amongst the Makololo in 1859 one of Sekeletu's wives would not allow her servant's child to be killed for this, but few would have the courage to act in opposition to public feeling as she did. In Casembe's country if a child is seen to turn from one side to the other in sleep it is killed. They say of any child who has what they consider these defects "he is an Arab child," because the Arabs have none of this class of superstitions, and should any Arab be near they give the child to him: it would bring ill-luck, misfortunes, "milando," or guilt, to the family.

If Casembe dreams of any man twice or three times he puts the man to death, as one who is practicing secret arts against his life: if any one is pounding or cooking food for him he must preserve the strictest silence; these and other things show extreme superstition and degradation.

During his enforced detention Mohamad's friends advised him to leave Casembe by force, offering to aid him with their men, but he always refused. His father was the first to open this country to trade with the Arabs, and all his expenses while so doing were borne by himself; but Mohamad seems to be a man of peace, and unwilling to break the appearance of friendship with the chiefs. He thinks that this Casembe poisoned his predecessor: he certainly killed his wife's mother, a queen, that she might be no obstacle to him in securing her daughter.

No better authority for what has been done or left undone by Mohamadans in this country can be found than Mohamad bin Saleh, for he is very intelligent, and takes an interest in all that happens, and his father was equally interested in this country's affairs. He declares that no attempt was ever made by Mohamadans to proselytize the Africans: they teach their own children to read the Koran, but them only: it is never translated, and to servants who go to the Mosque it is all dumb show. Some servants imbibe Mohamadan bigotry about eating, but they offer no prayers. Circumcision, to make *halel*, or fit to slaughter the animals for their master, is the utmost advance any have made.

As they never translate the Koran, they neglect the best means of influencing the Africans, who invariably wish to understand what they are about. When we were teaching adults the alphabet, they felt it a hard task. "Give me medicine, I shall drink it to make me understand it," was their earnest entreaty. When they have advanced so far as to form clear conceptions of Old Testament and Gospel histories, they tell them to their neighbors; and, on visiting distant tribes, feel proud to show how much they know: in this way the knowledge of Christianity becomes widely diffused. Those whose hatred to its self-denying doctrines has become developed by knowledge, propagate slanders; but still they speak of Christianity, and awaken attention. The plan, therefore, of the Christian missionary in imparting knowledge is immeasurably superior to that of the Moslem

in dealing with dumb show. I have, however, been astonished to see that none of the Africans imitate the Arab prayers: considering their great reverence of the Deity, it is a wonder that they do not learn to address prayers to Him except on very extraordinary occasions.

Some believe that Kilimanjaro Mountain has mummies, as in Egypt, and that Moses visited it of old.

The people at Katanga are afraid to dig for gold in their country because they believe that it has been hidden where it is by "Ngolu," who is the owner of it. The Arabs translate Ngolu by Satan: it means Mezimo, or departed spirits, too. The people are all oppressed by their superstitions; the fear of death is remarkably strong. The Wagtails are never molested, because, if they were killed, death would visit the village; this too is the case with the small Whydah birds, the fear of death in the minds of the people saves them from molestation. But why should we be so prone to criticise? A remnant of our own superstitions is seen in the prejudice against sitting down thirteen to dinner, spilling the salt, and not throwing a little of it over the left shoulder. Ferdinand I., the King of Naples, in passing through the streets, perpetually put one hand into his pockets to cross the thumb over the finger in order to avert the influence of the evil eye!

On the 6th of March, Muabo, the great chief of these parts, came to call on Mohamad: several men got up and made some antics before him, then knelt down and did obeisance, then Muabo himself jumped about a little, and all applauded. He is a good-natured-looking man, fond of a joke, and always ready with a good-humored smile: he was praised very highly, Mpweto was nothing to Muabo mokolu, the great Muabo; and he returned the praise by lauding Tipo Tipo and Mpamari, Mohamad's native name, which means, "Give me wealth, or goods." Mohamad made a few of the ungainly antics, like the natives, and all were highly pleased, and went off rejoicing.

Some Arabs believe that a serpent on one of the islands

in the Nyanza Lake has the power of speaking, and is the same that beguiled Eve. It is a crime at Ujiji to kill a serpent, even though it enters a house and kills a kid!

There are underground stone houses in Kabiure, in the range called Kakoma, which is near to our place of detention.

16th *March*.—We started for Mpweto's village, which is situated on the Lualaba.

Next day we ascended the Rua Mountains, and reached the village of Mpweto, situated in a valley between two ridges, about one mile from the right bank of the Lualaba, where it comes through the mountains.

18th.—On reaching Mpweto's yesterday, we were taken up to the house of Syde bin Habib, which is built on a ridge overhanging the chief's village, a square building of wattle and plaster, and a mud roof to prevent it being fired by an enemy. It is a very pretty spot among the mountains. Sariama is Bin Habib's agent, and he gave us a basket of flour and leg of kid. I sent a message to Mpweto, which he politely answered by saying that he had no food ready in his village, but if we waited two days he would have some prepared, and would then see us. He knew what we should give him, and he need not tell us. I met a man from Ses-keke, left sick at Kirwa by Bin Habib and now with him here.

A very beautiful young woman came to look at us, perfect in every way, and nearly naked, but unconscious of indecency; a very Venus in black. The light-gray, red-tailed parrot seen on the West Coast is common in Rua, and tamed by the natives.

19th. * —(Grant, Lord, grace to love Thee more and serve Thee better.)

The favorite son of Mpweto called on us; his father is said to do nothing without consulting him; but he did not seem to be endowed with much wisdom.

20th—21st.—Our interview was put off; and then a sight

* The Doctor's birthday

of the cloth we were to give was required. I sent a good large cloth, and explained that we were nearly out of goods now, having been traveling two years, and were going to Ujiji to get more. Mpweto had prepared a quantity of pombe, a basket of meal, and a goat; and when he looked at them and the cloth, he seemed to feel that it would be a poor bargain; so he sent to say we had gone to Casembe and given him many cloths, and then to Muabo, and if I did not give another cloth he would not see me. "He had never slept with only one cloth." "I had put medicine on this one to kill him, and must go away."

It seems he was offended because we went to his great rival, Muabo, before visiting him. He would not see Syde bin Habib for eight days; and during that time was using charms to try if it would be safe to see him at all; on the ninth day he peeped past a door for some time to see if Bin Habib were a proper person, and then came out: he is always very suspicious.

At last he sent an order to us to go away, and if we did not move, he would come with all his people and drive us off. Sariama said if he were not afraid for Syde bin Habib's goods, he would make a stand against Mpweto; but I had no wish to stay or to quarrel with a worthless chief, and resolved to go next day.

24th.—He abused a native trader with his tongue for coming to trade, and sent him away too. We slept again at our half-way village, Kapemba, just as a party of salt-traders from Rua came into it: they were tall, well-made men, and rather dark.

25th.—Reached Kabwabwata at noon, and were welcomed by Mohamad and all the people. His son, Sheikh But, accompanied us; but Mohamad told us previously that it was likely Mpweto would refuse to see us.

The water is reported to be so deep in front that it is impossible to go north: the Wanyamwesi, who are detained here as well as we, say that it is often more than a man's depth, and there are no canoes. They would not stop here

if a passage home could be made. I am thinking of going to Lake Bemba, because at least two months must be passed here still before a passage can be made; but my goods are getting done, and I cannot give presents to the chiefs on our way.

2nd April, 1868.—If I am not deceived by the information I have received from various reliable sources, the springs of the Nile rise between 9° and 10° south latitude, or at least 400 to 500 miles south of the south end of Speke's Lake, which he considered to be the sources of the Nile.

11th.—I had a long oration from Mohamad yesterday against going off to Bemba to-morrow. His great argument is the extortionate way of Casembe, who would demand cloth, and say that in pretending to go to Ujiji I had told him lies: he adds to this argument that this is the last month of the rains; the Masika has begun, and our way north will soon be open. The fact of the matter is that Mohamad, by not telling me of the superabundance of water in the country of Marungu, which occurs every year, caused me to lose five months. He knew that we should be detained here, but he was so eager to get out of his state of durance with Casembe, that he hastened my departure by asserting that we should be at Ujiji in one month. I regret this deception, but it is not to be wondered at, and in a Mohamadan and in a Christian too it is thought clever. Were my goods not nearly done I would go, and risk the displeasure of Casembe for the chance of discovering the Lake Bemba. I fear that I must give up this lake for the present.

12th.—I think of starting to-morrow for Bangweolo, even if Casembe refuses a passage beyond him: we shall be better there than we are here, for everything at Kabwabwata is scarce and dear. There we can get a fowl for one string of beads, here it costs six: there fish may be bought, here none. Three of Casembe's principal men are here, Kakwata, Charley, and Kapitenga; they are anxious to go home, and would be a gain to me, but Mohamad detains them, and when I ask his reason he says "Muabo refuses," but they

point to Mohamad's house and say, "It is he who refuses."

13th.—On preparing to start this morning my people refused to go: the fact is, they are all tired, and Mohamad's opposition encourages them. Mohamad, who was evidently eager to make capital out of their refusal, asked me to remain over to-day, and then demanded what I was going to do with those who had absconded. I said, "Nothing: if a magistrate were on the spot, I would give them over to him." "Oh," said he, "I am magistrate, shall I apprehend them?" To this I assented. He repeated this question till it was tiresome: I saw his reason long afterwards, when he asserted that I "came to him and asked him to bind them, but he had refused:" he wanted to appear to the people as much better than I am.

14th.—I start off with five attendants, leaving most of the luggage with Mohamad, and reach the Luao to spend the night. Headman Ndowa.

15th.—Amoda ran away early this morning. "Wishes to stop with his brothers." They think that, by refusing to go to Bemba, they will force me to remain with them, and then go to Ujiji: one of them has infused the idea into their minds that I will not pay them, and exclaims "Look at the sepoys!"—not knowing that they are paid by the Indian Government. I sent Amoda's bundle back to Mohamad: my messenger got to Kabwabwata before Amoda did, and he presented himself to my Arab friend, who of course scolded him: he replied that he was tired of carrying, and no other fault had he; I may add that I found out that Amoda wished to come south to me with one of Mohamad Bogharib's men, but "Mpamari" told him not to return. Now that I was fairly started, I told my messenger to say to Mohamad that I would on no account go to Ujiji, till I had done all in my power to reach the lake I sought: I would even prefer waiting at Luao or Moero, till people came to me from Ujiji to supplant the runaways. I did not blame them very severely in my own mind for absconding: they were tired of tramping, and so verily am I; but Mohamad, in

encouraging them to escape to him, and talking with a double tongue, cannot be exonerated from blame. Little else can be expected from him; he has lived some thirty-five years in the country, twenty-five being at Casembe's, and there he had often to live by his wits. Consciousness of my own defects makes me lenient.

16th.—Ndowa gives Mita or Mpamankanana as the names of the excavations in Muabo's hills; he says that they are sufficient to conceal all the people of this district in case of war: I conjecture that this implies room for ten thousand people: provisions are stored in them, and a perennial rivulet runs along a whole street of them. On one occasion, when the main entrance was besieged by an enemy, some one who knew all the intricacies of the excavations led a party out by a secret passage, and they, coming over the invaders, drove them off with heavy loss. Their formation is universally ascribed to the Deity. This may mean that the present inhabitants have succeeded the original burrowing race, which dug out many caves adjacent to Mount Hor—the *Jebel Nebi Harin*, Mount of the Prophet Aaron, of the Arabs—and many others; and even the Bushman caves, a thousand miles south of this region.

17th.—Crossed the Luano by a bridge, thirty yards long, and more than half a mile of flood on each side; passed many villages, standing on little heights, which overlook plains filled with water. Some three miles of grassy plains abreast of Moero were the deepest parts, except the banks of Luano. We had four hours of wading, the bottom being generally black tenacious mud. Ruts had been formed in the paths by the feet of passengers: these were filled with soft mud, and, as they could not be seen, the foot was often placed on the edge, and when the weight came on it, down it slumped into the mud, half-way up the calves; it was difficult to draw it out, and very fatiguing. To avoid these ruts we encroached on the grass at the sides of the paths, but often stepping on the unseen edge of a rut, we floundered in with both feet to keep the balance, and this was usually followed by a rush of

bubbles to the surface, which, bursting, discharged foul air of frightful fæcal odor. In parts, the black mud and foul water were cold, in others hot, according as circulation went on or not. When we came near Moero, the water became half-chest and whole-chest deep; all perishable articles had to be put on the head. We found a party of fishermen on the sands, and I got a hut, a bath in the clear but tepid waters, and a delicious change of dress.

18th.—We marched along the north end of Moero, which has a south-east direction. Finding a deserted fisherman's village near the eastern hills, we gladly made it our quarters for Sunday (19th).

21st.—Crossed the Vuna and went on to Kalembe's village, meeting the chief at the gate, who guided us to a hut, and manifested great curiosity to see all our things; he asked if we could not stop next day and drink beer, which would then be ready. Leopards abound here. The lake now seems broader than ever.

I could not conceive that a hole in the cartilage of the nose could be turned to any account except to hold an ornament, though that is usually only a bit of grass; but a man sewing the feathers on his arrows used his nose-hole for holding a needle! In coming on to Kanganola we found the country swimming: I got separated from the company, though I saw them disappear in the long grass not a hundred yards off and shouted, but the splashing of their feet prevented any one hearing. I could not find a path going south, so I took one to the east to a village; the grass was so long and tangled, I could scarcely get along; at last I engaged a man to show me the main path south, and he took me to a neat village of a woman—Nyinakasanga—and would go no further. "Mother Kasanga," as the name means, had been very handsome, and had a beautiful daughter, probably another edition of herself; she advised my waiting in the deep shade of the *Ficus indica*, in which her houses were placed. I fired a gun, and when my attendants came, gave her a string of beads which made her express distress at my "leaving without drinking

anything of hers." People have abandoned several villages on account of the great abundance of ferocious wild beasts.

23rd.—Through very thick tangled grass to Chikosi's burned village; Nsama had killed him. We spent the night in a garden hut, which the fire of the village had spared. Turnips are growing in the ruins. The Nyassi, or long coarse grass, hangs over the paths, and in pushing it aside the sharp seeds penetrate the clothes and are very annoying. The grass itself rubs on the face and eyes disagreeably; when it is burned off and greensward covers the soil it is much more pleasant walking.

24th.—We leave Chikosi's ruins and make for the ford of the Kalungosi. Marigolds are in full bloom all over the forest, and so are foxgloves. The river is here fully 100 yards broad with 300 yards of flood on its western bank; so deep we had to remain in the canoes till within 50 yards of the higher ground. The headman of the village to which we went was out cutting wood for a garden, and his wife refused us a hut; but when Kansabala came in the evening he scolded his own spouse roundly and all the wives of the village, and then pressed me to come indoors, but I was well enough in my mosquito curtain without, and declined: I was free from insects and vermin, and few huts are so.

25th.—Off early west, and then on to an elevated forest land, in which our course was S.S.W. to the great bend of the rivulet Kifurwa.

26th.—Here we spent Sunday in our former wood-cutters' huts. Yesterday we were met by a party of the same occupation, laden with bark-cloth, which they had just been stripping off the trees. Their leader would not come along the path because I was sitting near it: I invited him to do so, but it would have been disrespectful to let his shadow fall on any part of my person, so he went on a little out of the way: this politeness is common.

27th.—But a short march to Fungafunga's village. Fungafunga's wife gave a handsome supper to the stranger: on afterwards acknowledging it to her husband he said, "That

is your village; always go that way and eat my provisions." He is a Monyamwezi trading in the country for copper, hoes, and slaves. Parrots are here in numbers stealing *Holcus sorghum* in spite of the shouts of the women.

29th.—At the Mandapala River. Some men here from the Chungu, one of whom claimed to be a relative of Casembe, made a great outcry against our coming a second time to Casembe without waiting at the Kalungosi for permission. One of them, with his ears cropped short off, asked me when I was departing north if I should come again. I replied, "Yes, I think I shall." They excited themselves by calling over the same thing again and again. "The English come the second time!" "The second time—the second time—the country spoiled! Why not wait at the Kalungosi? Let him return thither." "Come from Mpamari too, and from the Bagaraganza or Banyamwezi!!" "The second time—the second time!" Then all the adjacent villagers were called in to settle this serious affair. I look up to that higher Power to influence their minds as He has often done before. I persuaded them to refer the matter to Casembe himself by sending a man with one of mine up to the town. They would not consent to go on to the Chungu, as the old cropped-eared man would have been obliged to come back the distance again, he having been on the way to the Kalungosi as a sentinel of the ford. Casembe is reasonable and fair, but his people are neither, and will do anything to mulct either strangers or their own countrymen.

1st May, 1868.—I sent a request to Mohamad Bogharib to intercede with Casembe for me for a man to show the way to Chikumbi, who is near to Bangweolo.

3rd.—Abraham, my messenger, came back, while we were at afternoon prayers, with good news for us, but what made Cropped-ears quite chopfallen was that Casembe was quite gracious! He did not wish me to go away, and now I am welcome back; and as soon as we hear of peace at Chikumbi's we shall have a man to conduct us thither. The Mazitu were reported to have made an inroad into Chikumbi's

country; and it was said that chief had fled, and Casembe had sent messengers to hear the truth. Thanks to the Most High for His kindness and influence.

4th.—We leave the Mandapala. Cropped-ears, whose name I never heard, collapsed at once on hearing the message of Casembe: before that I never heard such a babbler; to every one passing, man or woman, he repeated the same insinuations about the English, and “Mpamari,” and the Banyamwezi,—conspiracy—guilt—return a second time,—till, like a meddling lawyer, he thought that he had really got an important case in hand.

On reaching Casembe's, on the Mofwe, we found Mohamad Bogharib digging and fencing up a well to prevent his slaves being taken away by the crocodiles, as three had been eaten already. A dog bit the leg of one of my goats so badly that I was obliged to kill it: they are nasty curs here, without courage, and yet they sometimes bite people badly. I met some old friends, and Mohamad Bogharib cooked a supper, and from this time forward never omitted sharing his victuals with me.

6th.—Manoel Caetano Pereira visited Casembe in 1796, or seventy-two years ago: his native name was Moendo-mondo, or the world's leg—“world-wide traveler!” He came to Mandapala, for there the Casembe of the time resided, and he had a priest or “Kasise” with him, and many people with guns. Perembe, the oldest man now in Lunda, had children even then: if Perembe were thirty years of age at that period he would now be 102 years old, and he seems quite that, for when Dr. Lacerda came he had forty children. He says that Pereira fired off all his guns on his arrival, and Casembe asking him what he meant by that, he replied, “These guns ask for slaves and ivory,” both of which were liberally given.

When Major Monteiro was here, the town of Casembe was on the same spot as now. A number of men were sent with Monteiro as an honorary escort. Kapika, an old man now living, was the chief or one of the chiefs of this party, and

he says that he went to Tette, Senna and Quillimane with Monteiro.

Muonga, the present Casembe, has good sense, and is very fair in his judgments, but stingy towards his own people as well as strangers: nevertheless I have had good reason to be satisfied with his conduct to me. Muonga is said by the others to be a slave "born out of the house," that is, his mother was not of the royal line; she is an ugly old woman, and greedy. I got rid of her begging by giving her the beads she sought, and requesting her to cook some food for me; she begged no more, afraid that I would press my claim for provisions!

10th.—I sent to Casembe for a guide to Luapula; he replied that he had not seen me nor given me any food; I must come to-morrow: but next day he was occupied in killing a man for witchcraft and could not receive us, but said that he would on the 12th. I have taken lunars several times, measuring both sides of the moon about 190 times, but a silly map-maker may alter the whole for the most idiotic of reasons.

We did not get an audience from Casembe; the fault lay with Kapika—Monteiro's escort—being afraid to annoy Casembe by putting him in mind of it, but on the 15th Casembe sent for me, and told me that as the people had all fled from Chikumbi's, he would therefore send guides to take us to Kabaia, where there was still a population; he wished me to wait a few days till he had looked out good men as guides, and ground some flour for us to use in the journey. He understood that I wished to go to Bangweolo; and it was all right to do what my own chief had sent me for, and then come back to him. It was only water—the same as Luapula, Mofwe, and Moero; nothing to be seen. His people must not molest me again, but let me go where I liked. This made me thank Him who has the hearts of all in His hand.

Casembe also admitted that he had injured "Mpamari," but he would send him some slaves and ivory in reparation:

he is better than his people, who are excessively litigious, and fond of milandos or causes—suits. He asked if I had not the leopard's skin he gave me to sit on, as it was bad to sit on the ground; I told him it had so many holes in it people laughed at it and made me ashamed, but he did not take the hint to give me another. He always talks good sense when he has not swilled beer or pombe: all the Arabs are loud in his praises, but they have a bad opinion of the Queen Moari or Ngombe or Kifuta. The Garaganza people at Katanga killed a near relative of Casembe and herself, and when the event happened, Fungafunga, one of the Garaganza or Banyamwezi being near the spot, fled and came to the Mofwe: he continued his flight as soon as it was dark, without saying anything to anyone, until he got north to Kabiure. The Queen and Casembe suspected Mpamari of complicity with the Banyamwezi, and believed that Fungafunga had communicated the news to him before fleeing further. A tumult was made; Mpamari's eldest son was killed; and he was plundered of all his copper, ivory, and slaves: the Queen loudly demanded his execution, but Casembe restrained his people as well as he was able and it is for this injury that he now professes to be sorry.

The Queen only acted according to the principles of her people. "Mpamari killed my son, kill his son—himself. It is difficult to get at the truth, for Mohamad or Mpamari never tells the whole truth. He went to fight Nsama with Muonga, and was wounded in the foot and routed, and is now glad to get out of Lunda back to Ujiji.

17th.—Mohamad Bogharib told Casembe that he could buy nothing, and therefore was going away. Casembe replied that he had no ivory and he might go: this was sensible; he sent far and near to find some, but failed, and now confesses a truth which most chiefs hide from unwillingness to appear poor before foreigners.

18th–19th.—It is hot here though winter; but cold by night. Casembe has sent for fish for us.

22nd.—Casembe is so slow with his fish, meal, and guides,

and his people so afraid to hurry him, that I think of going off as soon as Mohamad Bogharib moves; he is going to Chikumbi's to buy copper, and thence he will proceed to Uvira to exchange that for ivory; but this is at present kept as a secret from his slaves. The way seems thus to be opening for me to go to the large lake west of Uvira.

23rd.—The Arabs made a sort of sacrifice of a goat which was cooked all at once; they sent a good dish of it to me. They read the Koran very industriously, and prayed for success or luck in leaving, and seem sincerely religious, according to the light that is in them. The use of incense and sacrifices brings back the old Jewish times to mind.

A number of people went off to the Kanengwa, a rivulet an hour south of this, to build huts; there they are to take leave of Casembe, for the main body goes off to-morrow, after we have seen the new moon. They are very particular in selecting lucky days, and anything unpleasant that may have happened in one month is supposed to be avoided by choosing a different day for beginning an enterprise in the next. Mohamad left Uvira on the third day of a new moon, and several fires happened in his camp; he now considers a third day inauspicious.

24th.—Detained four days yet. Casembe's chief men refuse to escort Mohamad Bogharib; they know him to be in debt, and fear that he may be angry, but no dunning was intended. Casembe was making every effort to get ivory to liquidate it, and at last got a couple of tusks, which he gave to Mohamad: he has risen much in the estimation of us all.

28th.—We went to Casembe; he was as gracious as usual. A case of crim. con. was brought forward against an Arab's slave, and an attempt was made to arrange the matter privately by offering three cloths, beads, and another slave, but the complainant refused everything. Casembe dismissed the case by saying to the complainant, "You send your women to entrap the strangers in order to get a fine, but you will get nothing:" this was highly applauded by the

Arabs, and the owner of the slave heaped dust on his head, as many had done before for favors received. Casembe, still anxious to get ivory for Mohamad, proposed another delay of four days to send for it; but all are tired, and it is evident that it is not want of will that prevents ivory being produced.

His men returned without any, and he frankly confessed inability: he is evidently very poor.

30th.—We went to the Kanengwa rivulet.

31st.—Old Kapika sold his young and good-looking wife for unfaithfulness, as he alleged. The sight of a lady in the chain-gang shocked the ladies of Lunda, who ran to her, and having ascertained from her own mouth what was sufficiently apparent, that she was a slave now, clapped their hands on their mouths in the way that they express wonder, surprise, and horror: the hand is placed so that the fingers are on one cheek and the thumb on the other.

The case of the chieftainess excited great sympathy among the people; some brought her food, Kapika's daughters brought her pombe and bananas; one man offered to redeem her with two, another with three slaves, but Casembe, who is very strict in punishing infidelity, said, "No, though ten slaves be offered she must go." He is probably afraid of his own beautiful queen should the law be relaxed. Old Kapika came and said to her, "You refused me, and now I refuse you." A young wife of old Perembe was also sold as a punishment, but redeemed.

There is a very large proportion of very old and very tall men in this district. The slave-trader is a means of punishing the wives which these old fogies ought never to have had.

Casembe sent me about a hundred-weight of the small fish Nsipo, which seems to be the whitebait of our country; it is a little bitter when cooked alone, but with ground-nuts is a tolerable relish: we can buy flour with these at Chikumbi's.

CHAPTER XII.

DISCOVERY OF LAKE BANGWEOLO.

JUNE 1st, 1868.—Mohamad proposes to go to Katanga to buy copper, and invites me to go too. I wish to see the Lufra River, but I must see Bemba or Bangweolo. Grant guidance from above!

2nd.—In passing a field of cassava I picked the pods of a plant called Malumbi, which climbs up the cassava bushes; at the root it has a number of tubers with eyes, exactly like the potato.

4th.—From what I see of slaving, even in its best phases, I would not be a slave-dealer for the world.

5th.—The Queen Moari passed us this morning, going to build a hut at her plantation; she has a pleasant European countenance, clean light-brown skin, and a merry laugh, and would be admired anywhere. I stood among the cassava to see her pass; she twirled her umbrella as she came near, borne by twelve men, and seemed to take up the laugh which made her and her maids bolt at my reception, showing that she laughs not with her mouth only, but with her eyes and cheeks: she said, “Yambo” (how are you)? To which I replied, “Yambo sana” (very well). One of her attendants said, “Give her something of what you have at hand, or in the pockets.” I said, “I have nothing here,” and asked her if she would come back near my hut. She replied that she would, and I duly sent for two strings of red beads, which I presented. Being lower than she, I could see that she had a hole through the cartilage, near the point of her slightly

aquiline nose; and a space was filed between the two front teeth, so as to leave a triangular hole.

10th.—Detained again, for business is not finished with the people of Casembe. The people cannot esteem the slave-trader, who is used as a means of punishing those who have family differences, as those of a wife with her husband, or a servant with his master. The slaves are said to be generally criminals, and are sold in revenge or as punishment. Kapika's wife had an ornament of the end of a shell called the cone; it was borrowed and she came away with it in her hair: the owner, without making any effort to recover it, seized one of Kapika's daughters as a pledge that Kapika would exert himself to get it back!

[At last the tedious delay came to an end and we must now follow the Doctor on his way south to discover Lake Bemba.]

11th.—Crossed the Mbereze, ten yards broad and thigh deep, ascending a range of low hills of hardened sandstone, covered, as the country generally is, with forest. Our course S.E. and S.S.E.

12th.—We crossed the Mbereze again twice; then a very deep narrow rivulet, and stopped at another in a mass of trees, where we spent the night, and killing an ox remained next day to eat it. When at Kanengwa a small party of men came past, shouting as if they had done something of importance: on going to them, I found that two of them carried a lion slung to a pole. It was a small maneless variety, called "the lion of *Nyassi*," or long grass. It had killed a man and they killed it. They had its mouth carefully strapped, and the paws tied across its chest, and were taking it to Casembe.

15th.—Very cold in mornings now (43°). Found Moenempanda, Casembe's brother, on the Luluputa. A slave tried to break out of his slave-stick, and actually broke half an inch of tough iron with his fingers; the end stuck in the wood, or he would have freed himself.

The chief gave me a public reception, which was like that

of Casembe, but better managed. He is young, and very handsome but for a defect in his eyes, which makes him keep them half shut or squinting. He walked off in the jaunty way all chiefs do in this country, to show the weight of rings and beads on the legs, and many imitate this walk who have none, exactly as our fathers imitated the big cravat of George IV., who thereby hid defects in his neck: thousands carried their cravats over the chin who had no defects to hide. Moenempanda carried his back stiffly, and no wonder, he had about ten yards of a train carried behind it. About 600 people were present. They kept rank, but not step; were well armed; marimbas and square drums formed the bands, and one musician added his voice; "I have been to Syde" (the Sultan); "I have been to Meereput" (King of Portugal); "I have been to the sea." At a private reception, where he was divested of his train, and had only one umbrella instead of three, I gave him a cloth. The Arabs thought highly of him; but his graciousness had been expended on them in getting into debt; he now showed no inclination to get out of it, but offered about a twentieth part of the value of the goods in liquidation. He sent me two pots of beer, which I care not to drink except when very thirsty on a march, and promised a man to guide me to Chikumbi, and then refused. Casembe rose in the esteem of all as Moenempanda sank, and his people were made to understand how shabbily he had behaved.

22nd.—March across a grassy plain southerly to the Luongo, a deep river embowered in a dense forest of trees, all covered with lichens—some flat, others long and thready, like old men's beards, and waving in the wind, just as they do on the mangrove-swamp trees on the coast.

23rd.—We waited for copper here, which was at first refused as payment of debt.

24th.—Six men slaves were singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at

the idea "of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them." Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words "to haunt and kill by spirit power;" then it was, "Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was a power: there be higher than they!

Perembe was one of the culprits thus menaced. The slave-owner asked Kapika's wife if she would return to kill Kapika. The others answered to the names of the different men with laughter. Her heart was evidently sore: for a lady to come so low down is to her grievous. She has lost her jaunty air, and is, with her head shaved, ugly; but she never forgets to address her captors with dignity, and they seem to fear her.

25th.—We went over flat forest with patches of brown hæmatite cropping out: this is the usual iron-ore, but I saw in a village pieces of specular iron-ore which had been brought for smelting. The Luongo flowed away somewhat to our right or west, and the villagers had selected their site where only well-water could be found.

The gardens had high hedges round to keep off wild beasts. We came to a grave in the forest; it was a little rounded mound as if the occupant sat in it in the usual native way: it was strewed over with flour, and a number of the large blue beads put on it: a little path showed that it had visitors. This is the sort of grave I should prefer: to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones. The graves at home always seemed to me to be miserable, especially those in the cold damp clay, and without elbow room; but I have nothing to do but wait till He who is over all decides where I have to lay me down and die. Poor Mary lies on Shupanga brae, "and becks fornent the sun." *

* The allusion is to Mrs. Livingstone's grave.

Came to the Chando River, which is the boundary between Casembe and Chikumbi; but Casembe is over all.

28th.—After service we went on up hills to a stockade of Banyamwezi, on the Kalomina River, and here we built our sheds.

1st July, 1868.—I went over to Chikumbi, the paramount chief of this district, and gave him a cloth, begging a man to guide me to Bangweolo. He said that I was welcome to his country; all were so: I had better wait two days till he had selected a *good* man as a guide, and he would send some food for me to eat in the journey—he would not say ten days, but only two, and his man would take me to the smaller part of the lake, and leave others to forward me to the greater or Bangweolo. The smaller part is named Bemba, but that name is confusing, because Bemba is the name of the country in which a portion of the lake lies. When asking for Lake Bemba, Kasongo's son said to me, "Bemba is not a lake, but a country:" it is therefore better to use the name BANGWEOLO, which is applied to the great mass of the water, though I fear that our English folks will bogle at it, or call it Bungy-hollow!

6th.—Divided our salt that each may buy provisions for himself: it is here of more value than beads. Chikumbi sent fine flour, a load for two stout men carried in a large basket slung to a pole, and a fine fat sheep, carried too because it was too fat to walk the distance from his stockade.

7th—9th.—After delaying several days to send our guide, Chikumbi said that he feared the country people would say that the Ingleza brought the Mazitu to them, and so blame will be given to him. I set this down as "words of pombe," beery babble; but after returning from Bangweolo, I saw that he must have been preparing to attack a stockade of Banyamwezi in our path, and had he given us a guide, that man would have been in danger in coming back: he therefore preferred the safety of his man to keeping his promise to me.

I got a Banyamwezi guide, and left, on the 10th July, going over gently rising sandstone hills, covered with forest

and seeing many deserted villages, the effects of the Mazitu foray: we saw also the sleeping-places and paths of the Mazitu. The Banyamwezi expelled them, cutting off so many of them with their guns and arrows that the marauders retired. The effect of this success on the minds of the Imboshwa, or Imbozhwas, as Chikumbi's people are called, was not gratitude, but envy at the new power sprung up among them of those who came originally as traders in copper.

Kombokombo's stockade, the village to which we went this day, was the first object of assault, and when we returned, he told us that Chikumbi had assaulted him on three sides, but was repulsed. The Banyamwezi were, moreover, much too sharp as traders for the Imboshwa, cheating them unmercifully, and lying like Greeks. We came in the midst of a general jollification, and were most bountifully supplied with pombe and food. The Banyamwezi acknowledge allegiance to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and all connected with him are respected. Kombokombo pressed food and drink on me, and when I told him that I had nothing to return for it, he said that he expected nothing: he was a child of the Sultan, and ought to furnish all I needed.

11th.—On leaving the Chiberase we passed up over a long line of hills with many villages and gardens, but mostly deserted during the Mazitu raid. The people fled into the forests on the hills, and were an easy prey to the marauders, who seem to have been unmerciful. When we descended into the valley beyond we came to a strong stockade, which had successfully resisted the onset of the Mazitu; we then entered on a flat forest, with here and there sponges containing plenty of water; plains succeeded the hills, and continued all the way to Bangweolo.

13th.—On resting at a deserted spot, the men of a village in the vicinity came to us excited and apparently drunk, and began to work themselves up still more by running about, poisoning their spears at us, taking aim with their bows and arrows, and making as if about to strike with their axes:

they thought that we were marauders, and some plants of ground-nuts strewn about gave color to the idea. There is usually one good soul in such rabbles. In this case a man came to me, and, addressing his fellows, said, "This is only your pombe. White man, do not stand among them, but go away," and then he placed himself between me and a portion of the assailants, about thirty of whom were making their warlike antics. While walking quietly away with my good friend they ran in front and behind bushes and trees, took aim with bow and arrow, but none shot: the younger men ran away with our three goats. When we had gone a quarter of a mile my friend told me to wait and he would bring the goats, which he did: I could not feel the inebriates to be enemies; but in that state they are the worst one can encounter, for they have no fear as they have when sober. One snatched away a fowl from our guide; that too was restored by our friend. I did not load my gun; for any accidental discharge would have inflamed them to rashness. We got away without shedding blood, and were thankful. The Mazitu raid has produced lawlessness in the country: every one was taken as an enemy.

14th.—We remained a day at the stockade of Moieggea.

15th.—At the village on the south bank of the Mpanda we were taken by the headman as Mazitu. He was evidently intoxicated, and began to shut his gates with frantic gesticulations. I offered to go away; but others of his people, equally intoxicated, insisted on my remaining. I sat down a little, but seeing that the chief was still alarmed, I said to his people, "The chief objects and I can't stay:" they saw the reasonableness of this, but I could not get my cowardly attendants to come on, though one said to me, "Come, I shall show you the way: we must speak nice to them." This the wise boys think the perfection of virtue: speaking nice means adopting a childish treble tone of voice and words exactly similar to those of the little Scotch girl who, passing through a meadow, was approached by a cow, probably from curiosity. To appease this enemy, she said,

"Oh, coo, coo, if you no hurt me, I no hurt you." I told them to come on and leave them quietly, but they remained babbling with them. The guide said that there was no water in front: this I have been told too often ever to believe, so I went on through the forest, and in an hour and a half came to a sponge where, being joined by my attendants, we passed the night.

16th.—Crossing this sponge, and passing through flat forest, we came to another named Meshwe, when there, as a contrast, the young men volunteered to carry me across; but I had got off my shoes, and was in the water, and they came along with me, showing the shallower parts.

17th—18th.—Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither.

I told the chief that my goods were all expended, and gave him a fathom of calico as all I could spare: I told him that as soon as I had seen and measured the lake I would return north; he replied, that seeing our goods were done he could say nothing, he would give me guides, and what else he should do was known to himself. He gave a public reception at once. I asked if he had ever seen anyone like me, and he said, "Never." A Babisa traveler asked me why I had come so far; I said I wished to make the country and people better known to the rest of the world, that we were all children of one Father, and I was anxious that we should know each other better, and that friendly visits should be made in safety. When asked I showed them my note-book, watch, compass, burning-glass, and was loudly drummed home.

I showed them the Bible, and told them a little of its contents. I shall require a few days more at Bangweolo than I at first intended. The moon being in its last stage of waning I cannot observe till it is of some size.

19th.—Went down to Masantu's village, which is on the shore of the lake. Here we had as a spectator a man walking

on stilts tied to his ankles and knees. There are a great many Babisa among the people. I sent the chief a fathom of calico, and got an audience at once. Masantu is an oldish man; had never prayed to the Great Father of all, though he said the footsteps of "Mungu" could be seen on a part of Lifunge Island: a large footstep may also be seen on the rock at the Chambeze, about fifteen inches long. He informed us that the lake is much the largest at the part called Bangweolo.

The country around the lake is all flat, and very much denuded of trees, except the Motsikiri or Mosikisi, which has fine dark, dense foliage, and is spared for its shade and the fatty oil yielded by its seeds: we saw the people boiling large pots full of the dark brown fat, which they use to lubricate their hair. The islands, four in number, are all flat, but well peopled. The men have many canoes, and are all expert fishermen; they have many children, as fishermen usually have.

21st.—Canoe-men are usually extortionate, because one cannot do without them. Mapuni claims authority over them, and sent to demand another fathom that he may give orders to them to go with us: I gave a hoe and a string of beads instead, but he insisted on the cloth, and kept the hoe too, as I could not afford the time to haggle.

No hot fountains or earthquakes are known in this region. The bottom of the lake consists of fine white sand, and a broad belt of strong rushes, say 100 yards wide, shows shallow water. In the afternoons quite a crowd of canoes anchor at its outer edge to angle; the hooks are like ours, but without barbs. The fish are perch chiefly, but others similar to those that appear in the other lakes are found.

22nd.—A very high wind came with the new moon, and prevented our going, and also the fishermen from following their calling.

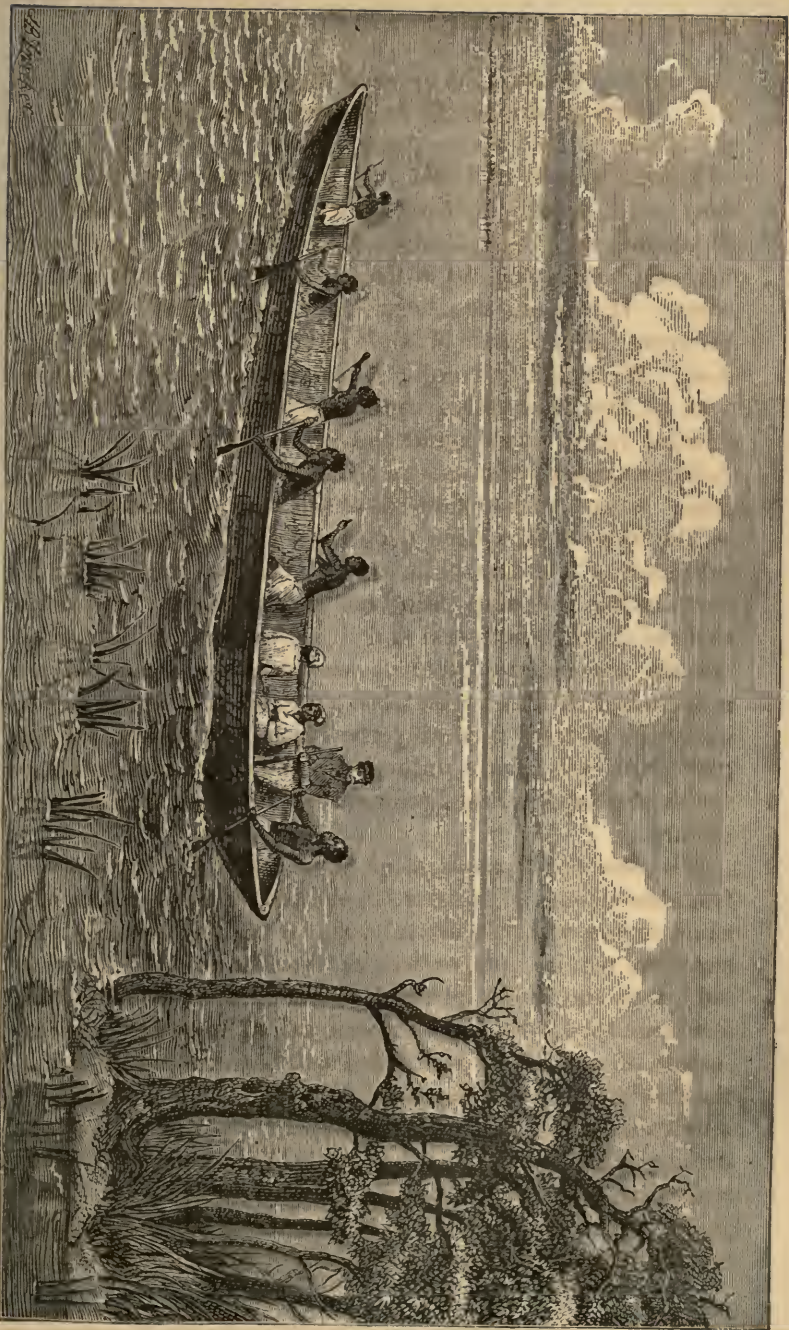
25th.—We embarked at 11.40 A.M. in a fine canoe, 45 feet long, 4 feet deep, and 4 feet broad. The waves were high, but the canoe was very dry, and five stout men propelled

her quickly towards an opening in Lifunge Island, on our S.E. Here we stopped to wood, and I went away to look at the island.

The canoe-men now said that they would start, then that they would sleep here, because we could not reach the Island Mpabala before dark, and would not get a hut. I said that it would be sleeping out of doors only in either case, so they went. It was all sea horizon on our south and north, between Lifunge and Mpabala, and between Lifunge and Kisi. We could not go to Kisi, because, as the canoe-men told us, they had stolen their canoe thence. Though we decided to go, we remained awhile to let the sea go down. A hammerhead's nest on one of the trees was fully four feet high. Coarse rushes show the shoals near the islands.

The water is of a deep sea-green color, probably from the reflection of the fine white sand of the bottom; we saw no part having the deep dark blue of Nyassa, and conjecture that the depth is not great; but I had to leave our line when Amoda absconded. On Kisi we observed a dark square mass, which at first I took to be a low hill: it turned out to be a mass of trees (probably the place of sepulture, for the graveyards are always untouched), and shows what a dense forest this land would become were it not for the influence of men.

We reached Mpabala after dark. It was bitterly cold, from the amount of moisture in the air. I asked a man who came to see what the arrival was, for a hut; he said, "Do strangers require huts, or ask for them at night?" he then led us to the public place of meeting, called Nsaka, which is a large shed, with planks around and open spaces between, instead of walls; here we cooked a little porridge, and ate it, then I lay down on one side, with the canoe-men and my attendants at the fire in the middle, and was soon asleep, and dreamed that I had apartments in Mivart's Hotel. This made me feel much amused next day, for I never dream unless I am ill, or going to be ill; and of all places in the world, I never thought of Mivart's Hotel in my waking



DISCOVERY OF LAKE BANGWEFOLO.

moments ; a freak of the fancy surely, for I was not at all discontented with my fare, or apartment, I was only afraid of getting a stock of vermin from my associates.

26th.—I have to stand the stare of a crowd of people at every new place for hours: all usually talk as quickly as their glib tongues can ; these certainly do not belong to the tribes who are supposed to eke out their language by signs ! A few indulge their curiosity in sight-seeing, but go on steadily weaving nets, or by beating bark-cloth, or in spinning cotton ; others smoke their big tobacco pipes, or nurse a baby, or enjoy the heat of the bright morning sun. I walked across the north end of the island, and found it to be about one mile broad. At the highest part we could see the tops of the trees on Kasango, a small uninhabited islet, about thirty miles distant: the tops of the trees were evidently lifted up by the mirage, for near the shore and at other parts they were invisible, even with a good glass.

27th.—The canoe-men now got into a flurry, because they were told here that the Kisi men had got an inkling that their canoe was here, and were coming to take it ; they said to me that they would come back for me, but I could not trust thieves to be so honest. I thought of seizing their paddles, and appealing to the headmen of the island ; but aware from past experience how easy it is for acknowledged thieves like them to get up a tale to secure the cheap sympathy of the soft-headed, or tender-hearted, I resolved to bear with meekness, though groaning inwardly, the loss of two of the four days for which I had paid them. I had only my coverlet to hire another canoe, and it was now very cold ; the few beads left would all be required to buy food in the way back ; I might have got food by shooting buffaloes, but that on foot and through grass, with stalks as thick as a goose quill, is dreadfully hard work ; I had thus to return to Masantu's, and trust to the distances as deduced from the time taken by the natives in their canoes for the size of the lake. I think that I am considerably within the mark in setting down Bangweolo as 150 miles long by 80 broad.

30th.—We commenced our march back, being eager to get to Chikumbi's in case Mohamad should go thence to Katanga. We touched at Mapuni's, and then went on to the Mato and Moieggea's stockade, where he heard of Chikumbi's attack on Kombokombo's. Moieggea had taken the hint, and was finishing a second line of defense around his village: we reached him on the 1st of August, 1868, and stopped for Sunday the 2nd: on the 3rd back to the Rofubu, where I was fortunate enough to hire a canoe to take me over.

5th August, 1868.—Reach Kombokombo, who is very liberal, and pressed us to stay a day with him as well as with others; we complied, and found that Mohamad had gone nowhere.

7th.—We found a party starting from Kizinga for the coast, having our letters with them; it will take five months to reach the sea. The disturbed state of the country prevented parties of traders proceeding in various directions, and one that set off on the same day with us was obliged to return. Mohamad has resolved to go to Manyema as soon as parties of his men now out return: this is all in my favor; it is in the way I want to go to see the Lualaba and Lufira to Chowambe. The way seems opening out before me, and I am thankful. I resolved to go north by way of Casembe, and guides were ready to start, so was I; but rumors of war where we were going induced me to halt to find out the truth: the guides were going to divine, by means of a cock, to see if it would be lucky to go with me at present. The rumors of danger became so circumstantial that our fence was needed: a well was dug inside, and the Banyamwezi were employed to smelt copper as for the market of Manyema, and balls for war. Syde bin Omar soon came over the Luapula from Iramba, and the state of confusion induced the traders to agree to unite their forces and make a safe retreat out of the country. They objected very strongly to my going away down the right bank of the Luapula with my small party, though it was in sight; so I resolved to remain till all went.

15th.—Bin Omar, a Suaheli, came from Muaboso on Chambeze in six days, crossing in that space twenty-two burns or oozes, from knee to waist deep.

29th.—Kaskas began to-day hot and sultry. This will continue till rains fall.

The notion of a rainy zone in which the clouds deposit their treasures in perpetual showers, has received no confirmation from my observations.

Thanks to that all-embracing Providence, which has watched over and enabled me to discover what I have done. There is still much to do, and if health and protection be granted I shall make a complete thing of it.

[Dr. Livingstone seems to have been unable to find opportunity to make daily entries at this period. All was turmoil and panic, and his life appears to have been in imminent danger. Briefly we see that on his way back from the lake he found that his Arab associates of the last few months had taken up Casembe's cause against the devastating hordes of Mazitu, who had swept down on these parts, and had repulsed them. But now a fresh complication arose! Casembe and Chikumbi became alarmed lest the Arabs, feeling their own power, should turn upon them and possess the whole country; so they joined forces and stormed Kombokombo, one of the leading Arabs, and with what success we shall see.]

5th October, 1868.—I was detained in the Imbozhwa country much longer than I relished. The inroad of the Mazitu, of which Casembe had just heard when we reached the Mofwe, was the first cause of delay: he had at once sent off men to verify the report, and requested me to remain till his messengers should return. This foray produced a state of lawlessness in the country, which was the main reason of our further detention.

The Imbozhwa fled before the marauders, and the Banyamwezi or Garaganza, who had come in numbers to trade in copper, took on themselves the duty of expelling the invaders, and this, by means of their muskets, they did

effectually; then, building stockades, they excited the jealousy of the Imbozhwa lords of the soil who, instead of feeling grateful, hated the new power thus sprung up among them! They had suffered severely from the sharp dealing of the strangers already, and Chikumbi made a determined assault on the stockade of Kombokombo in vain.

Confusion prevailed all over the country. Some Banyamwezi assumed the offensive against the Bausi, who resemble the Imbozhwa, but are further south, and captured and sold some prisoners: it was in this state of things that, as already mentioned, I was surrounded by a party of furious Imbozhwa. A crowd stood within fifteen or twenty yards with spears poised and arrows set in the bowstrings, and some took aim at me: they took us for plunderers, and some plants of ground-nuts thrown about gave color to their idea. One good soul helped us away—a blessing be on him and his. Another chief man took us for Mazitu! In this state of confusion Casembe heard that my party had been cut off; he called in Moenempanda and took the field in person, in order to punish the Banyamwezi, against whom he has an old grudge for killing a near relative of his family, selling Bausi, and setting themselves up as a power in his country.

The two Arab traders now in the country felt that they must unite their forces, and thereby effect a safe retreat. Chikumbi had kept twenty-eight tusks for Syde bin Omar safely; but the coming of Casembe might have put it out of his power to deliver up his trust in safety, for an army here is often quite lawless: each man takes to himself what he can. When united we marched from Kizinga on 23rd September together, built fences every night to protect ourselves and about 400 Banyamwezi, who took the opportunity to get safely away. Kombokombo came away from his stockade, and also part of the way, but cut away by night across country to join the parties of his countrymen who still love to trade in Katanga copper. We were not molested, but came nearly north to the Kalongosi. Syde parted from us, and went away east to Mozamba, and thence to the coast.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARCH FROM THE IMBOZHWA COUNTRY.

OCTOBER 11TH, 1868.—From Kizinga north the country is all covered with forest, and thrown up into ridges of hardened sandstone, capped occasionally with fine-grained clay schist. Trees often appear of large size and of a species closely resembling the gum-copal tree; on the heights masukos and rhododendrons are found, and when exposed they are bent away from the south-east. Animals, as buffaloes and elephants, are plentiful, but wild. Rivulets numerous, and running now as briskly as brooks do after much rain in England. All on the south-western side of Kalongosi are subjects of Casembe, that is Balunda, or Imbozhwa.

It was gratifying to see the Banyamwezi carrying their sick in cots slung between two men: in the course of time they tired of this, and one man, who was carried several days, remained with Chumah.

12th.—We came to the Kalongosi at the ford named Mosolo. Here 500 at least of Nsama's people stood on the opposite shore to know what we wanted. Two fathoms of calico were sent over, and then I and thirty guns went over to protect the people in the ford: as we approached they retired. I went to them, and told them that I had been to Nsama's, and he gave me a goat and food, and we were good friends: some had seen me there, and they now crowded to look till the Arabs thought it unsafe for me to be among them: if I had come with bared skin they would have fled.

All became friendly: an elephant was killed, and we remained two days buying food. We passed down between the ranges of hills on the east of Moero, the path we followed when we first visited Casembe.

20th—21st.—From the Luao I went over to the chief village of Muabo, and begged him to show me the excavations in his country: he declined, by saying that I came from a crowd of people, and must go to Kabwabwata, and wait awhile there; meanwhile he would think what he should do, whether to refuse or invite me to come. He evidently does not wish me to see his strongholds. All his people could go into them, though over ten thousand: they are all abundantly supplied with water, and they form the store-houses for grain.

22nd.—We came to Kabwabwata, and I hope I may find a way to other underground houses. It is probable that they are not the workmanship of the ancestors of the present occupants, for they ascribe their formation invariably to the Deity, Mulungu or Reza: if their forefathers had made them, some tradition would have existed of them.

27th—30th.—Salem bin Habib was killed by the people in Rua: he had put up a tent and they attacked it in the night, and stabbed him through it. Syde bin Habib waged a war of vengeance all through Rua after this for the murder of his brother: Sef's raid may have led the people to the murder.

1st November, 1868.—At Kabwabwata; we are waiting till Syde comes up that we may help him. He has an enormous number of tusks and bars of copper, sufficient it seems for all his people to take forward, going and returning three times over. He has large canoes on the lake, and will help us in return.

8th.—Syde bin Habib is said to have amassed 150 frasilahs of ivory = 5250 lbs., and 300 frasilahs of copper = 10,500 lbs. With one hundred carriers he requires to make four relays, or otherwise make the journey four times over at every stage. Twenty-one of his slaves ran away in one

night, and only four were caught again: they were not all bought, nor was the copper and ivory come at by fair means: the murder of his brother was a good excuse for plunder, murder, and capture. Mpweto is suspected of harboring them as living on the banks of the Lualaba, for they could not get over without assistance from his canoes and people. Mpweto said, "Remove from me, and we shall see if they come this way." They are not willing to deliver fugitives up. Syde sent for Elmas, the only thing of the Mullam or clerical order here, probably to ask if the Koran authorizes him to attack Mpweto. Mullam will reply, "Yes, certainly. If Mpweto won't restore your slaves, take what you can by force." Syde's bloodshed is now pretty large, and he is becoming afraid for his own life; if he ceases not, he will himself be caught some day.

Ill of fever two days. Better and thankful.

The discovery of the sources of the Nile is somewhat akin in importance to the discovery of the North-West Passage, which called forth, though in a minor degree, the energy, the perseverance, and the pluck of Englishmen, and all that does that, is beneficial to the nation and to its posterity. The discovery of the sources of the Nile possesses; moreover, an element of interest which the North-West Passage never had. The great men of antiquity have recorded their ardent desires to know the fountains of what Homer called "*Egypt's heaven-descended spring*." Sesostris, the first who in camp with his army made and distributed maps, not to Egyptians only, but to the Scythians; naturally wished to know the springs, says Eustathius, of the river on whose banks he flourished. Alexander the Great, who founded a celebrated city at this river's mouth, looked up the stream with the same desire, and so did the Cæsars. The great Julius Cæsar is made by Lucan to say that he would give up the civil war if he might but see the fountains of this far-famed river. Nero Cæsar sent two centurions to examine the "*Caput Nili*." They reported that they saw the river rushing with great force from two

rocks, and beyond that it was lost in immense marshes. This was probably "native information," concerning the cataracts of the Nile and a long space above them, which had already been enlarged by others into two hills with sharp conical tops called Crophi and Mophi—midway between which lay the fountains of the Nile—fountains which it was impossible to fathom, and which gave forth half their water to Ethiopia in the south, and the other half to Egypt in the north: that which these men failed to find, and that which great minds in ancient times longed to know, has in this late age been brought to light by the patient toil and laborious perseverance of Englishmen.

In laying a contribution to this discovery at the feet of his countrymen, the writer desires to give all the honor to his predecessors which they deserve. The work of Speke and Grant is deserving of the highest commendation, inasmuch as they opened up an immense tract of previously unexplored country, in the firm belief they were bringing to light the head of the Nile. No one can appreciate the difficulties of their feat unless he has gone into new country. In association with Captain Burton, Speke came much nearer to the "coy fountains," than at the Victoria Nyanza, but they all turned their backs on them. Mr. Baker showed courage and perseverance worthy of an Englishman in following out the hints given by Speke and Grant. But none rises higher in my estimation than the Dutch lady, Miss Tinné, who, after the severest domestic afflictions, nobly persevered in the teeth of every difficulty, and only turned away from the object of her expedition, after being assured by Speke and Grant that they had already discovered in Victoria Nyanza the sources she sought. Had they not given their own mistaken views, the wise foresight by which she provided a steamer, would inevitably have led her to pull up, and by canoes to reach Lake Bangweolo's sources, full five hundred miles south of the most southerly part of Victoria Nyanza. She evidently possesses some of the indomitable pluck of Van Tromp, whose tomb every Englishman who goes to

Holland must see.* Her doctor was made a baron—were she not a Dutch lady already we think she ought to be made a duchess.

The subject of change of climate from alteration of level has not received the investigation it deserves. Mr. Darwin saw reason to believe that very great alterations of altitude, and of course climate, had taken place in South America and the islands of the Pacific; the level of a country above the sea I believe he thought to be as variable as the winds. A very great alteration of altitude has also taken place in Africa; this is apparent on the sea-coast of Angola, and all through the center of the country, where large rivers which once flowed southwards and westwards are no longer able to run in these directions: the general desiccation of the country, as seen in the beds of large rivers and of enormous lakes, tells the same tale. Portions of the east coast have sunk, others have risen, even in the Historic Period. The upper or northern end of the Red Sea has risen, so that the place of the passage of the children of Israel is now between forty and fifty miles from Suez, the modern head of the Gulf. This upheaval, and not the sand from the desert, caused the disuse of the ancient canal across the Isthmus: it took place since the Mohamadan conquest of Egypt. The women of the Jewish captivities were carried past the end of the Red Sea and along the Mediterranean in ox-wagons, where such cattle would now all perish for want of water and pasture; in fact, the route to Assyria would have proved more fatal to captives then than the middle passage has been to Africans since. It may be true that, *as the desert is now*, it could not have been traversed by the multitude under Moses—the German strictures put forth by Dr. Colenso, under the plea of the progress of science, assume that no alteration has taken place in either desert or climate—but a scientific examination of the subject would have ascertained what the country was then when it afforded

* Miss Tinné succumbed to the dangers of African traveling before Livingstone penned these just words of appréciation.

pasture to "flocks and herds, and even very much cattle." We know that Eziongeber was, with its docks, on the sea-shore, with water in abundance for the ship-carpenters: it is now far from the head of the Elaic Gulf in a parched desert.

Aden, when visited by the Portuguese Balthazar less than 300 years ago, was a perfect garden; but it is now a vast conglomeration of black volcanic rocks, with so little vegetation, that, on seeing flocks of goats driven out, I thought of the Irish cabman at an ascent slamming the door of his cab and whispering to his fare, "Whish, it's to desave the baste: he thinks that you are out walking." Gigantic tanks in great numbers and the ruins of aqueducts appear as relics of the past, where no rain now falls for three or more years at a time. They have all dried up by a change of climate, possibly similar and cotemporaneous with that which has dried up the Dead Sea.

The journey of Ezra was undertaken after a fast at the River Ahava. With nearly 50,000 people he had only about 8,000 beasts of burden. He was ashamed to ask a band of soldiers and horsemen for protection in the way. It took about four months to reach Jerusalem; this would give five and a half or six miles a day, as the crow flies, which is equal to twelve or fifteen miles of surface traveled over; this bespeaks a country capable of yielding both provisions and water, such as cannot now be found. Ezra would not have been ashamed to ask for camels to carry provisions and water had the country been as dry as it is now. The prophets, in telling all the woes and miseries of the captivities, never allude to suffering or perishing by thirst in the way, or being left to rot in the route as African slaves are now in a well-watered country. Had the route to Assyria been then as it is now, they could scarcely have avoided referring to the thirst of the way; but everything else is mentioned except that.

11th.—Muabo visited this village, but refuses to show his underground houses.

13th.—I was on the point of starting without Mohamad Bogharib, but he begged me not to go till he had settled some weighty matter about a wife he is to get at Ujiji from Mpamari; we must have the new moon, which will appear in three days, for lucky starting, and will leave Syde bin Habib at Chisabi's. Meanwhile two women slaves ran away, and Syde has got only five back of his twenty-one fugitives. Mullam was mild with his decisions, and returned here; he informed me that many of Syde's slaves, about forty, fled. Of those who cannot escape many die, evidently broken-hearted; they are captives, and not, as slaves often are, criminals sold for their guilt; hence the great mortality caused by being taken to the sea to be, as they believe, fatted and eaten. Poor things! Heaven help them!

[It will be remembered that several of his men refused to go to Lake Bangweolo with him: they seem now to have thought better of it, and on his return are anxious to come back to their old master who, for his part, is evidently willing to overlook a good deal.]

I have taken all the runaways back again; after trying the independent life they will behave better. Much of their ill conduct may be ascribed to seeing that after the flight of the Johanna men I was entirely dependent on them: more enlightened people often take advantage of men in similar circumstances; though I have seen pure Africans come out generously to aid one abandoned to their care. I have faults myself.

15th.—The Arabs have some tradition of the Emir Musa coming as far south as the Jagga country. Some say he lived N. E. of Sunna, now Mteza; but it is so mixed up with fable and tales of the Genii (Mageni), that it cannot refer to the great Moses, concerning whose residence at Meroe and marriage of the King of Ethiopia's daughter there is also some vague tradition further north: the only thing of interest to me is the city of Meroe, which is lost, and may, if built by ancient Egyptians, still be found.

16th.—I am tired out by waiting after finishing the

Journal, and will go off to-morrow north. Simon killed a zebra after I had taken the above resolution, and this supply of meat makes delay bearable, for besides flesh, of which I had none, we can buy all kinds of grain and pulse for the next few days. The women of the adjacent villages crowd into this as soon as they hear of an animal killed, and sell all the produce of their plantations for meat.

18th.—A pretty little woman ran away from her husband, and came to "Mpamari." Her husband brought three hoes, a checked cloth, and two strings of large neck beads to redeem her; but this old fellow wants her for himself, and by native law he can keep her as his slave-wife. Slave-owners make a bad neighborhood, for the slaves are always running away and the headmen are expected to restore the fugitives for a bit of cloth. An old woman of Mpamari's fled three times; she was caught yesterday, and tied to a post for the young slaves to plague her. Her daughter burst into an agony of tears on seeing them tying her mother, and Mpamari ordered her to be tied to the mother's back for crying; I interceded for her, and she was let go. He said, "You don't care, though Syed Majid loses his money." I replied, "Let the old woman go, she will be off again to-morrow." But they cannot bear to let a slave have freedom. I don't understand what effect his long prayers and prostrations towards the "Kibla" have on his own mind; they cannot affect the minds of his slaves favorably, nor do they mine, though I am as charitable as most people.

19th.—I prepared to start to-day, but Mohamad Bogharib has been very kind, and indeed cooked meals for me from my arrival at Casembe's, 6th May last, till we came here, 22nd October; the food was coarse enough, but still it was food; and I did not like to refuse his genuine hospitality. He now begged of me not to go for three days, and then he would come along with me! Mpamari also entreated. I would not have minded him, but they have influence with the canoe-men on Tanganyika, and it is well not to get a bad name if possible.

20th.—Mohamad Bogharib purposed to attack two villages near to this, from an idea that the people there concealed his runaway slaves; by remaining I think that I have put a stop to this, as he did not like to pillage while I was in company: Mpamari also turned round towards peace, though he called all the riff-raff to muster, and caracoled among them like an old broken-winded horse. One man became so excited with yelling, that the others had to disarm him, and he then fell down as if in a fit; water poured on his head brought him to calmness.

22nd.—This evening the Imbozhwa, or Babemba, came at dusk, and killed a Wanyamwezi woman on one side of the village, and a woman and child on the other side of it. I took this to be the result of the warlike demonstration mentioned above; but one of Mohamad Bogharib's people, named Bin Juma, had gone to a village on the north of this and seized two women and two girls, in lieu of four slaves who had run away. The headman, resenting this, shot an arrow into one of Bin Juma's party, and Bin Juma shot a woman with his gun.

This, it turned out, had roused the whole country, and next morning we were assailed by a crowd of Imbozhwa on three sides: we had no stockade, but the men built one as fast as the enemy allowed, cutting down trees and carrying them to the line of defence, while others kept the assailants at bay with their guns. Had it not been for the crowd of Banyamwezi which we have, who shot vigorously with their arrows, and occasionally chased the Imbozhwa, we should have been routed. I did not go near the fighting; but remained in my house to defend my luggage if necessary. The women went up and down the village with sieves, as if winnowing, and singing songs, and lullilooing, to encourage their husbands and friends who were fighting, each had a branch of the *Ficus indica* in her hand, which she waved, I suppose as a charm. About ten of the Imbozhwa are said to have been killed, but dead and wounded were at once carried off by their countrymen. They continued the assault

from early dawn till 1 P.M., and showed great bravery, but they wounded only two with their arrows. Their care to secure the wounded was admirable: two or three at once seized the fallen man, and ran off with him, though pursued by a great crowd of Banyamwezi with spears, and fired at by the Suaheli—Victoria-cross fellows truly many of them were! Those who had a bunch of animals' tails, with medicine, tied to their waists, came sidling and ambling up to near the unfinished stockade, and shot their arrows high up into the air, to fall among the Wanyamwezi, then picked up any arrows on the field, ran back, and returned again. They thought that by the ambling gait they avoided the balls, and when these whistled past them they put down their heads, as if to allow them to pass over; they had never encountered guns before. We did not then know it, but Muabo, Phuta, Ngurue, Sandaruko, and Chapi, were the assailants, for we found it out by the losses each of these five chiefs sustained.

It was quite evident to me that the Suaheli Arabs were quite taken aback by the attitude of the natives; they expected them to flee as soon as they heard a gun fired in anger, but instead of this we were very nearly being cut off, and should have been but for our Banyamwezi allies. It is fortunate that the attacking party had no success in trying to get Mpweto and Karenibwe to join them against us, or it would have been more serious still.

24th.—The Imbozhwa, or Babemba rather, came early this morning, and called on Mohamad to come out of his stockade if he were a man who could fight, but the fence is now finished, and no one seems willing to obey the taunting call: I have nothing to do with it, but feel thankful that I was detained, and did not, with my few attendants, fall into the hands of the justly infuriated Babemba. They kept up the attack to-day, and some went out to them, fighting till noon: when a man was killed and not carried off, the Wanyamwezi brought his head and put it on a pole on the stockade—six heads were thus placed. A fine young man was caught and

brought in by the Wanyamwezi, one stabbed him behind, another cut his forehead with an axe. I called in vain to them not to kill him. As a last appeal, he said to the crowd that surrounded him, "Don't kill me, and I shall take you to where the women are." "You lie," said his enemies; "you intend to take us where we may be shot by your friends;" and they killed him. It was horrible: I protested loudly against any repetition of this wickedness, and the more sensible agreed that prisoners ought not to be killed, but the Banyamwezi are incensed against the Babemba because of the women killed on the 22nd.

25th.—The Babemba kept off on the third day, and the Arabs are thinking it will be a good thing if we get out of the country unscathed. Men were sent off on the night of the 23rd to Syde bin Habib for powder and help. Mohamad Bogharib is now unwilling to take the onus of the war: he blames Mpamari, and Mpamari blames him; I told Mohamad that the war was undoubtedly his work, inasmuch as Bin Juma is his man, and he approved of his seizing the women.

He does not like this, but it is true; he would not have entered a village of Casembe or Moamba or Chikumbi as he did Chapi's man's village: the people here are simply men of more mettle than he imagined, and his folly in beginning a war in which, if possible, his slaves will slip through his hands is apparent to all, even to himself. Syde sent four barrels of gunpowder and ten men, who arrived during last night.

27th.—Two of Muabo's men came over to bring on a parley: one told us that he had been on the south side of the village before, and heard one man say to another "mo pige" (shoot him). Mpamari gave them a long oration in exculpation, but it was only the same everlasting story of fugitive slaves. The slave-traders cannot prevent them from escaping, and impudently think that the country people ought to catch them, and thus be their humble servants, and also the persecutors of their own countrymen! If they cannot keep them, why buy them—why put their money into a bag with holes?

It is exactly what took place in America—slave-owners are bad neighbors everywhere. Canada was threatened, England browbeaten, and the Northerners all but kicked on the same score, and all as if property in slaves had privileges which no other goods have. To hear the Arabs say of the slaves after they are fled, “Oh, they are bad, bad, very bad!” (and they entreated me too to free them from the yoke), is, as the young ladies say, “too absurd.” The chiefs also who do not apprehend fugitives, they too are “bad.”

I proposed to Mohamad Bogharib to send back the women seized by Bin Juma, to show the Babemba that he disapproved of the act and was willing to make peace, but this was four barrels of gunpowder or 160 dollars, while slaves lawfully bought would have cost him only eight or ten yards of calico each. At the conclusion of Mpamari's speech the four barrels of gunpowder were exhibited, and so was the Koran, to impress them (Muabo's people) with an idea of their great power.

28th–29th.—It is proposed to go and force our way if we can to the north, but all feel that that would be a fine opportunity for the slaves to escape, and they would not be loth to embrace it; this makes it a serious matter, and the Koran is consulted at hours which are auspicious.

30th.—Messengers sent to Muabo to ask a path, or in plain words protection from him; Mpamari protests his innocence of the whole affair.

1st December, 1868.—Muabo's people over again; would fain send them to make peace with Chapi!

2nd.—The detention is excessively vexatious to me. Muabo sent three slaves as offers of peace—a fine self-imposed, but he is on our south side, and we wish to go north.

3rd.—A party went to-day to clear the way to the north, but were warmly received by Babemba with arrows; they came back with one woman captured, and they say that they killed one man: one of themselves is wounded, and many

others in danger: others who went east were shot at, and wounded too.

4th.—A party went east, and were fain to flee from the Babemba; the same thing occurred on our west, and to-day (5th) all were called to strengthen the stockade for fear that the enemy may enter uninvited. The slaves would certainly flee, and small blame to them though they did. Mpamari proposed to go off north by night, but his people objected, as even a child crying would arouse the Babemba, and reveal the flight; so finally he sent off to ask Syde what he ought to do, whether to retire by day or by night; probably entreating Syde to come and protect him.

A sort of idol is found in every village in this part; it is of wood, and represents the features, markings and fashion of the hair of the inhabitants: some have little huts built for them—others are in common houses. The Babemba call them *Nkisi*, and they present pombe, flour, bhang, tobacco, and light a fire for them to smoke by. They represent the departed father or mother, and it is supposed that they are pleased with the offerings made to their representatives, but all deny that they pray to them. Casembe has very many of these *Nkisi*; one with long hair, and named *Motombo*, is carried in front when he takes the field; names of dead chiefs are sometimes given to them.

6th.—Ten of Syde bin Habib's people came over, bringing a letter, the contents of which neither Mpamari nor Mohamad cares to reveal. Some think, with great probability, that he asks, "Why did you begin a war if you wanted to leave so soon? Did you not know that the country people would take advantage of your march, encumbered as you will be by women and slaves?" Mohamad Bogharib called me to ask what advice I could give him, as all his own advice, and devices too, had been lost or were useless, and he did not know what to do. The Banyamwezi threatened to go off by night and leave him, as they are incensed against the Babemba, and offended because the Arabs do not aid them in wreaking their vengeance upon them.

I took care not to give any advice, but said, if I had been or was in his place, I would have sent or would send back Bin Juma's captives, to show that I disapproved of his act—the first in the war—and was willing to make peace with Chapi. He said that he did not know that Bin Juma would capture these people; that Bin Juma had met some natives with fish, and took ten by force, that the natives, in revenge, caught three Banyamwezi slaves, and Bin Juma then gave one slave to them as a fine, but Mohamad did not know of this affair either. I am of opinion, however, that he was fully aware of both matters, and Mpamari's caracoling showed that he knew it all, though now he denies it.

Bin Juma is a long, thin, lanky Suaheli, six feet two high, with a hooked nose and large lips: I told Mohamad that if he were to go with us to Manyema, the whole party would be cut off. He came here, bought a slave boy, and allowed him to escape; then browbeat Chapi's man about him (and he says, three others); and caught ten in lieu of him, of which Mohamad restored six: this was the origin of the war. Now that we are in the middle of it, I must do as Mohamad does in going off either by day or by night. It is unreasonable to ask my advice now, but it is felt that they have very unjustifiably placed me in a false position, and they fear that Syed Majid will impute blame to them; meanwhile Syde bin Habib sent a private message to me to come with his men to him, and leave this party.

I perceive that the plan now is to try and clear our way of Chapi, and then march, but I am so thoroughly disgusted with this slave-war, that I think of running the risk of attack by the country people, and go off to-morrow without Mohamad Bogharib, though I like him much more than I do Mpamari or Syde bin Habib. It is too glaring hypocrisy to go to the Koran for guidance while the stolen women, girls, and fish, are in Bin Juma's hands.

8th—9th.—I had to wait for the Banyamwezi preparing food: Mohamad has no authority over them, or indeed over anyone else. Two Babemba men came in and said that they

had given up fighting, and begged for their wives, who had been captured by Syde's people on their way here: this reasonable request was refused at first, but better counsels prevailed, and they were willing to give something to appease the anger of the enemy, and sent back six captives, two of whom were the wives prayed for.

[At last he makes a start on the 11th of December with the Arabs, who are bound eastwards for Ujji. It is a motley group, composed of Mohamad and his friends, a gang of Unyamwezi hangers-on, and strings of wretched slaves yoked together in their heavy slave-sticks. Some carry ivory, others copper, or food for the march, whilst hope and fear, misery and villainy, may be read off on the various faces that pass in line out of this country, like a serpent dragging its accursed folds away from the victim it has paralyzed with its fangs.]

11th.—We marched four hours unmolested by the natives, built a fence, and next day crossed the Lokinda River.

12th.—The tiresome tale of slaves running away was repeated again last night by two of Mpamri's making off, though in the yoke, and they had been with him from boyhood. Not one good-looking slave-woman is now left of Mohamad Bogharib's fresh slaves; all the pretty ones obtain favor by their address, beg to be unyoked, and then escape. Four hours brought us to many villages of Chisabi and the camp of Syde bin Habib in the middle of a set-in rain, which marred the demonstration at meeting with his relative Mpamari; but the women braved it through, wet to the skin, and danced and lullilooed with "draigled" petticoats with a zeal worthy of a better cause, as the "penny-a-liners" say. It is the custom for the trader who receives visitors to slaughter goats and feed all his guests for at least two days, nor was Syde wanting in this hospitality, though the set-in rain continuing, we did not enjoy it as in fine weather.

15th.—March two hours only to the range of Tamba.

16th—18th.—A brother of Syde bin Habib died last night: I had made up my mind to leave the whole party, but Syde

said that Chisabi was not to be trusted, and the death of his brother having happened, it would not be respectful to leave him to bury his dead alone. Six of his slaves fled during the night—one, the keeper of the others. A Mobemba man, who had been to the coast twice with him, is said to have wished a woman who was in the chain, so he loosed five out, and took her off; the others made clear heels of it, and now that the grass is long and green, no one can trace their course.

Syde told me that the slaves would not have detained him, but his brother's death did. We buried the youth, who has been ill three months. Mpamari descended into the grave with four others; a broad cloth was held over them horizontally, and a little fluctuation made, as if to fan those who were depositing the body in the side excavation made at the bottom: when they had finished they pulled in earth, and all shoved it towards them till the grave was level. Mullam then came and poured a little water into and over the grave, mumbled a few prayers, at which Mpamari said aloud to me, "Mullam does not let his voice be heard;" and Mullam smiled to me, as if to say, "Loud enough for all I shall get:" during the ceremony the women were all wailing loudly. We went to the usual sitting-place, and shook hands with Syde, as if receiving him back again into the company of the living.

Syde told me previously to this event that he had fought the people who killed his elder brother Salem bin Habib, and would continue to fight them till all their country was spoiled and a desolation: there is no forgiveness with Moslems for bloodshed. He killed many, and took many slaves, ivory, and copper: his tusks number over 200, many of large size.

19th—20th.—To Chisabi's village stockade, on the left bank of the Lofunso, which flows in a marshy valley three miles broad. Eight of Mohamad Bogharib's slaves fled by night, one with his gun and wife; a large party went in search, but saw nothing of them.

22nd.—We crossed the Lofunso River, wading three

branches, the first of forty-seven yards, then the river itself, fifty yards, and neck deep to men and women of ordinary size. Two were swept away and drowned; other two were rescued by men leaping in and saving them, one of whom was my man Susi. A crocodile bit one person badly, but was struck, and driven off. Two slaves escaped by night; a woman loosed her husband's yoke from the tree, and got clear off.

24th.—Five sick people detain us to-day.

25th *December, Christmas Day*.—We can buy nothing except the very coarsest food—not a goat or fowl—while Syde having plenty of copper, can get all the luxuries. We marched past Mount Katanga, leaving it on our left to the River Kapeta, and slaughtered a favorite kid to make a Christmas dinner. A trading-party came up from Ujiji; they said that we were ten camps from Tanganyika.

26th.—We marched up an ascent $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and got on to the top of one of the mountain ridges, which generally run N. and S. There were no people on the height over which we came, though the country is very fine—green and gay with varying shades of that color.

27th—28th.—Remain on Sunday, then march and cross five rivulets about four yards wide and knee deep.

29th.—We kept well on the ridge between two ranges of hills; then went down, and found a partially burned native stockade, and lodged in it.

30th.—We now went due east, and crossed the river Lokivwa, twelve yards wide, and very deep, with villages all about. We ascended much as we went east. Very high mountains appeared on the N. W. The woods dark green, with large patches of a paler hue.

31st.—We reached the Lofuko yesterday in a pelting rain; not knowing that the camp with huts was near, I stopped and put on a burnouse, got wet, and had no dry clothes. Remain to-day to buy food. Scenery very lovely.

CHAPTER XIV.

TO UJIJI AND THE MANYUEMA COUNTRY.

(THE new year opened badly enough, and from letters he wrote subsequently concerning the illness which now attacked him, we gather that it left evils behind from which he never quite recovered. The following entries were made after he regained sufficient strength, but we see how short they necessarily were, and what labor it was to make the jottings which relate to his progress towards the western shore of Lake Tanganyika.)

1st January, 1869.—I have been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often: I felt very ill, but fearing that the Lofuko might flood, I resolved to cross it. Cold up to the waist, which made me worse, but I went on for 2½ hours E.

3rd.—I marched one hour, but found I was too ill to go further. Moving is always good in fever; now I had a pain in the chest, and rust of iron sputa: my lungs, my strongest part, were thus affected. We crossed a rill and built sheds, but I lost count of the days of the week and month after this. Very ill all over.

About 7th January.—Cannot walk: pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night: sputa rust of iron and bloody: distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness, in groups of twos and threes; if I look at any piece of wood, the bark seems covered over with figures and faces of men, and they remain, though I look away and turn to the same spot again. I saw

myself lying dead in the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines ring through my head perpetually :

“I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you
When you think I'm far away.”

Mohamad Bogharib came up, and I have got a cupper, who cupped my chest.

8th-9th.—Mohamad Bogharib offered to carry me. I am so weak I can scarcely speak. We are in Marungu proper now—a pretty but steeply-undulating country. This is the first time in my life I have been carried in illness, but I can not raise myself to the sitting posture. No food except a little gruel. Great distress in coughing, all night long; feet swelled and sore. I am carried four hours each day on a kitanda, or frame, like a cot; carried eight hours one day. Then sleep in a deep ravine. Next day six hours, over volcanic tufa; very rough. We seem near the brim of Tanganyika. Sixteen days of illness. May be 23rd of January; it is 5th of lunar month. Country very undulating; it is perpetually up and down. Soil red, and rich knolls of every size and form. Trees few. Carried eight hours yesterday to a chief's village. Small, sharp thorns hurt the men's feet, and so does the roughness of the ground. Mohamad Bogharib is very kind to me in my extreme weakness; but carriage is painful; head down and feet up alternates with feet down and head up; jolted up and down and sideways—changing shoulders involves a toss from one side to the other of the Kitanda. The sun is vertical, blistering any part of the skin exposed, and I try to shelter my face and head as well as I can with a bunch of leaves, but it is dreadfully fatiguing in my weakness.

I had a severe relapse after a very hot day. Mohamad gave me medicines; one was a sharp purgative, the others intended for the cure of the cough.

14th February, 1869.—Arrived at Tanganyika. Parra is

the name of the land at the confluence of the River Lofuko : Syde bin Habib had two or three large canoes at this place ; our beads were nearly done, so I sent to Syde to say that all the Arabs had served me except himself. Thani bin Suellim by his letter was anxious to send a canoe as soon as I reached the lake, and the only service I wanted of Syde was to inform Thani, by one of his canoes, that I was here very ill, and if I did not get to Ujiji, to get proper food and medicine, I should die. Thani would send a canoe as soon as he knew of my arrival I was sure : he replied that he too would serve me, and sent some flour and two fowls : he would come in two days and see what he could do as to canoes.

15th.—The cough and chest pain diminished, and I feel thankful ; my body is greatly emaciated. Syde came to-day, and is favorable to sending me up to Ujiji. Thanks to the Great Father in Heaven.

24th.—We had remarkably little rain these two months.

26th.—Embark, and sleep at Katonga after seven hours' paddling.

27th.—We were to cross to Kabogo, a large mass of mountains on the eastern side, but the wind was too high.

2nd March, 1869.—Waves still high, so we got off only on 3rd, and came to M. Bogharib, who cooked bountifully.

6th.—5 P.M. Off to Toloka Bay—three hours ; left at 6 A.M., and came in four hours, to Uguha, which is on the west side of Tanganyika.

7th.—Left at 6 P.M., and went on till two canoes ran on rocks in the way to Kasanga islet. Rounded a point of land, and made for Kasanga with a storm in our teeth ; fourteen hours in all. We were received by a young Arab Muscat, who dined us sumptuously at noon.

8th.—On Kasanga islet. Patience was never more needed than now : I am near Ujiji, but the slaves who paddle are tired, and no wonder ; they keep up a roaring song all through their work, night and day. I expect to get medicine, food, and milk at Ujiji, but dawdle and do nothing. I have a good appetite, and sleep well ; these are the favorable symptoms ;



UGUHU HEAD-DRESSES.

but am dreadfully thin, bowels irregular, and I have no medicine. Sputa increases; hope to hold out to Ujiji. Cough worse. Hope to go to-morrow.

9th.—Zahor is the name of our young Arab host.

11th.—Go over to Kibizé islet, 1½ hour from Kasanga.

12th.—From Kibizé islet to Kabogo River on east side of lake, ten hours; sleep there. Syde slipped past us at night, but we made up to him in four hours next morning.

13th.—At Rombolé; we sleep, then on.

[At last he reached the great Arab settlement at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Tanganyika. It was his first visit, but he had arranged that supplies should be forwarded thither by caravans bound inland from Zanzibar. Most unfortunately his goods were made away with in all directions—not only on this, but on several other occasions. The disappointment to a man shattered in health, and craving for letters and stores, must have been severe indeed.]

14th.—Go past Malagarazi River, and reach Ujiji in 3½ hours. Found Haji Thani's agent in charge of my remaining goods. Medicines, wine, and cheese had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days east of this. Milk not to be had, as the cows had not calved, but a present of Assam tea from Mr. Black had come from Calcutta, besides my own coffee and a little sugar. I bought butter; two large pots are sold for two fathoms of blue calico, and four-year-old flour, with which we made bread. I found great benefit from the tea and coffee, and still more from flannel to the skin.

15th.—Took account of all the goods left by the plunderer; sixty-two out of eighty pieces of cloth (each of twenty-four yards) were stolen, and most of my best beads. The road to Unyanyembe is blocked up by a Mazitu or Watuta war, so I must wait till the Governor there gets an opportunity to send them. The Musa sent with the buffaloes is a genuine specimen of the ill-conditioned, English-hating Arab. I was accosted on arriving by, "You must give me five dollars a month for all my time;" this though he had brought nothing—the buffaloes all died—and did nothing but receive

stolen goods. I tried to make use of him to go a mile every second day for milk, but he shammed sickness so often on that day I had to get another to go; then he made a regular practice of coming into my house, watching what my two attendants were doing, and going about the village with distorted statements against them.

I clothed him, but he tried to make bad blood between the respectable Arab who supplied me with milk and myself, telling him that I abused him, and then he would come back, saying that he abused me! I can account for his conduct only by attributing it to that which we call ill-conditioned: I had to expel him from the house.

I repaired a house to keep out the rain, and on the 23rd moved into it. I gave our Kasanga host a cloth and blanket; he is ill of pneumonia of both lungs.

28th.—Flannel to the skin and tea very beneficial in the cure of my disease; my cough has ceased, and I walk half a mile. I am writing letters for home.

8th April, 1869.—Visited Moené Mokaia, who sent me two fowls and rice; gave him two cloths. He added a sheep.

13th.—Employed Suleyman to write notes to Governor of Unyanyembe, Syde bin Salem Burashid, to make inquiries about the theft of my goods, as I meant to apply to Syed Majid, and wished to speak truly about his man Musa bin Salum, the chief depredator. Wrote also to Thani for boat and crew to go down Tanganyika. Syde bin Habib refused to allow his men to carry my letters to the coast, as he suspected that I would write about his doings in Rua.

27th.—I have been busy writing letters home, and finished forty-two, which in some measure will make up for my long silence. The Ujijians are unwilling to carry my letters, because, they say, Syed Majid will order the bearer to return with others: he may say, "You know where he is, go back to him," but I suspect they fear my exposure of their ways more than anything else.

16th May, 1869.—Thani bin Suellim sent me a note yesterday to say that he would be here in two days, or say three;

he seems the most active of the Ujijians, and I trust will help me to get a canoe and men.

17th.—Syde bin Habib arrived to-day with his cargo of copper and slaves. I have to change house again, and wish I were away, now that I am getting stronger. Attendants arrive from Parra or Mparra.

[The old slave-dealer, whom he met at Casembe's, and who seems to have been set at liberty through Livingstone's instrumentality, arrives at Ujiji at last.]

18th.—Mohamad bin Saleh arrived to-day. He left this when comparatively young, and is now well advanced in years.

26th.—Thani bin Suellim came from Unyanyembé on the 20th. He is a slave who has risen to freedom and influence; he has a disagreeable outward squint of the right eye, teeth protruding from the averted lips, is light-colored, and of the nervous type of African. He brought two light boxes from Unyanyembé, and charged six fathoms for one and eight fathoms for the other, though the carriage of both had been paid for at Zanzibar. When I paid him he tried to steal, and succeeded with one cloth by slipping it into the hands of a slave. I gave him two cloths and a double blanket as a present. He discovered afterwards what he knew before, that all had been injured by the wet on the way here, and sent two back openly, which all saw to be an insult. He asked a little coffee, and I gave a plateful; and he even sent again for more coffee after I had seen reason to resent his sending back my present. I replied, "He won't send coffee back, for I shall give him none." In revenge he sends round to warn all the Ujijians against taking my letters to the coast; this is in accordance with their previous conduct, for, like the Kilwa people on the road to Nyassa, they have refused to carry my correspondence.

This is a den of the worst kind of slave-traders; those whom I met in Urungu and Itawa were gentlemen slavers: the Ujiji slavers, like the Kilwa and Portuguese, are the vilest of the vile. It is not a trade, but a system of consec-

utive murders; they go to plunder and kidnap, and every trading trip is nothing but a foray. Moené Mokaia, the headman of this place, sent canoes through to Nzigé, and his people, feeling their prowess among men ignorant of guns, made a regular assault, but were repulsed, and the whole, twenty in number, were killed. Moené Mokaia is now negotiating with Syde bin Habib to go and revenge this, for so much ivory, and all he can get besides.

29th.—Many people went off to Unyanyembé, and their houses were untenanted; I wished one, as I was in a lean-to of Zahor's, but the two headmen tried to secure the rent for themselves, and were defeated by Mohamad bin Saleh. I took my packet of letters to Thani, and gave two cloths and four bunches of beads to the man who was to take them to Unyanyembé; an hour afterwards, letters, cloths, and beads were returned: Thani said he was afraid of English letters; he did not know what was inside. I had sewed them up in a piece of canvas, that was suspicious, and he would call all the great men of Ujiji and ask them if it would be safe to take them; if they assented, he would call for the letters, if not he would not send them. I told Mohamad bin Saleh, and he said to Thani that he and I were men of the Government, and orders had come from Syed Majid to treat me with all respect: was this conduct respectful? Thani then sent for the packet, but whether it will reach Zanzibar I am doubtful. I gave the rent to the owner of the house and went into it on 31st May. They are nearly all miserable Suaheli at Ujiji, and have neither the manners nor the sense of Arabs.

1st June, 1869.—I am thankful to feel getting strong again, and wish to go down Tanganyika, but cannot get men: two months must elapse ere we can face the long grass and superabundant water in the way to Manyuema.

7th.—Mohamad Bogharib goes in a month to Manyuema, but if matters turn out as I wish, I may explore this Tanganyika line first.

22nd.—I have come to the conclusion that it will be better

for me to go to Manyuema about a fortnight hence, and, if possible, trace down the western arm of the Nile to the north—if this arm is indeed that of the Nile, and not of the Congo. Nobody here knows anything about it, or, indeed, about the eastern or Tanganyika line either; they all confess that they have but one question in their minds in going anywhere: they ask for ivory and for nothing else, and each trip ends as a foray. The Manyuema are said to be friendly where they have not been attacked by Arabs: a great chief is reported as living on a large river flowing northwards; I hope to make my way to him, and I feel exhilarated at the thought of getting among people not spoiled by contact with Arab traders.

28th.—I propose to start for Manyuema on the 3rd July.

10th July, 1869.—After a great deal of delay and trouble about a canoe, we got one from Habee for ten dotis or forty yards of calico, and a doti or four yards to each of nine paddlers to bring the vessel back.

[It is necessary to say a few words here, so unostentatiously does Livingstone introduce this new series of explorations to the reader. The Manyuema country, for which he set out on the 12th July, 1869, was hitherto unknown. As we follow him we shall see that in almost every respect both the face of the country and the people differ from other regions lying nearer to the East Coast. It appears that the Arabs had an inkling of the vast quantities of ivory which might be procured there, and Livingstone went into the new field with the foremost of those hordes of Ujijian traders.]

12th.—Left at 1:30 A.M., and pulled 7½ hours to the left bank of the Malagarazi River.

13th.—Off at 3:15 A.M., and in five hours reached Kabogo River; from this point the crossing is always accomplished: it is about thirty miles broad. Tried to get off at 6 P.M., but after two miles the south wind blew, and as it is a dangerous wind and the usual one in storms, the men insisted on coming back, for the wind, having free scope along the entire southern length of Tanganyika, raises waves perilous to their

heavy craft; after this the clouds cleared all away, and the wind died off too; the full moon shone brightly, and this is usually accompanied by calm weather here. Storms occur at new moon most frequently.

14th.—People awaking in fright utter most unearthly yells, and they are joined in them by all who sleep near. The first imagines himself seized by a wild beast, the rest roar because they hear him doing it: this indicates the extreme of helpless terror.

15th.—After pulling all night we arrived at some islands and cooked breakfast; then we went on to Kasengé islet on their south, and came up to Mohamad Bogharib, who had come from Tongwé, and intended to go to Manyuema. We cross over to the mainland, that is, to the western shore of the lake, about 300 yards off, to begin our journey on the 21st. Lunars on 20th. Delay to prepare food for journey. Lunars again 22nd.

1st August, 1869.—Mohamad killed a kid as a sort of sacrifice, and they pray to Hadrajee before eating it. The cookery is of their very best, and I always get a share; I tell them that I like the cookery, but not the prayers, and it is taken in good part.

2nd.—We embarked from the islet and got over to the mainland, and slept in a hooked-thorn copse.

3rd.—Marched $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours south, along Tanganyika, in a very undulating country; very fatiguing in my weakness. Passed many screw-palms, and slept at Lobamba village.

4th.—A relative of Kasanga engaged to act as our guide, so we remained waiting for him, and employed a Banyamwezi smith to make copper balls with some bars of that metal presented by Syde bin Habib.

7th.—The guide having arrived, we marched $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours west and crossed the River Logumba, about forty yards broad and knee deep, with a rapid current between deep-cut banks.

8th–9th–10th August.—Westwards to Makhato's village, and met a company of natives beating a drum as they came near; this is the peace signal; if war is meant the attack is

quiet and stealthy. It is cold at night, but dry, and the people sleep with only a fence at their heads, but I have a shed built at every camp as a protection for the loads, and sleep in it. Any ascent, though gentle, makes me blow since the attack of pneumonia; if it is inclined to an angle of 45° , 100 or 150 yards make me stop to pant in distress.

11th.—Came to a village of Ba Rua, surrounded by hills.

12th–13th.—At villages of Mekhétó. Guha people. Remain to buy and prepare food, and because many are sick.

16th.—West and by north through much forest.

17th–21st.—Went on to the River Loungwa, which has worn for itself a rut in new red sandstone twenty feet deep, and only three or four feet wide at the lips.

25th.—We rest because all are tired; traveling at this season is excessively fatiguing.

31st.—Course N.W., among Palmyras and Hyphené Palms, and many villages swarming with people. On asking the name of a mountain on our right I got three names for it—Kaloba, Chingedi, and Kihomba, a fair specimen of the superabundance of names in this country!

1st September, 1869.—West in flat forest, then go on to Kundé's villages. Kundé is an old man, without dignity or honor; he came to beg, but offered nothing.

2nd.—We remained at Katamba to hunt buffaloes and rest, as I am still weak.

8th.—Across five rivers and through many villages. On to village of Karungamagao.

9th.—Rest again to shoot meat, as elephants and buffaloes are very abundant: the Suaheli think that adultery is an obstacle to success in killing this animal: no harm can happen to him who is faithful to his wife, and has the proper charms inserted under the skin of his forearms.

12th.—The days are sultry and smoking. We came to some villages of Pyana-mosindé; the population prodigiously large. A sword was left at the camp, and at once picked up; though the man was traced to a village it was refused, till he accidentally cut his foot with it, and became afraid that worse would follow; elsewhere it would have been given up at once.

13th.—The people seized three slaves who lagged behind, but, hearing a gun fired at guinea-fowls, let them go.

14th.—Up and down hills perpetually. We went down into some deep dells, filled with gigantic trees, and I measured one twenty feet in circumference, and sixty or seventy feet high to the first branches; others seemed fit to be ships' spars. Large lichens covered many, and numerous new plants appeared on the ground.

15th.—Met Dugumbé carrying 18,000 lbs. of ivory, purchased in this new field very cheaply, because no traders had ever gone into the country beyond Bambarré, or Moenékuss's district before. We are now in the large bend of the Luabala.

16th.—To Kasangangazi's. We now came to the first palm-oil trees in our way since we left Tanganyika. They had evidently been planted at villages.

17th.—Remain to buy food at Kasanga's, and rest the carriers. The country is full of palm-oil palms, and very beautiful. Our people are all afraid to go out of sight of the camp for necessary purposes, lest the Manyema should kill them. Here was the barrier to traders going north, for the very people among whom we now are, murdered any one carrying a tusk, till last year, when Moene-mokaia, or Katomba, got into friendship with Moenékuss, who protected his people, and always behaved in a generous, sensible manner. Dilongo, now a chief here, came to visit us: his elder brother died, and he was elected; he does not wash in consequence, and is very dirty. The people have their bodies tattooed with new and full moons, stars, crocodiles, and Egyptian gardens.

20th.—Up to a broad range of high mountains of light gray granite; there are deep dells on the top filled with gigantic trees, and having running rills in them. Some trees appear with enormous roots, buttresses in fact like mangroves in the coast swamps, six feet high at the trunk, and flattened from side to side to about three inches in diameter. There are many villages dotted over the slopes which we climbed;

one had been destroyed, and revealed the hard clay walls and square forms of Manyuema houses. Our path lay partly along a ridge, with a deep valley on each side: one on the left had a valley filled with primeval forests, into which elephants when wounded escape completely. The forest was a dense mass, without a bit of ground to be seen except a patch on the S.W.; the bottom of this great valley was 2,000 feet below us, then ranges of mountains with villages on their bases rose as far as they could reach. On our right there was another deep but narrow gorge, and mountains much higher than on our ridge close adjacent. Our ridge looked like a glacier, and it wound from side to side, and took us to the edge of deep precipices, first on the right, then on the left, till down below we came to the villages of Chief Monandenda. The houses here are all well filled with firewood on shelves, and each has a bed on a raised platform in an inner room.

The paths are very skilfully placed on the tops of the ridges of hills, and all gullies are avoided. If the highest level were not in general made the ground for passing through the country the distances would at least be doubled, and the fatigue greatly increased. The paths seem to have been used for ages: they are worn deep on the heights; and in hollows a little mound rises on each side, formed by the feet tossing a little soil on one side.

21st.—Cross five or six rivulets, and as many villages, some burned and deserted, or inhabited. Very many people come running to see the strangers. Gigantic trees all about the villages. Arrive at Bambarré, or Moenékuss.

About eighty hours of actual traveling, say at 2' per hour = say 160' or 140'. Westing from 3rd August to 21st September. My strength increased as I persevered.

22nd.—Moenékuss died lately, and left his two sons to fill his place. Moenembagg is the elder of the two, and the most sensible, and the spokesman on all important occasions, but his younger brother, Moenemgoi, is the chief, the center of authority. They showed symptoms of suspicion, and

Mohamad performed the ceremony of mixing blood, which is simply making a small incision on the forearm of each person, and then mixing the bloods, and making declarations of friendship. Moenembagg said, "Your people must not steal, we never do," which is true: blood in a small quantity was then conveyed from one to the other by a fig-leaf: "No stealing of fowls or of men," said the chief: "Catch the thief and bring him to me, one who steals a person is a pig," said Mohamad. Stealing, however, began on our side, a slave purloining a fowl, so they had good reason to enjoin honesty on us! They think that we have come to kill them: we light on them as if from another world: no letters come to tell who we are, or what we want. We cannot conceive their state of isolation and helplessness, with nothing to trust to but their charms and idols—both being bits of wood. I got a large beetle hung up before an idol in the idol house of a deserted and burned village; the guardian was there, but the village destroyed.

I presented the two brothers with two table-cloths, four bunches of beads, and one string of neck-beads; they were well satisfied.

I had a house built for me because the village huts are inconvenient, low in roof, and low doorways; the men build them, and help to cultivate the soil, but the women have to keep them well filled with fire-wood and supplied with water. They carry the wood, and almost everything else, in large baskets, hung to the shoulders, like the Edinburgh fishwives. A man made a long prayer to Mulungu, last night after dark, for rain.

The sons of Moenékuss have but little of their father's power, but they try to behave to strangers as he did. All our people are in terror of the Manyéma, or Manyuema, man-eating fame: a woman's child had crept into a quiet corner of the hut to eat a banana—she could not find him, and at once concluded that the Manyuema had kidnapped him to eat him, and with a yell she ran through the camp and screamed at the top of her shrill voice, "Oh, the Man-

yuema have stolen my child to make meat of him ! Oh, my child eaten—oh, oh !”

26th–28th.—A Lunda slave-girl was sent off to be sold for a tusk, but the Manyuema don't want slaves, as we are told in Lunda, for they are generally thieves, and otherwise bad characters. Small-pox comes every three or four years, and kills many of the people. A soko alive was believed to be a good charm for rain ; so one was caught, and the captor had the ends of two fingers and toes bitten off. The soko or gorilla always tries to bite off these parts, and has been known to overpower a young man and leave him without the ends of fingers and toes. I saw the nest of one : it is a poor contrivance.

5th October, 1869.—An elephant was killed, and the entire population went off to get meat, which was given freely at first ; but after it was known how eagerly the Manyuema sought it, six or eight goats were demanded for a carcass, and given.

9th.—The rite of circumcision is general among all the Manyuema ; it is performed on the young. If a headman's son is to be operated on, it is tried on a slave first ; certain times of the year are unpropitious, as during a drought, for instance ; but having by this experiment ascertained the proper time, they go into the forest, beat drums, and feast as elsewhere : contrary to all African custom they are not ashamed to speak about the rite, even before women.

Two very fine young men came to visit me to-day. After putting several preparatory inquiries as to where our country lay, &c., they asked whether people died with us, and where they went to after death. “Who kills them ?” “Have you no charm against death ?” It is not necessary to answer such questions save in a land never visited by strangers. Both had the “organs of intelligence” largely developed. I told them that we prayed to the Great Father, “Mulungu,” and He hears us all : they thought this to be natural.

15th.—Fever better, and thankful. Very cold and rainy.

18th.—Our Hassani returned from Moené Kirumbo's ;

then one of Dugumbe's party (also called Hassani) seized ten goats and ten doves before leaving, though great kindness had been shown: this is genuine Suaheli or Nigger-Moslem tactics; four of his people were killed in revenge.

A whole regiment of Soldier ants in my hut were put into a panic by a detachment of Driver ants, called Sirufu. The Chungu, or black soldiers, rushed out with their eggs and young, putting them down and running for more. A dozen Sirufu pitched on one Chungu and killed him. The Chungu made new quarters for themselves. When the white ants cast off their colony of winged emigrants, a canopy is erected like an umbrella over the anthill. As soon as the ants fly against the roof they tumble down in a shower, and their wings instantly become detached from their bodies. They are then helpless, and are swept up in baskets to be fried, when they make a very palatable food.

24th-25th.—Making copper rings, as these are highly prized by Manyema. Mohamad's Tembé fell. It had been begun on an unlucky day, the 26th of the moon; and on another occasion on the same day, he had fifty slaves swept away by a sudden flood of a dry river in the Obena country: they are great observers of lucky and unlucky days.

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AMONG THE MANYUEMAS.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1869.—Being now well rested, I resolved to go west to Lualaba and buy a canoe for its exploration. Our course was west and south-west, through a country surpassingly beautiful, mountainous, and villages perched on the talus of each great mass for the sake of quick drainage. The streets often run east and west, in order that the bright, blazing sun may lick up the moisture quickly from off them. The dwelling houses are generally in line, with public meeting houses at each end, opposite the middle of the street, the roofs are low, but well thatched with a leaf resembling the banana leaf, but more tough; it seems from its fruit to be a species of *Euphorbia*. The leaf-stack has a notch made in it of two or three inches lengthways, and this hooks on to the rafters, which are often of the leaf-stalks of palms, split up so as to be thin; the water runs quickly off this roof, and the walls, which are of well-beaten clay, are screened from the weather. Inside, the dwellings are clean and comfortable, and before the Arabs came bugs were unknown—as I have before observed, one may know where these people have come by the presence or absence of these nasty vermin: the human tick, which infests all Arab and Suaheli houses, is to the Manyuema unknown.

In some cases, where the south-east rains are abundant, the Manyuema place the back side of the houses to this quarter, and prolong the low roof down, so that the rain does not reach the walls. These clay walls stand for ages, and men

often return to the villages they left in infancy and build again the portions that many rains have washed away. The country generally is of clayey soil, and suitable for building. Each housewife has from twenty-five to thirty earthen pots slung to the ceiling by very neat cord-swinging tressels; and often as many neatly made baskets hung up in the same fashion, and much firewood.

5th.—In going we crossed the River Luella, of twenty yards in width, five times, in a dense dripping forest. The men of one village always refused to accompany us to the next set of hamlets, "They were at war, and afraid of being killed and eaten." They often came five or six miles through the forests that separate the districts, but when we drew near to the cleared spaces cultivated by their enemies they parted civilly, and invited us to come the same way back, and they would sell us all the food we required.

The Manyuema country is all surpassingly beautiful. Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind; and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees, many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are everywhere. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, although isolated by old feuds that are never settled, cultivate largely. They have selected a kind of maize that bends its fruit-stalk round into a hook, and hedges some eighteen feet high are made by inserting poles, which sprout like Robinson Crusoe's hedge, and never decay. Lines of climbing plants are tied so as to go along from pole to pole, and the maize cobs are suspended to these by their own hooked fruit-stalk. As the corn-cob is forming, the hook is turned round, so that the fruit-leaves of it hang down and form a thatch for the grain beneath, or inside it. This upright granary forms a solid-looking wall round the villages, and the people are not stingy, but take down maize and hand it to the men freely.

The women are very naked. They bring loads of provisions to sell, through the rain, and are eager traders for beads. Plantains, cassava, and maize, are the chief food. The first rains had now begun, and the white ants took the hint to swarm and colonize.

6th-8th.—We came to many large villages, and were variously treated; one headman presented me with a parrot, and on my declining it, gave it to one of my people; some ordered us off, but were coaxed to allow us to remain over night. They have no restraint; some came and pushed off the door of my hut with a stick while I was resting, as we should do with a wild-beast cage.

Though reasonably willing to gratify curiosity, it becomes tiresome to be the victim of unlimited staring by the ugly, as well as by the good-looking. I can bear the women, but ugly males are uninteresting, and it is as much as I can stand when a crowd will follow me wherever I move. They have heard of Dugumbé Hassani's deeds, and are evidently suspicious of our intentions: they say, "If you have food at home, why come so far and spend your beads to buy it here?" If it is replied, on the strength of some of Mohamad's people being present, "We want to buy ivory too," not knowing its value they think that this is a mere subterfuge to plunder them. Much palm-wine to-day at different parts made them incapable of reasoning further; they seemed inclined to fight, but after a great deal of talk we departed without collision.

9th.—We came to villages where all were civil, but afterwards arrived where there were other palm-trees and palm-toddy, and people low and disagreeable in consequence. The mountains all around are grand, and tree-covered. I saw a man with two great great toes: the double toe is usually a little one.

11th.—We had heard that the Manyema were eager to buy slaves, but that meant females only to make wives of them: they prefer goats to men. Mohamad had bought slaves in Lunda in order to get ivory from these Manyema,

but inquiry here and elsewhere brought it out plainly that they would rather let the ivory lie unused or rot than invest in male slaves, who are generally criminals—at least in Lunda. I advised my friend to desist from buying slaves who would all “eat off their own heads,” but he knew better than to buy copper, and on our return he acknowledged that I was right.

15th.—We came into a country where Dugumbé's slaves had maltreated the people greatly, and they looked on us as of the same tribe, and we had much trouble in consequence. The country is swarming with villages. Hassani of Dugumbé got the chief into debt, and then robbed him of ten men and ten goats to clear off the debt: the Dutch did the same in the south of Africa.

17th.—Copious rains brought us to a halt at Muana Balangé's, on the banks of the Luamo River.

20th–25th.—We were now only about ten miles from the confluence of the Luamo and Lualaba, but all the people had been plundered, and some killed by the slaves of Dugumbé. The Luamo is here some 200 yards broad, and deep; the chiefs everywhere were begged to refuse us a passage. The women were particularly outspoken in asserting our identity with the cruel strangers, and when one lady was asked in the midst of her vociferation just to look if I were the same color with Dugumbé, she replied, with a bitter little laugh, “Then you must be his father!”

It was of no use to try to buy a canoe, for all were our enemies. It was now the rainy season, and I had to move with great caution. The worst our enemies did, after trying to get up a war in vain, was to collect, as we went by, in force, fully armed with their large spears and huge wooden shields, and show us out of their districts. All are kind except those who have been abused by the Arab slavers. While waiting at Luamo a man, whom we sent over to buy food, got into a panic and fled he knew not whither; all concluded that he had been murdered, but some Manyuema whom we had never seen found him, fed him, and brought him home unscathed:

I was very glad that no collision had taken place. We returned to Bambarré 19th December, 1869.

20th December.—While we were away a large horde of Ujijians came to Bambarré, all eager to reach the cheap ivory, of which a rumor had spread far and wide; they numbered 500 guns, and invited Mohamad to go with them, but he preferred waiting for my return from the west. We now resolved to go due north; he to buy ivory, and I to reach another part of the Lualaba and buy a canoe.

Wherever the dense primeval forest had been cleared off by man, gigantic grasses usurp the clearances. None of the sylvan vegetation can stand the annual grass-burnings except a species of *Bauhinia*, and occasionally a large tree which sends out new wood below the burned places. The parrots build thereon, and the men make a stair up 150 feet by tying climbing plants (called *Binayoba*) around, at about four feet distance, as steps: near the confluence of the Luamo, men build huts on this same species of tree for safety against the arrows of their enemies.

21st.—The strong, thick grass of the clearances dries down to the roots at the surface of the soil, and fire does it no harm. Though a few of the great, old, burly giants brave the fires, none of the climbers do: they disappear, but the plants themselves are brought out of the forests and ranged along the plantations like wire fences to keep wild beasts off; the poles of these vegetable wire hedges often take root, as also those in stages for maize.

22nd–24th.—Mohamad presented a goat to be eaten on our Christmas. I got large copper bracelets made of my copper by Manyuema smiths, for they are considered very valuable, and have driven iron bracelets quite out of fashion.

25th.—We start immediately after Christmas: I must try with all my might to finish my exploration before next Christmas.

26th.—I get fever severely, and was down all day, but we march, as I have always found that moving is the best remedy for fever: I have, however, no medicine whatever.

28th.—Away to Monangoi's village. A man passed us, bearing a human finger wrapped in a leaf; it was to be used as a charm, and belonged to a man killed in revenge: the Arabs all took this as clear evidence of cannibalism: I hesitated, however, to believe it.

29th–31st.—Heavy rains. The Luamo is called the Luassé above this. We crossed in canoes.

1st. *January*, 1870.—May the Almighty help me to finish the work in hand, and retire through the Basango before the year is out. Thanks for all last year's loving kindness.

Our course was due north, with the Luassé flowing in a gently undulating, green country on our right, and rounded mountains in Mbongo's country on our left.

2nd.—Rested a day at Mbongo's, as the people were honest.

3rd.—Reached a village at the edge of a great forest, where the people were excited and uproarious, but not ill-bred; they ran alongside the path with us, shouting and making energetic remarks to each other about us. A newly-married couple stood in a village where we stopped to inquire the way, with arms around each other very lovingly, and no one joked or poked fun at them. We marched five hours through forest, and crossed three rivulets and much stagnant water which the sun by the few rays he darts in cannot evaporate.

4th.—The villagers we passed were civil, but, like noisy children, all talked and gazed. When surrounded by 300 or 400, some who have not been accustomed to the ways of wild men think that a fight is imminent; but, poor things, no attack is thought of, if it does not begin on our side. Many of Mohamad's people were dreadfully afraid of being killed and eaten; one man out in search of ivory seemed to have lost sight of his companions, for they saw him running with all his might to a forest with no path in it; he was searched for, for several days, and was given up as a murdered man, a victim of the cannibal Manyuema! On the seventh day after he lost his head, he was led into camp by a headman, who not only found him wandering, but fed and lodged and restored him to his people.



5th-7th.—Wettings by rain and grass overhanging our paths, with bad water, brought on choleraic symptoms; and opium from Mohamad had no effect in stopping it: he, too, had rheumatism. On suspecting the water as the cause, I had all I used boiled, and this was effectual, but I was greatly reduced in flesh, and so were many of our party.

We proceeded nearly due north, through wilderness and many villages and running rills; the paths are often left to be choked up by the overbearing vegetation, and then the course of the rill is adopted as the only clear passage; it has also this advantage,—it prevents footmarks being followed by enemies: in fact the object is always to make approaches to human dwellings as difficult as possible, even the hedges around villages sprout out and grow a living fence, and this is covered by a great mass of a species of calabash with its broad leaves, so that nothing appears of the fence outside.

11th.—The people are civil, but uproarious from the excitement of having never seen strangers before: all visitors from a distance came with their large wooden shields; many of the men are handsome and tall, but the women are plainer than at Bambarré.

14th.—The Muabé palm had taken possession of a broad valley, and the leaf-stalks, as thick as a strong man's arm and 20 feet long, had fallen off and blocked up all passage except by one path made and mixed up by the feet of buffaloes and elephants. In places like this the leg goes into elephants' holes up to the thigh, and it is grievous; three hours of this slough tired the strongest: a brown stream ran through the center, waist deep, and washed off a little of the adhesive mud. Our path now lay through a river covered with tika-tika, a living vegetable bridge made by a species of glossy-leaved grass which felts itself into a mat capable of bearing a man's weight, but it bends in a foot or fifteen inches every step: a stick six feet long could not reach the bottom in certain holes we passed. The lotus, or sacred lily, which grows in nearly all the shallow waters of this country, sometimes spreads its broad leaves over the bridge so as to lead careless

observers to think that it is the bridge-builder, but the grass mentioned is the real agent.

15th.—Choleraic purging again came on till all the water used was boiled, but I was laid up by sheer weakness near the hill Chanza.

20th–21st.—Weakness and illness goes on because we get wet so often; the whole party suffers, and they say that they will never come here again.

27th–30th.—Rest from sickness in camp. The country is indescribable from rank jungle of grass, but the rounded hills are still pretty; an elephant alone can pass through it—these are his headquarters.

We came to a village among fine gardens of maize, bananas, ground-nuts, and cassava, but the villagers said, "Go on to next village;" and this meant, "We don't want you here." The main body of Mohamad's people was about three miles before us, but I was so weak I sat down in the next hamlet and asked for a hut to rest in. A woman with leprosy gave me hers, a nice, clean one, and very heavy rain came on: of her own accord she prepared dumplings of green maize, pounded and boiled, which are sweet, for she said that she saw I was hungry. It was excessive weakness from purging, and seeing that I did not eat for fear of the leprosy, she kindly pressed me: "Eat, you are weak only from hunger; this will strengthen you." I put it out of her sight, and blessed her motherly heart.

I had ere this come to the conclusion that I ought not to risk myself further in the rains in my present weakness, for it may result in something worse, as in Marungu and Liemba.

The horde mentioned as having passed Bambarré was now somewhere in our vicinity, and it was impossible to ascertain from the Manyema where the Lualaba lay.

In going north on 1st February we came to some of this horde belonging to Katomba or Moenemokaia, who stated that the leader was anxious for advice as to crossing Lualaba and future movements.

2nd February, 1870.—We now climb over the bold hills

Bininango, and turn south-west towards Katomba to take counsel: he knows more than any one else about the country, and his people being now scattered everywhere seeking ivory, I do not relish their company.

3rd.—Caught in a drenching rain, which made me fain to sit, exhausted as I was, under an umbrella for an hour trying to keep the trunk dry. As I sat in the rain a little tree-frog, about half an inch long, leaped on to a grassy leaf, and began a tune as loud as that of many birds, and very sweet; it was surprising to hear so much music out of so small a musician. I drank some rain-water, as I felt faint; in the paths it is now calf deep. I crossed a hundred yards of slush, waist deep in mid channel, and full of holes made by elephants' feet, the path hedged in by reedy grass, often intertwined and very tripping. I stripped off my clothes on reaching my hut in a village, and a fire during night nearly dried them. At the same time I rubbed my legs with palm oil, and in the morning had a delicious breakfast of sour goat's milk and porridge.

5th.—The drenching told on me sorely, and it was repeated after we had crossed the good-sized rivulets Mulunkula and many villages, and I lay on an enormous boulder under a Muabé palm, and slept during the worst of the pelting. I was seven days southing to Mamohela, Katomba's camp, and quite knocked up and exhausted. I went into winter quarters on 7th February, 1870.

7th.—This was the camp of the headman of the ivory horde now away for ivory. Katomba, as Moenemokaia is called, was now all kindness. We were away from his Ujijian associates, and he seemed to follow his natural bent without fear of the other slave-traders, who all hate to see me as a spy on their proceedings. Rest, shelter, and boiling all the water I used, and above all the new species of potato called Nyumbo, much famed among the natives as restorative, soon put me all to rights. Katomba supplied me liberally with nyumbo; and, but for a slightly medicinal taste, which is got rid of by boiling in two waters, this vegetable would be equal to English potatoes.

13th.—I was too ill to go through mud waist deep, so I allowed Mohamad (who was suffering much) to go away alone in search of ivory.

1st *March*, 1870.—Visited my Arab friends in their camp for the first time to-day. This is Kasessa's country. Wood, water, and grass, the requisites of a camp, abound, and the Manyema bring large supplies of food every day; forty large baskets of maize for a goat; fowls and bananas and nyumbo very cheap.

25th.—Iron bracelets are the common medium of exchange, and coarse beads and cowries: for a copper bracelet three large fowls are given, and three and a half baskets of maize; one basket three feet high is a woman's load, and they are very strong. The Mamba fish has breasts with milk, and utters a cry; its flesh is very white.

1st *May*, 1870.—An elephant was killed which had three tusks; all of good size. Rains continued; and mud and mire from the clayey soil of Manyema were too awful to be attempted.

24th.—I sent to Bamarré for the cloth and beads I left there. A party of Thani's people came south and said that they had killed forty Manyema, and lost four of their own number; nine villages were burned, and all this about a single string of beads which a man tried to steal!

June, 1870.—Mohamad bin Nassur and Akila's men brought 116 tusks from the north, where the people are said to be all good and obliging. When we had the people here Kassessa gave ten goats and one tusk to hire them to avenge a feud in which his elder brother was killed, and they went; the spoils secured were 31 captives, 60 goats, and about 40 Manyema killed: one slave of the attacking party was killed, and two badly wounded. Thani's man, Yahood, who was leader in the other case of 40 killed, boasted before me of the deed. I said, "You were sent here not to murder, but to trade;" he replied, "We are sent to murder." Bin Nassur said, "The English are always killing people;" I replied, "Yes, but only slavers who do the deeds that were done yesterday."



CHUMAH AND SUSL.

Various other tribes sent large presents to the Arabs to avert assaults, and tusks too were offered.

The rains had continued into June, and 58 inches fell.

26th.—Now my people failed me; so, with only three attendants, Susi, Chumah, and Gardner, I started off to the north-west for the Lualaba. The numbers of running rivulets to be crossed were surprising, and at each, for some forty yards, the path had been worked by the feet of passengers into adhesive mud: we crossed fourteen in one day—some thigh deep; most of them run into the Liya, which we crossed, and it flows to the Lualaba. We passed through many villages, for the paths all lead through human dwellings. Many people presented bananas, and seemed surprised when I made a small return gift; one man ran after me with a sugar-cane; I paid for lodgings, too: here the Arabs never do.

29th.—At one village musicians with calabashes, having holes in them, flute-fashion, tried to please me by their vigorous acting, and by beating drums in time.

30th.—We passed through the nine villages burned for a single string of beads, and slept in the village of Malola.

July, 1870.—While I was sleeping quietly here, some trading Arabs camped at Nasangwa's, and at dead of night one was pinned to the earth by a spear; no doubt this was in revenge for relations slain in the forty mentioned: the survivors now wished to run a muck in all directions against the Manyema.

When I came up I proposed to ask the chief if he knew the assassin, and he replied that he was not sure of him, for he could only conjecture who it was; but death to all Manyemas glared from the eyes of half-castes and slaves. Fortunately, before this affair was settled in their way, I met Mohamad Bogharib coming back from Kasonga's, and he joined in enforcing peace: the traders went off, but let my three people know, what I knew long before, that they hated having a spy in me on their deeds. I told some of them who were civil-tongued that ivory obtained by bloodshed was unclean evil—"unlucky," as they say: my advice to them

was, "Don't shed human blood, my friends; it has guilt not to be wiped off by water." Off they went; and afterwards the bloodthirsty party got only one tusk and a half, while another party, which avoided shooting men, got fifty-four tusks!

From Mohamad's people I learned that the Lualaba was not in the N.W. course I had pursued, for in fact it flows W.S.W. in another great bend, and they had gone far to the north without seeing it, but the country was exceedingly difficult from forest and water. As I had already seen, trees fallen across the path formed a breast-high wall which had to be climbed over: flooded rivers, breast and neck deep, had to be crossed, the mud was awful, and nothing but villages eight or ten miles apart.

In the clearances around these villages alone could the sun be seen. For the first time in my life my feet failed me, and now, having but three attendants, it would have been unwise to go further in that direction. Instead of healing quietly as heretofore, when torn by hard travel, irritable-eating ulcers fastened on both feet; and I limped back to Bamarré on 22nd.

The accounts of Ramadân (who was desired by me to take notes as he went in the forest) were discouraging, and made me glad I did not go. At one part, where the tortuous river was flooded, they were five hours in the water, and a man in a small canoe went before them sounding for places not too deep for them, breast and chin deep, and Hassani fell and hurt himself sorely in a hole. The people have goats and sheep, and love them as they do children.

6th.—Back to Mamohela, and welcomed by the Arabs, who all approved of my turning back. Katomba presented abundant provisions for all the way to Bamarré. Before we reached this, Mohamad made a forced march, and Moenemo-kaia's people came out drunk: the Arabs assaulted them, and they ran off.

[Livingstone arrived at Bamarré on the 22nd of July.]

23rd.—The sores on my feet now laid me up as irritable-

eating ulcers. If the foot were put to the ground, a discharge of bloody ichor flowed, and the same discharge happened every night with considerable pain, that prevented sleep: the wailing of the slaves tortured with these sores is one of the night sounds of a slave-camp: they eat through everything—muscle, tendon, and bone, and often lame permanently if they do not kill the poor things. Medicines have very little effect on such wounds: their periodicity seems to say that they are allied to fever. The Arabs make a salve of bees'-wax and sulphate of copper, and this applied hot, and held on by a bandage, affords support, but the necessity of letting the ichor escape renders it a painful remedy: I had three ulcers, and no medicine. The native plan of support by means of a stiff leaf or bit of calabash was too irritating, and so they continued to eat in and enlarge in spite of everything: the vicinity was hot, and the pain increased with the size of the wound.

2nd August, 1870.—An eclipse at midnight: the Moslems called loudly on Moses. Very cold.

17th.—It transpired that Kandahara, brother of old Moenékuss, whose village is near this, killed three women and a child, and that a trading man came over from Kasangangayé, and was murdered too, for no reason but to eat his body. Mohamad ordered old Kandahara to bring ten goats and take them over to Kasangangayé to pay for the murdered man. When they tell of each other's deeds they disclose a horrid state of bloodthirsty callousness. The people over a hill N.N.E. of this killed a person out hoeing; if a cultivator is alone, he is almost sure of being slain. Some said that people in the vicinity, or hyænas, stole the buried dead; but Posho's wife died, and in Wanyamesi fashion was thrown out of camp unburied. Mohamad threatened an attack if Manyuema did not cease exhuming the dead; it was effectual, neither men nor hyænas touched her, though exposed now for seven days.

The head of Moenékuss is said to be preserved in a pot in his house, and all public matters are gravely communicated

to it, as if his spirit dwelt therein: his body was eaten, the flesh was removed from the head and eaten too; his father's head is said to be kept also: the foregoing refers to Bambarré alone. In other districts graves show that sepulture is customary, but here no grave appears: some admit the existence of the practice here; others deny it. In the Metamba country adjacent to the Lualaba, a quarrel with a wife often ends in the husband killing her and eating her heart, mixed up in a huge mess of goat's flesh: this has the charm character. Fingers are taken as charms in other parts, but in Bambarré alone is the depraved taste the motive for cannibalism.

Bambarré, 18th August.—I learn from Josut and Moene-pembé, who have been to Kataŋga and beyond, that there is a Lake N.N.W. of the copper mines, and twelve days distant; it is called Chibungo, and is said to be large. Seven days west of Kataŋga flows another Lualaba, the dividing line between Rua and Lunda, or Londa; it is very large, and as the Lufira flows into Chibungo, it is probable that the Lualaba West and the Lufira form the Lake. Lualaba West and Lufira rise by fountains south of Katanga, three or four days off. Luambai and Lunga fountains are only about ten miles distant from Lualaba West and Lufira fountains: a mound rises between them, the most remarkable in Africa. Were this spot in Armenia it would serve exactly the description of the Garden of Eden in Genesis, with its four rivers, the Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel, and Euphrates; as it is, it possibly gave occasion to the story told to Herodotus by the Secretary of Minerva in the City of Saïs, about two hills with conical tops, Crophî and Mophî. "Midway between them," said he, "are the fountains of the Nile, fountains which it is impossible to fathom: half the water runs northward into Egypt; half to the south towards Ethiopia."

Four fountains rising so near to each other would readily be supposed to have one source, and half the water flowing into the Nile and the other half to the Zambesi, required but little imagination to originate, seeing the actual visitor would not feel bound to say how the division was effected. He

could only know the fact of waters rising at one spot, and separating to flow north and south. The conical tops to the mound look like invention, as also do the names.

A slave, bought on Lualaba East, came from Lualaba West in about twelve days: these two Lualabas may form the loop depicted by Ptolemy, and upper and lower Tanganyika be a third arm of the Nile.

Patience is all I can exercise: these irritable ulcers hedge me in now, as did my attendants in June, but all will be for the best, for it is in Providence and not in me.

The watershed is between 700 and 800 miles long from west to east, or say from 22° or 23° to 34° or 35° East longitude. Parts of it are enormous sponges; in other parts innumerable rills unite into rivulets, which again form rivers—Lufira, for instance, has nine rivulets, and Lekulwé other nine. The convex surface of the rose of a garden watering-can is a tolerably apt similitude, as the rills do not spring off the face of it, and it is 700 miles across the circle: but in the numbers of rills coming out at different heights on the slope, there is a faint resemblance, and I can at present think of no other example.

[The subjoined account of the soko—which is in all probability an entirely new species of chimpanzee, and *not* the gorilla, is exceedingly interesting.]

24th.—Four gorillas or sokos were killed yesterday: an extensive grass-burning forced them out of their usual haunt, and coming on the plain they were speared. They often go erect, but place the hand on the head, as if to steady the body. When seen thus, the soko is an ungainly beast. The most sentimental young lady would not call him a “dear,” but a bandy-legged, pot-bellied, low-looking villain, without a particle of the gentleman in him. Other animals, especially the antelopes, are graceful, and it is pleasant to see them, either at rest or in motion: the natives also are well made, lithe and comely to behold, but the soko, if large, would do well to stand for a picture of the devil.

He takes away my appetite by his disgusting bestiality of

appearance. His light-yellow face shows off his ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead, villainously low, with high ears, is well in the back-ground of the great dog-mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Man-yuema devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals; they say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking men and women while at their work, kidnapping children, and running up trees with them—he seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in his arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and as he lifts that, drops the child: the young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go: another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko: it seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me;" the soko bit off the ends of his fingers and escaped unharmed. Both men are now alive at Bambarré.

The soko is so cunning, and has such sharp eyes, that no one can stalk him in front without being seen—hence, when shot, it is always in the back; when surrounded by men and nets, he is generally speared in the back too, otherwise he is not a very formidable beast: he is nothing, as compared in power of damaging his assailant, to a leopard or lion, but is more like a man unarmed, for it does not occur to him to use his canine teeth, which are long and formidable. Numbers of them come down in the forest, within a hundred yards of our camp, and would be unknown but for giving tongue like fox-hounds: this is their nearest approach to speech. A man hoeing was stalked by a soko, and seized; he roared out, but the soko giggled and grinned, and left him

MANYUMA HUNTERS KILLING BOKOS. (FROM A SKETCH BY DR. LIVINGSTONE.)



as if he had done it in play. A child caught up by a soko is often abused by being pinched and scratched, and let fall.

The soko kills the leopard occasionally, by seizing both paws, and biting them so as to disable them, he then goes up a tree, groans over his wounds, and sometimes recovers, while the leopard dies: at other times, both soko and leopard die. The lion kills him at once, and sometimes tears his limbs off, but does not eat him. The soko eats no flesh—small bananas are his dainties, but not maize. His food consists of wild fruits, which abound: one, Staféné, or Manyema Mamwa, is like large sweet sop, but indifferent in taste and flesh. The soko brings forth at times twins. A very large soko was seen by Mohamad's hunters sitting picking his nails; they tried to stalk him, but he vanished. Some Manyema think that their buried dead rise as sokos, and one was killed with holes in his ears, as if he had been a man. He is very strong, and fears guns, but not spears; he never catches women.

Sokos collect together, and make a drumming noise, some say with hollow trees, then burst forth into loud yells which are well imitated by the natives' embryotic music. If a man has no spear the soko goes away satisfied, but if wounded he seizes the wrist, lops off the fingers, and spits them out, slaps the cheeks of his victim, and bites without breaking the skin: he draws out a spear (but never uses it), and takes some leaves and stuffs them into his wound to stanch the blood; he does not wish an encounter with an armed man. He sees women do him no harm, and never molests them; a man without a spear is nearly safe from him. They beat hollow trees as drums with hands, and then scream as music to it; when men hear them, they go to the sokos; but sokos never go to men with hostility. Manyema say, "Soko is a man, and nothing bad in him."

They live in communities of about ten, each having his own female; an intruder from another camp is beaten off with their fists and loud yells. If one tries to seize the female of another, he is caught on the ground, and all unite

in boxing and biting the offender. A male often carries a child, especially if they are passing from one patch of forest to another over a grassy space: he then gives it to the mother.

I now spoke with my friend Mohamad, and he offered to go with me to see Lualaba from Luamo, but I explained that merely to see and measure its depth would not do, I must see whither it went. This would require a number of his people in lieu of my deserters, and to take them away from his ivory trade, which at present is like gold-digging, I must make amends, and I offered him 2,000 rupees, and a gun worth 700 rupees, R. 2,700 in all, or 270*l*. He agreed, and should he enable me to finish up my work in one trip down Lualaba, and round to Lualaba West, it would be a great favor.

The severe pneumonia in Marunga, the choleraic complaint in Manyema, and now irritable ulcers, warn me to retire while life lasts. Mohamad's people went north, and east, and west, from Kasonga's: sixteen marches north, ten ditto west, and four ditto E. and S.E. The average march was 6½ hours, say 12', about 200' N. and W., lat. of Kasonga, say 4° south. They may have reached 1°, 2° S. They were now in the Baléggé country, and turned. It was all dense forest, they never saw the sun except when at a village, and then the villages were too far apart. The people were very fond of sheep, which they call ngombé, or ox, and tusks are never used. They went off to where an elephant had formerly been killed, and brought the tusks rotted and eaten or gnawed by "Déré" (?)—a Rodent, probably the *Aulocaudatus Swin-derianus*. Three large rivers were crossed, breast and chin deep; in one they were five hours, and a man in a small canoe went ahead sounding for water capable of being waded. Much water and mud in the forest. This report makes me thankful I did not go, for I should have seen nothing, and been worn out by fatigue and mud. They tell me that the River Metunda had black water, and took two hours to cross it, breast deep. They crossed about forty smaller rivers over

the River Mohunga, breast deep. The River of Mbité also is large. All along Lualaba and Metumbé the sheep have hairy dew-laps, no wool, Tartar breed (?), small, thin tails.

A broad belt of meadow-land, with no trees, lies along Lualaba, beyond that it is all dense forest, and trees so large, that one lying across the path is breast high: clearances exist only around the villages. The people are very expert smiths and weavers of the "Lamba," and make fine large spears, knives, and needles. Market-places, called "Tokos," are numerous all along Lualaba; to these the Barua of the other bank come daily in large canoes, bringing grass-cloth, salt, flour, cassava, fowls, goats, pigs, and slaves. The women are beautiful, with straight noses, and well-clothed; when the men of the districts are at war, the women take their goods to market as if at peace and are never molested: all are very keen traders, buying one thing with another, and changing back again, and any profit made is one of the enjoyments of life.

I knew that my deserters hoped to be fed by Mohamad Bogharib when we left the camp at Mamohela, but he told them that he would not have them; this took them aback, but they went and lifted his ivory for him, and when a parley was thus brought about, talked him over, saying that they would go to me and do all I desired: they never came, but, as no one else would take them, I gave them three loads to go to Bambarré; there they told Mohamad that I would not give them beads, and they did not like to steal; they were now trying to get his food by lies. I invited them three times to come and take beads, but having supplies of food from the camp women, they hoped to get the upper hand with me, and take what they liked by refusing to carry or work. Mohamad spoke long to them, but speaking mildly makes them imagine that the spokesman is afraid of them. They kept away from my work and would fain join Mohamad's, but he won't have them. I gave beads to all but the ringleaders. Their conduct looks as if a quarrel had taken place between us, but no such excuse have they.

I am powerless, as they have left me, and think that they may do as they like, and the "Manyuema are bad" is the song. Their badness consists in being dreadfully afraid of guns, and the Arabs can do just as they like with them and their goods. If spears alone were used the Manyuema would be considered brave, for they fear no one though he has many spears. They tell us truly "that were it not for our guns not one of us would return to our own country." Moenemokaia killed two Arab agents, and took their guns; this success led to their asserting, in answer to the remonstrances of the women, "We shall take their goats, guns, and women from them." The chief, in reporting the matter to Moenemger (?) at Luamo, said, "The Englishman told my people to go away, as he did not like fighting, but my men were filled with 'malofu,' or palm-toddy, and refused to their own hurt." Elsewhere they made regular preparation to have a fight with Dugumbé's people, just to see who was strongest—they with their spears and wooden shields, and the Arabs with what in derision they called tobacco-pipes (guns). They killed eight or nine Arabs.

No traders seem ever to have come in before this. Barma brought copper and skins for tusks, and the Babisa and Baguha coarse beads. The Bavira are now enraged at seeing Ujijians pass into their ivory field, and no wonder; they took the tusks which cost them a few strings of beads, and received weight for weight in beads, thick brass wire, and loads of calico.

CHAPTER XVI.

STRANDED AT BAMBARRE.

BAMBARRE, AUGUST 25TH, 1870.—One of my waking dreams is that the legendary tales about Moses coming up into Inner Ethiopia with Merr his foster-mother, and founding a city which he called in her honor "Meroe," may have a substratum of fact. He was evidently a man of transcendent genius, and we learn from the speech of St. Stephen that "he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." His deeds must have been well known in Egypt, for "he supposed that his brethren would have understood how that God by His hand would deliver them, but they understood not." His supposition could not be founded on his success in smiting a single Egyptian; he was too great a man to be elated by a single act of prowess, but his success on a large scale in Ethiopia afforded reasonable grounds for believing that his brethren would be proud of their countryman, and disposed to follow his leadership, but they were slaves. The notice taken of the matter by Pharaoh showed that he was eyed by the great as a dangerous, if not powerful, man. He "dwelt" in Midian for some time before his gallant bearing towards the shepherds by the well, commended him to the priest or prince of the country. An uninteresting wife, and the want of intercourse with kindred spirits during the long forty years' solitude of a herdsman's life, seem to have acted injuriously on his spirits, and it was not till he had with Aaron struck terror into the Egyptian mind, that the "man

Moses" again became "very great in the eyes of Pharaoh and his servants." The Ethiopian woman whom he married could scarcely be the daughter of Reuel or Jethro, for Midian was descended from Keturah, Abraham's concubine, and they were never considered Cushite or Ethiopian. If he left his wife in Egypt she would now be some fifty or sixty years old, and all the more likely to be despised by the proud prophetess Miriam as a daughter of Ham.

I dream of discovering some monumental relics of Meroe, and if anything confirmatory of sacred history does remain, I pray to be guided thereunto. If the sacred chronology would thereby be confirmed, I would not grudge the toil and hardships, hunger and pain, I have endured—the irritable ulcers would only be discipline.

[Searching in his closely-written pocket-books we find many little mementoes of his travels; such, for instance, as two or three tsetse flies pressed between the leaves of one book; some bees, some leaves and moths in another, but, hidden away in the pocket of the note-book which Livingstone used during the longest and most painful illness he ever underwent lies a small scrap of printed paper which tells a tale in its own simple way. On one side there is written in his well-known hand:—]

"Turn over and see a drop of comfort found when suffering from irritable eating ulcers on the feet in Manyuema, August, 1870."

[On the reverse we see that the scrap was evidently snipped off a list of books advertised at the end of some volume which, with the tea and other things sent to Ujiji, had reached him before setting out on this perilous journey. The "drop of comfort" is a complimentary notice of his "*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi*," copied from the *British Quarterly Review*. The kindly pen of the reviewer served a good turn when there was "no medicine" but the following:—]

I was at last advised to try malachite, rubbed down with water on a stone, and applied with a feather: this is the only thing that has any beneficial effect.

9th September, 1870.—A Londa slave stole ten goats from the Manyuema; he was bound, but broke loose, and killed two goats yesterday. He was given to the Manyuema. The Balonda evidently sold their criminals only. He was shorn of his ears and would have been killed, but Monangoi said, "Don't let the blood of a freeman touch our soil."

26th.—I am able now to report the ulcers healing. For eighty days I have been completely laid up by them, and it will be long ere the lost substance will be replaced. They kill many slaves; and an epidemic came to us which carried off thirty in our small camp.

4th October, 1870.—A trading party from Ujiji reports an epidemic raging between the coast and Ujiji, and very fatal. Syde bin Habib and Dugumbe are coming, and they have letters and perhaps people for me, so I remain, though the irritable ulcers are well-nigh healed.

I cannot understand very well what a "Theoretical Discoverer" is. If anyone got up and declared in a public meeting that he was the theoretical discoverer of the philosopher's stone, or of perpetual motion for watches, should we not mark him as a little wrong in the head? So of the Nile sources. The Portuguese crossed the Chambeze some seventy years before I did, but to them it was a branch of the Zambesi and nothing more. Cooley put it down as the New Zambesi, and made it run backwards, up hill, between 3000 and 4000 feet! I was misled by the similarity of names and a map, to think it the eastern branch of the Zambesi. I was told that it formed a large water in the south-west; this I readily believed to be the Liambai, in the Barotse Valley, and it took me eighteen months of toil to come back again to the Chambeze in Lake Bangweolo, and work out the error into which I was led—twenty-two months elapsed ere I got back to the point whence I set out to explore Chambeze, Bangweolo, Luapula, Moero, and Lualaba. I spent two full years at this work, and the Chief Casembe was the first to throw light on the subject by saying, "It is the same water here as in the Chambeze, the same in Moero and Lualaba, and one piece of water is just like another. Will you draw

out calico from it that you wish to see it? As your chief desired you to see Bangweolo, go to it, and if in going north you see a traveling party, join it; if not, come back to me, and I will send you safely by my path along Moero."

The central Lualaba I would fain call the Lake River Webb; the western, the Lake River Young. The Lufira and Lualaba West form a lake, the native name of which, "Chibungo," must give way to Lake Lincoln. I wish to name the fountain of the Liambai or Upper Zambesi, Palmerston Fountain, and adding that of Sir Bartle Frere to the fountain of Lufira, three names of men who have done more to abolish slavery and the slave-trade than any of their cotemporaries.

[The following paragraph occurs in a dispatch written to the Earl of Derby by Dr. Livingstone a few weeks before his death.]

"I have tried to honor the name of the good Lord Palmerston, in fond remembrance of his long and unwearied labor for the abolition of the Slave Trade; and I venture to place the name of the good and noble Lincoln on the lake, in gratitude to him who gave freedom to 4,000,000 of slaves. These two great men are no longer among us; but it pleases me, here in the wilds, to place, as it were, my poor little garland of love on their tombs."

10th.—I came out of my hut to-day, after being confined to it since the 22nd July, or eighty days, by irritable ulcers on the feet. The last twenty days I suffered from fever, which reduced my strength, taking away my voice, and purging me. My appetite was good, but the third mouthful of any food caused nausea and vomiting—purging took place and profuse sweating; it was choleraic, and how many Manyuema died of it we could not ascertain. While this epidemic raged here, we heard of cholera terribly severe on the way to the coast. I am thankful to feel myself well. We expect Syde bin Habib soon: he will take to the river, and I hope so shall I.

We expect letters, and perhaps men by Syde bin Habib.

I am in agony for news from home; all I feel sure of now is that my friends will all wish me to complete my task. I join in the wish now, as better than doing it in vain afterwards.

The visits of the Ujijian traders must be felt by the Manyema to be a severe infliction, for the huts are appropriated, and no leave asked: firewood, pots, baskets, and food are used without scruple, and anything that pleases is taken away; usually the women flee into the forest, and return to find the whole place a litter of broken food. I tried to pay the owners of the huts in which I slept, but often in vain, for they hid in the forest, and feared to come near. It was common for old men to come forward to me with a present of bananas as I passed, uttering with trembling accents, "Bolongo, Bolongo!" ("Friendship, Friendship!"), and if I stopped to make a little return present, others ran for plantains or palm-toddy. The Arabs' men ate up what they demanded, without one word of thanks, and turned round to me and said, "They are bad, don't give them anything." "Why, what badness is there in giving food?" I replied. "Oh! they like you, but hate us." One man gave me an iron ring, and all seemed inclined to be friendly, yet they are undoubtedly bloodthirsty to other Manyema, and kill each other.

Syde bin Habib and Dugumbe will open up the Lualaba this year, and I am hoping to enter the West Lualaba, or Young's River, and if possible go up to Katanga. The Lord be my guide and helper. I feel the want of medicine strongly, almost as much as the want of men.

19th.—Bambarre. The ringleading deserters sent Chumah to say that they were going with the people of Mohamad (who left to-day) to the Metamba, but I said that I had nought to say to them. They would go now to the Metamba, whom, on deserting, they said they so much feared, and they think nothing of having left me to go with only three attendants, and get my feet torn to pieces in mud and sand. They probably meant to go back to the women at Mamohela,

who fed them in the absence of their husbands. They were told by Mohamad that they must not follow his people, and he gave orders to bind them, and send them back if they did. They think that no punishment will reach them whatever they do: they are freemen, and need not work or do anything but beg. "English," they call themselves, and the Arabs fear them, though the eagerness with which they engaged in slave-hunting showed them to be genuine niggers.

20th.—The party under Hassani crossed the Logumba at Kanyingere's, and went N. and N.N.E. They found the country becoming more and more mountainous, till at last, approaching Morere, it was perpetually up and down. They slept at a village on the top, and could send for water to the bottom only once, it took so much time to descend and ascend. The Balegga were very unfriendly, and collected in thousands. "We come to buy ivory," said Hassani, "and if there is none we go away." "Nay," shouted they, "you come to die here!" and then they shot with arrows; when musket-balls were returned they fled, and would not come to receive the captives.

25th.—Bambarre. In this journey I have endeavored to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger, and toil were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Mine has been a calm, hopeful endeavor to do the work that has been given me to do, whether I succeed or whether I fail. The prospect of death in pursuing what I knew to be right did not make me veer to one side or the other. I had a strong presentiment during the first three years that I should never live through the enterprise, but it weakened as I came near to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to discover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me, spell-bound me, I may say, for if I could bring to light anything to confirm the Sacred Oracles, I

should not grudge one whit all the labor expended. I have to go down the Central Lualaba or Webb's Lake River, then up the Western or Young's Lake River to Katanga head waters and then retire. I pray that it may be to my native home.

Syde bin Habib, Dugumbe, Juma Merikano, Abdullah Masendi are coming in with 700 muskets, and an immense store of beads, copper, etc. They will cross Lualaba and trade west of it: I wait for them because they may have letters for me.

28th.—Moenemokata, who has traveled further than most Arabs, said to me, "If a man goes with a good-natured, civil tongue, he may pass through the worst people in Africa unharmed:" this is true, but time also is required: one must not run through a country, but give the people time to become acquainted with you, and let their first fears subside.

29th.—The Manyuema buy their wives from each other; a pretty girl brings ten goats. I saw one brought home to-day; she came jauntily with but one attendant, and her husband walking behind. They stop five days, then go back and remain other five days at home: then the husband fetches her again. Many are pretty, and have perfect forms and limbs.

2nd November, 1870.—The plain without trees that flanks the Lualaba on the right bank, called Mbuga, is densely peopled, and the inhabitants are all civil and friendly. From fifty to sixty large canoes come over from the left bank daily to hold markets: these people too "are good," but the dwellers in the Metamba or dense forest are treacherous, and murder a single person without scruple: the dead body is easily concealed.

I long with intense desire to move on and finish my work, I have also an excessive wish to find anything that may exist proving the visit of the great Moses and the ancient kingdom of Tirhaka, but I pray give me just what pleases Thee, my Lord, and make me submissive to Thy will in all things.

I received information about Mr. Young's search trip up the Shire and Nyassa only in February, 1870, and now take the first opportunity of offering hearty thanks in a dispatch to Her Majesty's Government, and all concerned in kindly inquiring after my fate.

Musa fled in terror on hearing a false report from a half-caste Arab about the Mazitu, 150 miles distant, though I promised to go due west, and not turn to the north till far past the beat of that tribe. The few liberated slaves with whom I went on had the misfortune to be Mohamadan slaves in boyhood, but did fairly till we came into close contact with Moslems again. A black Arab was released from a twelve years' bondage by Casembe, through my own influence and that of the Sultan's letter: we traveled together for a time, and he sold the favors of his female slaves to my people for goods which he perfectly well knew were stolen from me. He received my four deserters, and when I had gone off to Lake Bangweolo with only four attendants, the rest wished to follow, but he dissuaded them by saying that I had gone into a country where there was war: he was the direct cause of all my difficulties with these liberated slaves, but judged by the East African Moslem standard, as he ought to be, and not by ours, he is a very good man, and I did not think it prudent to come to a rupture with the old blackguard.

The Arabs tell me that Monyungo, a chief, was sent for five years among the Watuta to learn their language and ways, and he sent his two sons and a daughter to Zanzibar to school. He kills many of his people, and says they are so bad that if not killed they would murder strangers. Once they were unruly, when he ordered some of them to give their huts to Mohamad; on refusing, he put fire to them, and they soon called out, "Let them alone; we will retire." He dresses like an Arab, and has ten loaded guns at his sitting-place, four pistols, two swords, several spears, and two bundles of the Batuta spears: he laments that his father filed his teeth when he was young. The name of his very numerous people is Bawungu, country Urungu.

The Basango, on the other hand, consider their chief as a deity, and fear to say aught wrong, lest he should hear them: they fear both before him and when out of sight. The father of Merere never drank pombe or beer, and assigned as a reason that a great man who had charge of people's lives should never become intoxicated so as to do evil.

9th.—I long excessively to be away and finish my work by the two lacustrine rivers, Lualaba of Webb and Young, but wait only for Syde and Dugumbe, who may have letters, and as I do not intend to return hither, but go through Karagwe homewards, I should miss them altogether. I groan and am in bitterness at the delay, but thus it is: I pray for help to do what is right, but sorely am I perplexed, and grieved and mourn: I cannot give up making a complete work of the exploration.

10th.—The Arabs say that the Manyema now understand that every gun-shot does not kill; the next thing they will learn will be to grapple in close quarters in the forest, where their spears will outmatch the guns in the hands of slaves; it will follow, too, that no one will be able to pass through this country; this is the usual course of Suaheli trading; it is murder and plunder, and each slave as he rises in his owner's favor is eager to show himself a mighty man of valor, by coldblooded killing of his countrymen: if they can kill a fellow-nigger, their pride boils up. The conscience is not enlightened enough to cause uneasiness, and Islam gives less than the light of nature.

I am grievously tired of living here. Mohamad is as kind as he can be, but to sit idle or give up before I finish my work are both intolerable; I cannot bear either, yet I am forced to remain by want of people.

11th.—I wrote to Mohamad bin Saleh at Ujiji for letters and medicines to be sent in a box of China tea, which is half empty: if he cannot get carriers for the long box itself, then he is to send these, the articles of which I stand in greatest need.

The relatives of a boy captured at Monanyembe brought

three goats to redeem him: he is sick and emaciated; one goat was rejected. The boy shed tears when he saw his grandmother, and the father too, when his goat was rejected. "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."—Eccles. iv. 1. The relations were told either to bring the goat, or let the boy die; this was hard-hearted. At Mamohela ten goats are demanded for a captive, and given too; here three are demanded. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth, and there be higher than they. Marvel not at the matter."

When Syde and Dugumbe come, I hope to get men and a canoe to finish my work among those who have not been abused by Ujijians, and still retain their natural kindness of disposition; none of the people are ferocious without cause; and the sore experience which they gain from slaves with guns in their hands usually ends in sullen hatred of all strangers.

The 'education' of the world is a terrible one, and it has come down with relentless rigor on Africa from the most remote times! What the African will become after this awfully hard lesson is learned, is among the future developments of Providence. When He, who is higher than the highest, accomplishes his purposes, this will be a wonderful country, and again something like what it was of old, when Zerah and Tirhaka flourished, and were great.

CHAPTER XVII.

EXPLORATIONS IN MANYUEMA RENEWED.

BAMBARRE, 6TH DECEMBER, 1870.—Oh, for Dugumbé or Syde to come! but this delay may be all for the best. The parrots all seize their food, and hold it with the left hand, the lion, too, is left-handed; he strikes with the left, so are all animals left-handed save man.

I noticed a very pretty woman come past this quite jauntily about a month ago, on marriage with Monasimba. Ten goats were given; her friends came and asked another goat, which being refused, she was enticed away, became sick of rheumatic fever two days afterwards, and died yesterday. Not a syllable of regret for the beautiful young creature does one hear, but for the goats: "Oh, our ten goats!"—they cannot grieve too much—"Our ten goats—oh! oh!"

Basanga wail over those who die in bed, but not over those who die in battle: the cattle are a salve for all sores.

Another man was killed within half a mile of this: they quarreled, and there is virtually no chief. The man was stabbed, the village burned, and the people all fled: they are truly a bloody people!

A man died near this, Monasimba went to his wife, and after washing he may appear among men. If no widow can be obtained, he must sit naked behind his house till some one happens to die; all the clothes he wore are thrown away. They are the lowest of the low, and especially in bloodiness: the man who killed a woman without cause goes free; he offered his grandmother to be killed in his stead, and after a great deal of talk nothing was done to him!

10th.—I am sorely let and hindered in this Manyuema. Rain every day, and often at night; I could not travel now, even if I had men, but I could make some progress; this is the sorest delay I ever had. I look above for help and mercy.

12th.—It may be all for the best that I am so hindered, and compelled to inactivity.

24th.—Between twenty-five and thirty slaves have died in the present epidemic, and many Manyuema; two yesterday at Kandawara. The feet swell, then the hands and face, and in a day or two they drop dead; it came from the East, and is very fatal, for few escape who take it.

A woman was accused of stealing maize, and the chief here sent all his people yesterday, plundered all she had in her house and garden, and brought her husband bound in thongs till he shall pay a goat: she is said to be innocent.

Monangoi does this by fear of the traders here; and, as the people tell him, as soon as they are gone the vengeance he is earning by injustice on all sides will be taken: I told the chief that his head would be cut off as soon as the traders leave, and so it will be, and Kasessa's also.

Three men went from Katomba to Kasongo's to buy Viramba, and a man was speared belonging to Kasongo; these three then fired into a mass of men who collected, one killed two, another three, and so on; so now that place is shut up from traders, and all this country will be closed as soon as the Manyuema learn that guns are limited in their power of killing, and especially in the hands of slaves, who cannot shoot, but only make a noise. These Suaheli are the most cruel and bloodthirsty missionaries in existence, and withal so impure in talk and acts, spreading disease everywhere. The Lord sees it.

28th.—Moenembegg, the most intelligent of the two sons of Moenékuss, in power, told us that a man was killed and eaten a few miles from this yesterday: hunger was the reason assigned.

The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems

really to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves. My attention was drawn to it when the elder brother of Syde bin Habib was killed in Rua by a night attack, from a spear being pitched through his tent into his side. Syde then vowed vengeance for the blood of his brother, and assaulted all he could find, killing the elders, and making the young men captives. He had secured a very large number, and they endured the chains until they saw the broad River Lualaba roll between them and their free homes; they then lost heart. Twenty-one were unchained as being now safe; however, all ran away at once; but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot, though many think that the organ stands high up under the breast-bone. Some slavers expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat and no work. One fine boy of about twelve years was carried, and when about to expire, was kindly laid down on the side of the path, and a hole dug to deposit the body in. He, too, said he had nothing the matter with him, except pain in his heart: as it attacks only the free (who are captured and never slaves), it seems to be really broken-hearts of which they die.

[Livingstone's servants give some additional particulars in answer to questions put to them about this dreadful history. Children for a time would keep up with wonderful endurance, but it happened sometimes that the sound of dancing and the merry tinkle of the small drums would fall on their ears in passing near to a village; then the memory of home and happy days proved too much for them; they cried and sobbed, the "broken-heart" came on, and they rapidly sank.

The adults as a rule came into the slave-sticks from treachery, and had never been slaves before. Very often the Arabs would promise a present of dried fish to villagers if they would act as guides to some distant point, and as soon as they were far enough away from their friends they were seized and pinned into the yoke from which there is no

escape. These poor fellows would expire in the way the Doctor mentions, talking to the last of their wives and children, who would never know what had become of them. On one occasion twenty captives succeeded in escaping as follows: Chained together by the neck, and in the custody of an Arab armed with a gun, they were sent off to collect wood; at a given signal, one of them called the guard to look at something which he pretended he had found: when he stooped down they threw themselves upon him and overpowered him, and after he was dead managed to break the chain and make off in all directions.]

Rice sown on 19th October was in ear in seventy days. A leopard killed my goat, and a gun set for him went off at 10 P.M.—the ball broke both hind legs and one fore leg, yet he had power to spring up and bite a man badly afterwards; he was a male, 2 feet 4 inches at withers, and 6 feet 8 inches from tip of nose to end of tail.

1st *January*, 1871.—O Father! help me to finish this work to Thy honor.

Still detained at Bambarré, but a caravan of 500 muskets is reported from the coast: it may bring me other men and goods.

Rain daily. A woman was murdered without cause close by the camp; the murderer said she was a witch and speared her: the body is exposed till the affair is settled, probably by a fine of goats.

The Manyema are the most bloody, callous savages I know; one puts a scarlet feather from a parrot's tail on the ground, and challenges those near to stick it in the hair: he who does so must kill a man or woman!

Another custom is that none dare wear the skin of the musk cat, Ngawa, unless he has murdered somebody: guns alone prevent them from killing us all, and for no reason either.

16th.—Ramadán ended last night, and it is probable my people and others from the coast will begin to travel after three days of feasting. It has been so rainy I could have done little though I had had people.

A DANGEROUS PRIZE.



Cold-blooded murders are frightfully common here. Some kill people in order to be allowed to wear the red tail feathers of a parrot in their hair; and yet they are not ugly like the West Coast Negroes, for many men have as finely formed heads as could be found in London. We English, if naked, would make but poor figures beside the strapping forms and finely shaped limbs of Manyuema men and women. Their cannibalism is doubtful, but my observations raise grave suspicions. A Scotch jury would say, "Not proven." The women are not guilty.

4th February, 1871.—Ten of my men from the coast have come near to Bambarré, and will arrive to-day. I am extremely thankful to hear it, for it assures me that my packet of letters was not destroyed; they know at home by this time what has detained me, and the end to which I strain.

Only one letter reached, and forty are missing! James was killed to-day by an arrow: the assassin was hid in the forest till my men going to buy food came up. I propose to leave on the 12th. I have sent Dr. Kirk a check for Rs. 4,000: great havoc was made by cholera, and in the midst of it my friend exerted himself greatly to get men off to me with goods; the first gang of porters all died.

8th.—The ten men refusing to go north are influenced probably by Shereef, and my two ringleaders, who try this means to compel me to take them.

9th.—The man who contrived the murder of James came here, drawn by the pretence that he was needed to lead a party against the villages, which he led to commit the outrage. His thirst for blood is awful: he was bound, and word sent to bring the actual murderers within three days, or he suffers death. He brought five goats, thinking that would smooth the matter over.

11th.—Men struck work for higher wages: I consented to give them six dollars a month if they behaved well; if ill, I diminish it, so we hope to start to-morrow. Another hunting quelled by Mohamad and me.

The ten men sent are all slaves of the Banians, who are

English subjects, and they come with a lie in their mouth: they will not help me, and swear that the Consul told them not to go forward, but to force me back; and they spread the tale all over the country that a certain letter has been sent to me with orders to return forthwith. They swore so positively that I actually looked again at Dr. Kirk's letter to see if his orders had been rightly understood by me. But for Mohamad Bogharib and fear of pistol-shot they would gain their own and their Banian masters' end to baffle me completely; they demand an advance of one dollar, or six dollars a month, though this is double freeman's pay at Zanzibar. Their two headmen, Shereef and Awathé, refused to come past Ujiji, and are reveling on my goods there.

13th.—Mabruki being seized with choleraic purging detains us to-day. Yesterday crowds came to eat the meat of the man who misled James to his death spot: but we want the men who set the Mbanga men to shoot him: they were much disappointed when they found that no one was killed, and are undoubtedly cannibals.

16th.—Started to-day. Mabruki making himself out very ill, Mohamad roused him out by telling him I traveled when much worse. The chief gave me a goat, and Mohamad another, but in coming through the forest on the neck of the mountain the men lost three, and have to go back for them, and return to-morrow. Simon and Ibram were bundled out of the camp, and impudently followed me: when they came up, I told them to be off.

17th.—Waiting at a village on the western slope for the men to come up with the goats, if they have gone back to the camp. Mohamad would not allow the deserters to remain among his people, nor would I. It would only be to imbue the minds of my men with their want of respect for all English, and total disregard of honesty and honor: they came after me with inimitable effrontery, believing that, though I said I would not take them, they were so valuable, I was only saying what I knew to be false. The goats were brought by a Manyema man, who found one fallen into a

pitfall, and dead; he ate it, and brought one of his own in lieu of it. I gave him ten strings of beads, and he presented a fowl in token of goodwill.

18th.—Went on to a village on the Lulwa, and on the 19th reached Moenemgoi.

20th.—To the ford with only one canoe now, as two men of Katomba were swept away in the other, and drowned. They would not sell the remaining canoe, so I go N.W. on foot to Moené Lualaba, where fine large canoes are abundant. The grass and mud are grievous, but my men lift me over the waters.

21st.—Arrived at Monandewa's village, situated on a high ridge between two deep and difficult gullies. These people are obliging and kind: the chief's wife made a fire for me in the evening unbidden.

22nd.—On N.W. to a high hill called Chibandé a Yundé, with a spring of white water at the village on the top. Famine from some unknown cause here, but the people are cultivating now on the plain below with a will.

23rd.—On to two large villages with many banana plants around, but the men said they were in fear of the traders, and shifted their villages to avoid them: we then went on to the village Kahombogola, with a feeble old man as chief. The country is beautiful and undulating: light-green grass covers it all, save at the brooks, where the eye is relieved by the dark-green lines of trees.

24th.—To a village near Lolandé River. Then to Mamohela, where we were welcomed by all the Arabs, and I got a letter from Dr. Kirk and another from the Sultan, and from Mohamad bin Nassib, who was going to Karagwé: all anxious to be kind. Katomba gave flour, nuts, fowls, and goat. A new way is opened to Kasongo's, much shorter than that I followed. I rest a few days, and then go on.

25th.—So we went on, and found that it was now known that the Lualaba flowed west-south-west, and that our course was to be west across this other great bend of the mighty river. I had to suspend my judgment, so as to be prepared to find it after all, perhaps, the Congo.

Katomba presented a young soko or gorilla that had been caught while its mother was killed; she sits eighteen inches high, has fine long black hair all over, which was pretty so long as it was kept in order by her dam. She is the least mischievous of all the monkey tribe I have seen, and seems to know that in me she has a friend, and sits quietly on the mat beside me. In walking, the first thing observed is that she does not tread on the palms of her hands, but on the backs of the second line of bones of the hands: in doing this the nails do not touch the ground, nor do the knuckles; she uses the arms thus supported crutch fashion, and hitches herself along between them; occasionally one hand is put down before the other, and alternates with the feet, or she walks upright and holds up a hand to any one to carry her. If refused, she turns her face down, and makes grimaces of the most bitter human weeping, wringing her hands, and sometimes adding a fourth hand or foot to make the appeal more touching. Grass or leaves she draws around her to make a nest, and resents any one meddling with her property. She is a most friendly little beast, and came up to me at once, making her chirrup of welcome, smelled my clothing, and held out her hand to be shaken. I slapped her palm without offence, though she winced. She began to untie the cord with which she was afterwards bound, with fingers and thumbs, in quite a systematic way, and on being interfered with by a man looked daggers, and screaming tried to beat him with her hands: she was afraid of his stick, and faced him, putting her back to me as a friend. She holds out her hand for people to lift her up and carry her, quite like a spoiled child; then bursts into a passionate cry, somewhat like that of a kite, wrings her hands quite naturally, as if in despair. She eats everything, covers herself with a mat to sleep, and makes a nest of grass or leaves, and wipes her face with a leaf.

I presented my double-barreled gun which is at Ujiji to Katomba, as he has been very kind when away from Ujiji: I pay him thus for all his services. He gave me the soko,

and will carry it to Ujiji for me; I have tried to refund all that the Arabs expended on me.

1st March, 1871.—I was to start this morning, but the Arabs asked me to take seven of their people going to buy biramba, as they know the new way: the offer was gladly accepted.

2nd-5th.—Left Mamohela, and traveled over fine grassy plains, crossing in six hours fourteen running rills, from three to ten or fifteen feet broad, and from calf to thigh deep. Tree-covered mountains on both sides. We came to Monanbunda's villages, and spent the night. Our next stage was at Monangongo's. A small present of a few strings of beads satisfies, but is not asked: I give it invariably as acknowledgment for lodgings. The headman of our next stage hid himself in fear, as we were near to the scene of Bin Juma's unprovoked slaughter of five men, for tusks that were not stolen, but thrown down. Our path lay through dense forest, and again, on 5th, our march was in the same dense jungle of lofty trees and vegetation that touch our arms on each side.

We came to some villages among beautiful tree-covered hills, called Basilañgé or Mobasilangé. The villages are very pretty, standing on slopes. The main street generally lies east and west, to allow the bright sun to stream his clear hot rays from one end to the other, and lick up quickly the moisture from the frequent showers which is not drained off by the slopes. A little veranda is often made in front of the door, and here at dawn the family gathers round a fire, and, while enjoying the heat needed in the cold that always accompanies the first darting of the light or sun's rays across the atmosphere, inhale the delicious air, and talk over their little domestic affairs. The various shaped leaves of the forest all around their village and near their nestlings are bespangled with myriads of dewdrops. The cocks crow vigorously, and strut and ogle; the kids gambol and leap on the backs of their dams quietly chewing the cud; other goats make believe fighting. Thrifty wives often bake their new

clay-pots in a fire, made by lighting a heap of grass roots: the next morning they extract salt from the ashes, and so two birds are killed with one stone. The beauty of this morning scene of peaceful enjoyment is indescribable. Infancy gilds the fairy picture with its own lines, and it is probably never forgotten, for the young, taken up from slavers, and treated with all philanthropic missionary care and kindness, still revert to the period of infancy as the finest and fairest they have known. They would go back to freedom and enjoyment as fast as would our own sons of the soil, and be heedless to the charms of hard work and no play which we think so much better for them if not for us.

In some cases we found all the villages deserted; the people had fled at our approach, in dread of repetitions of the outrages of Arab slaves. The doors were all shut: a bunch of the leaves of reeds or of green reeds placed across them, means "no entrance here." A few stray chickens wander about wailing, having hid themselves while the rest were caught and carried off into the deep forest, and the still smoking fires tell the same tale of recent flight from the slave-traders.

Many have found out that I am not one of their number, so in various cases they stand up and call out loudly, "Bolongo, Bolongo!" "Friendship, Friendship!" They sell their fine iron bracelets eagerly for a few beads; (for bracelets seem out of fashion since beads came in), but they are of the finest quality of iron, and were they nearer Europe would be as eagerly sought and bought as horse-shoe nails are for the best gun-barrels. I overhear the Manyuema telling each other that I am the "good one." I have no slaves, and I owe this character to the propagation of a good name by the slaves of Zanzibar, who are anything but good themselves. I have seen slaves belonging to the seven men now with us slap the cheeks of grown men who had offered food for sale; it was done in sheer wantonness, till I threatened to thrash them if I saw it again; but out of my sight they did it still, and when I complained to the masters they

confessed that all the mischief was done by slaves; for the Manyema, on being insulted, lose temper and use their spears on the nasty curs, and then vengeance is taken with guns. Free men behave better than slaves; the bondmen are not responsible.

The Manyema are far more beautiful than either the bond or free of Zanzibar; I overhear the remark often, "If we had Manyema wives what beautiful children we should beget." The men are usually handsome, and many of the women are very pretty; hands, feet, limbs, and forms perfect in shape, and the color light-brown, but the orifices of the nose are widened by snuff-takers, who ram it up as far as they can with the finger and thumb: the teeth are not filed, except a small space between the two upper front teeth.

5th.—We heard to-day that Mohamad's people passed us on the west, with much ivory. I lose thus twenty copper rings I was to take from them, and all the notes they were to make for me of the rivers they crossed.

6th.—Passed through very large villages, with many forges in active work; some men followed us, as if to fight, but we got them to turn peaceably: we don't know who are enemies, so many have been maltreated and had relatives killed. The rain of yesterday made the paths so slippery that the feet of all were sorely fatigued, and on coming to Manyara's, I resolved to rest on 7th near Mount Kimazi. I gave a cloth and beads in lieu of a fine fat goat from the chief, a clever, good man.

9th.—We marched about five hours across a grassy plain without trees—buga or prairie. The torrid sun, nearly vertical, sent his fierce rays down, and fatigued us all: we crossed two Sokoyé streams by bridges, and slept at a village on a ridge of woodland overlooking Kasonga. After two hours this morning, we came to villages of this chief, and at one were welcomed by the Safari of Salem Mokadam, and I was given a house. Kasonga is a very fine young man, with European features, and "very clever and good." He is clever, and is pronounced good, because he eagerly joins the

Arabs in marauding ! Seeing the advantage of fire-arms, he has bought four muskets. Mohamad's people were led by his, and spent all their copper for some fifty frasilahs of good ivory. From this party men have been sent over Lualaba, and about fifty frasilahs obtained : all praise Kasonga. We were now only six miles from Lualaba, and yet south of Mamohela ; this great river, in fact, makes a second great sweep to the west of some 130 miles, and there are at least 30' of southing ; but now it comes rolling majestically to the north, and again makes even easting. It is a mighty stream, with many islands in it, and is never wadeable at any point or at any time of the year.

10th.—Mohamad's people are said to have gone to Luapanya, a powerful chief, who told them they were to buy all their ivory from him : he had not enough, and they wanted to go on to a people who have ivory door-posts ; but he said, " You shall go neither forward nor backwards, but remain here," and he then called an immense body of archers, and said, " You must fight these." The consequence was they killed Luapanya and many of his people. I wished to go from this in canoes, but Kasonga has none, so I must tramp for five or six days to Moené Lualaba to buy one, if I have credit with Abed.

11th.—I had a long, fierce oration from Amur, in which I was told again and again that I should be killed and eaten—the people wanted a " white one " to eat ! I needed 200 guns ; and " must not go to die." I told him that I was thankful for advice, if given by one who had knowledge, but his vehement threats were dreams of one who had never gone anywhere, but sent his slaves to kill people. He was only frightening my people, and doing me an injury. I told him that Baker had only twelve people, and came near to this : to this he replied, " Were the people cannibals ? " &c., &c.

I left this noisy demagogue, after saying I thanked him for his warnings, but saw he knew not what he was saying. The traders from Ujiji are simply marauders, and their

people worse than themselves; they thirst for blood more than for ivory; each longs to be able to tell a tale of blood, and the Manyema are an easy prey. Hassani assaulted the people at Moené Lualaba's, and now they keep to the other bank, and I am forced to bargain with Kasonga for a canoe, and he sends to a friend for one to be seen on the 13th. This Hassani declared to me that he would not begin hostilities, but he began nothing else; the prospect of getting slaves overpowers all else, and blood flows in horrid streams. The Lord look on it! Hassani will have some tale to tell Mohamad Bogharib.

15th.—My men are not come back: I fear they are engaged in some broil. In confirmation of what I write, some of the party here assaulted a village of Kasonga's, killed three men and captured women and children; they pretended that they did not know them to be his people, but they did not return the captives.

20th.—I am heartsore, and sick of human blood.

21st.—Kasonga's brother's child died, and he asked me to remain to-day while he buried the dead, and he would give me a guide to-morrow; being rainy, I stop willingly. Dugumbé is said to purpose going down the river to Kanagumbé River, to build on the land Kanagumbé, which is a loop formed by the river, and is large. He is believed to possess great power of divination, even of killing unfaithful women.

22nd.—I am detained another day by the sickness of one of the party. Very cold rain yesterday from the north-west. I hope to go to-morrow towards the Kakoni, or great market of this region.

23rd.—Left Kasonga, who gave me a goat and a guide. We reached Katenga's, about five miles off. There are many villages, and people passed us carrying loads of provisions, and cassava, from the chitoka or market.

24th.—Great rain in the night and morning, and sickness of the men prevented our march.

25th.—Went to Mazimwé, $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles off.

26th.—Went four miles and crossed the Kabwimaji. We met a party from the traders at Kasonga, chiefly Materéka's people under Salem and Syde bin Sultan; they had eighty-two captives, and say they fought ten days to secure them. They had about twenty tusks, and carried one of their men who broke his leg in fighting; we shall be safe only when past the bloodshed and murder.

27th.—We went along a ridge of land overhanging a fine valley of denudation, with well-cultivated hills in the distance, where Hassani's feat of bloodshed was performed. There are many villages on the ridge, some rather tumble-down ones, which always indicate some misrule. Our march was about seven miles. A headman who went with us plagued another chief to give me a goat; I refused to take what was not given willingly, but the slaves secured it; and I threatened our companion, Kama, with dismissal from our party if he became a tool in slave hands.

28th.—The Banian slaves are again trying compulsion—I don't know what for. They refused to take their bead rations, and made Chakanga spokesman: I could not listen to it, as he has been concocting a mutiny against me. It is excessively trying, and so many difficulties have been put in my way I doubt whether the Divine favor and will is on my side.

I am greatly distressed because there is no law here; they probably mean to create a disturbance at Abed's place, to which we are near: the Lord look on it.

29th.—Came $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles to sleep at one of the outlying villages of Nyañgwé: about sixty market people came past us from the chitoka or market-place, on the banks of Lualaba; they go thither at night, and come away about midday, having disposed of most of their goods by barter. The country is open, and dotted over with trees, chiefly a species of Bauhinia, that resists the annual grass burnings; there are trees along the water-courses, and many villages, each with a host of pigs.

The headman's house, in which I was lodged, contained

the housewife's little conveniences, in the shape of forty pots, dishes, baskets, knives, mats, all of which she removed to another house: I gave her four strings of beads, and go on to-morrow. Crossed the Kunda River and seven miles more brought us to Nyañgwé, where we found Abed and Hassani had erected their dwellings, and sent their people over Lualaba, and as far west as the Loéki or Lomamé. Abed said that my words against bloodshedding had stuck into him, and he had given orders to his people to give presents to the chiefs, but never fight unless actually attacked.

31st.—I went down to take a good look at the Lualaba here. It is narrower than it is higher up, but still a mighty river, at least 3,000 yards broad, and always deep: it can never be waded at any point, or at any time of the year; the people unhesitatingly declare that if any one tried to ford it, he would assuredly be lost. It has many large islands, and at these it is about 2,000 yards, or one mile. The banks are steep and deep; there is clay, and a yellow-clay schist in their structure; the other rivers, as the Luya and Kunda, have gravelly banks. The current is about two miles an hour away to the north.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRAGIC SCENES ON THE LUALABA.

APRIL 1st, 1871.—The banks are well peopled, but one must see the gathering at the market, of about 3000, chiefly women, to judge of their numbers. They hold market one day, and then omit attendance here for three days, going to other markets at other points in the intervals. It is a great institution in Manyuema: numbers seem to inspire confidence, and they enforce justice for each other. As a rule, all prefer to buy and sell in the market, to doing business anywhere else; if one says, "Come, sell me that fowl or cloth," the reply is, "Come to the 'chitoka,' or market-place."

2nd.—To-day the market contained over a thousand people, carrying earthen pots and cassava, grass cloth, fishes, and fowls; they were alarmed at my coming among them and were ready to flee, many stood afar off in suspicion; some came from the other side of the river with their goods. To-morrow market is held up river.

3rd.—The people all fear us, and they have good reason for it in the villainous conduct of many of the blackguard half-castes which alarms them: I cannot get a canoe, so I wait to see what will turn up. The river is said to overflow all its banks annually, as the Nile does further down. I sounded across yesterday. Near the bank it is 9 feet, the rest 15 feet, and one cast in the middle was 20 feet: between the islands 12 feet, and 9 feet again in shore: it is a mighty river truly.

4th.—The Arabs ask many questions about the Bible, and want to know how many prophets have appeared, and probably say that they believe in them all; while we believe all but reject Mohamad. It is easy to drive them into a corner by questioning, as they don't know whither the inquiries lead, and they are not offended when their knowledge is, as it were, admitted. When asked how many false prophets are known, they appeal to my knowledge, and evidently never heard of Balaam, the son of Beor, or of the 250 false prophets of Jezebel and Ahab, or of the many lying prophets referred to in the Bible.

6th.—Ill from drinking two cups of very sweet malofu, or beer, made from bananas: I shall touch it no more.

7th.—Made this ink with the seeds of a plant, called by the Arabs Zugifare; it is known in India, and is used here by the Manyema to dye virambos and ornament faces and heads. I sent my people over to the other side to cut wood to build a house for me; the borrowed one has mud walls and floors, which are damp, foul-smelling, and unwholesome. I shall have grass walls, and grass and reeds on the floor of my own house; the ventilation will keep it sweet. This is the season called Masika, the finishing rains, which we have in large quantities almost every night, and I could scarcely travel even if I had a canoe; still it is trying to be kept back by suspicion, and by the wickedness of the wicked.

Some of the Arabs try to be kind, and send cooked food every day: Abed is the chief donor. I taught him to make a mosquito-curtain of thin printed calico, for he had endured the persecution of these insects helplessly, except by sleeping on a high stage when they were unusually bad.

8th.—Every headman of four or five huts is a mologhwe, or chief, and glories in being called so.

10th.—Chitoka, or market, to-day. I counted upwards of 700 passing my door. With market women it seems to be a pleasure of life to haggle and joke, and laugh and cheat: many come eagerly, and retire with careworn faces; many are beautiful, and many old; all carry very heavy loads of

dried cassava and earthen pots, which they dispose of very cheaply for palm-oil, fish, salt, pepper, and relishes for their food. The men appear in gaudy lambas, and carry little save their iron wares, fowls, grass cloth, and pigs.

Bought the fish with the long snouts: very good eating.

12th.—New moon last night; fourth Arab month: I am at a loss for the day of the month. My new house is finished; a great comfort, for the other was foul and full of vermin: bugs (Tapazi, or ticks), that follow wherever Arabs go, made me miserable, but the Arabs are insensible to them; Abed alone had a mosquito-curtain, and he never could praise it enough. One of his remarks is, "If slaves think you fear them, they will climb over you." I clothed mine for nothing, and ever after they have tried to ride roughshod over me, and mutiny on every occasion!

14th.—Kahembe came over, and promises to bring a canoe; but he is not to be trusted; he presented Abed with two slaves, and is full of fair promises about the canoe, which he sees I am anxious to get. They all think that my buying a canoe means carrying war to the left bank; and now my Banian slaves encourage the idea: "He does not wish slaves nor ivory," say they, "but a canoe, in order to kill Manyuema." Need it be wondered at that people, who had never heard of strangers or white men before I popped down among them, believed the slander? The slaves were aided in propagating the false accusation by the half-caste Ujijian slaves at the camp. Hassani fed them every day; and, seeing that he was a bigoted Moslem, they equaled him in prayers in his sitting-place seven or eight times a day! They were adepts at lying, and the first Manyuema words they learned were used to propagate falsehood.

19th.—Dreary waiting, but Abed proposes to join and trade along with me: this will render our party stronger, and he will not shoot people in my company; we shall hear Katomba's people's story too.

20th.—Katomba, a chief, was to visit us yesterday, but failed, probably through fear.

21st.—The men here deny that cannibalism is common: they eat only those killed in war, and, it seems, in revenge, for, said Mokandira, "the meat is not nice; it makes one dream of the dead man." Some west of Lualaba eat even those bought for the purpose of a feast; but I am not quite positive on this point: all agree in saying that human flesh is saltish, and needs but little condiment. And yet they are a fine-looking race; I would back a company of Manyuema men to be far superior in shape of head and generally in physical form too against the whole Anthropological Society. Many of the women are very light-colored and very pretty; they dress in a kilt of many folds of gaudy lambas.

22nd.—The Bagenya Chimburu came to visit me, but I did not see him, nor did I know Moene Nyangwe till too late to do him honor; in fact, every effort was made to keep me in the dark while the slavers of Ujiji made all smooth for themselves to get canoes. All chiefs claim the privilege of shaking hands, that is, they touch the hand held out with their palm, then clap two hands together, then touch again, and clap again, and the ceremony concludes: this frequency of shaking hands misled me when the great man came.

25th.—News came that four men sent by Abed to buy ivory had been entrapped, and two killed. The rest sent for aid to punish the murderers, and Abed wished me to send my people to bring the remaining two men back. I declined; because, no matter what charges I gave, my Banian slaves would be sure to shed human blood. We can go nowhere but the people of the country ask us to kill their fellow-men, nor can they be induced to go to villages three miles off, because there, in all probability, live the murderers of fathers, uncles, or grandfathers—a dreadful state truly. The traders are as bloodthirsty every whit as the Manyuema, where no danger exists, but in most cases where the people can fight they are as civil as possible. At Moere Mpanda's, the son of Casembe, Mohamad Bogharib left a debt of twenty-eight slaves and eight bars of copper, each seventy pounds, and did not dare to fire a shot

because they saw they had met their match: here his headmen are said to have bound the headmen of villages till a ransom was paid in tusks!

27th.—Waiting wearily and anxiously; we cannot move people who are far off and make them come near with news. Even the owners of canoes say, "Yes, yes; we shall bring them," but do not stir; they doubt us, and my slaves increase the distrust by their lies to the Manyuema.

28th.—Abed sent over Manyuema to buy slaves for him and got a pretty woman for 300 cowries and a hundred strings of beads; she can be sold again to an Arab for much more in ivory. Abed himself gave \$130 for a woman-cook, and she fled to me when put in chains for some crime: I interceded, and she was loosed: I advised her not to offend again, because I could not beg for her twice.

1st May, 1871.—Katomba's people arrived from the Babisa, where they sold all their copper at two rings for a tusk, and then found that abundance of ivory still remained: door-posts and house-pillars had been made of ivory which now was rotten. The people of Babisa kill elephants now and bring tusks by the dozen, till the traders get so many that in this case they carried them by three relays. They dress their hair like the Bashukulompo, plaited into upright basket helmets: no quarrel occurred, and great kindness was shown to the strangers.

3rd.—Abed informs me that a canoe will come in five days. Word was sent after me by the traders south of us not to aid me, as I was sure to die where I was going: the wish is father to the thought! Abed was naturally very anxious to get first into the Babisa ivory market, yet he tried to secure a canoe for me before he went, but he was too eager, and a Manyuema man took advantage of his desire, and came over the river and said that he had one hollowed out, and he wanted goats and beads to hire people to drag it down to the water. Abed on my account advanced five goats, a thousand cowries, and many beads, and said that he would tell me what he wished in return: this was debt, but

I was so anxious to get away I was content to take the canoe on any terms. However, it turned out that the matter on the part of the headman whom Abed trusted was all deception: he had no canoe at all, but knew of one belonging to another man, and wished to get Abed and me to send men to see it—in fact, to go with their guns, and he would manage to embroil them with the real owner, so that some old feud should be settled to his satisfaction. On finding that I declined to be led into his trap, he took a female slave to the owner, and on his refusal to sell the canoe for her, it came out that he had adopted a system of fraud to Abed. He had victimized Abed, who was naturally inclined to believe his false statements, and get off to the ivory market.

The Bakuss live near Lomame; they were very civil and kind to the strangers, but refused passage into the country. At my suggestion, the effect of a musket-shot was shown on a goat: they thought it supernatural, looked up to the clouds, and offered to bring ivory to buy the charm that could draw lightning down. When it was afterwards attempted to force a path, they darted aside on seeing the Banyamwezi's followers putting the arrows into the bow-strings, but stood in mute amazement looking at the guns, which mowed them down in large numbers. They thought that muskets were the insignia of chieftainship. Their chiefs all go with a long straight staff of rattan, having a quantity of black medicine smeared on each end, and no weapons in their hands: they imagined that the guns were carried as insignia of the same kind; some, jeering in the south, called them big tobacco-pipes; they have no fear on seeing a gun leveled at them.

They use large and very long spears very expertly in the long grass and forest of their country, and are terrible fellows among themselves, and when they become acquainted with fire-arms will be terrible to the strangers who now murder them. The Manyema say truly, "If it were not for your guns, not one of you would ever return to your country." The Bakuss cultivate more than the southern Manyema; common coffee is abundant, and they use it, highly scented

with vanilla, which must be fertilized by insects; they hand round cups of it after meals. Pine-apples too are abundant. They bathe regularly twice a day: their houses are of two stories. The women have rather compressed heads, but very pleasant countenances; and ancient Egyptian, round, wide-awake eyes. Their numbers are prodigious; the country literally swarms with people, and a chief's town extends upwards of a mile. But little of the primeval forest remains. Many large pools of standing water have to be crossed, but markets are held every eight or ten miles from each other, and to these the people come from far, for the market is as great an institution as shopping is with the civilized. Illicit intercourse is punished by the whole of the offender's family being enslaved.

The Bakuss smelt copper from the ore and sell it very cheaply to the traders for beads. The project of going in canoes now appeared to the half-castes so plausible, that they all tried to get the Bagenya on the west bank to lend them, and all went over to mix blood and make friends with the owners, then all slandered me as not to be trusted, as they their blood-relations were; and my slaves mutinied and would go no further. They mutinied three times here, and Hassani harbored them till I told him that, if an English officer harbored an Arab slave he would be compelled by the Consul to refund the price, and I certainly would not let him escape; this frightened him; but I was at the mercy of slaves who had no honor, and no interest in going into danger.

16th.—At least 3000 people at market to-day, and my going among them has taken away the fear engendered by the slanders of slaves and traders, for all are pleased to tell me the names of the fishes and other things. *Lepidosirens* are caught by the neck and lifted out of the pot to show their fatness. Camwood ground and made into flat cakes for sale and earthen balls, such as are eaten in the disease *safura* or earth-eating, are offered and there is quite a roar of voices in the multitude, haggling. It was pleasant to be

among them compared to being with the slaves, who were all eager to go back to Zanzibar: some told me that they were slaves, and required a free man to thrash them, and proposed to go back to Ujiji for one. I saw no hope of getting on with them, and anxiously longed for the arrival of Dugumbe; and at last Abed overheard them plotting my destruction. "If forced to go on, they would watch till the first difficulty arose with the Manyema, then fire off their guns, run away, and as I could not run as fast as they, leave me to perish." Abed overheard them speaking loudly, and advised me strongly not to trust myself to them any more, as they would be sure to cause my death. He was all along a sincere friend, and I could not but take his words as well-meant and true.

18th.—Abed gave me 200 cowries and some green beads. I was at the point of disarming my slaves and driving them away, when they relented, and professed to be willing to go anywhere; so, being eager to finish my geographical work, I said I would run the risk of their desertion, and gave beads to buy provisions for a start north. I cannot state how much I was worried by these wretched slaves, who did much to annoy me, with the sympathy of all the slaving crew. When baffled by untoward circumstances the bowels plague me too, and discharges of blood relieve the headache, and are as safety-valves to the system. I was nearly persuaded to allow Mr. Syme to operate on me when last in England, but an old friend told me that his own father had been operated on by the famous John Hunter, and died in consequence at the early age of forty. His advice saved me, for this complaint has been my safety-valve.

20th.—Abed called Kalonga the headman, who beguiled him as I soon found, and delivered the canoe he had bought formally to me, and went off down the Lualaba on foot to buy the Babisa ivory. I was to follow in the canoe and wait for him in the River Luera, but soon I ascertained that the canoe was still in the forest, and did not belong to Kalonga. On demanding back the price he said, "Let Abed

come and I will give it to him ;” then when I sent to force him to give up the goods, all his village fled into the forest : I now tried to buy one myself from the Bagenya, but there was no chance ; so long as the half-caste traders needed any they got all—nine large canoes, and I could not secure one.

24th.—The market is a busy scene—everyone is in dead earnest—little time is lost in friendly greetings ; vendors of fish run about with potsherds full of snails or small fishes smoke-dried and spitted on twigs, or other relishes to exchange for cassava roots dried after being steeped about three days in water—potatoes, vegetables, or grain, bananas, flour, palm-oil, fowls, salt, pepper ; each is intensely eager to barter food for relishes, and makes strong assertions as to the goodness or badness of everything : the sweat stands in beads on their faces—cocks crow briskly, even when slung over the shoulder with their heads hanging down, and pigs squeal. Iron knobs, drawn out at each end to show the goodness of the metal, are exchanged for cloth of the Muabepalm. They have a large funnel of basket-work below the vessel holding the wares, and slip the goods down if they are not to be seen. They deal fairly, and when differences arise they are easily settled by the men interfering or pointing to me : they appeal to each other, and have a strong sense of natural justice.

With so much food changing hands amongst three thousand attendants much benefit is derived ; some come from twenty to twenty-five miles. The men flaunt about in gaudy-colored lambas of many folded kilts—the women work hardest—the potters slap and ring their earthenware all round, to show that there is not a single flaw in them. I bought two finely shaped earthen bottles of porous earthenware, to hold a gallon each ; for one string of beads, the women carry huge loads of them in their funnels above the baskets, strapped to the shoulders and forehead, and their hands are full besides ; the roundness of the vessels is wonderful, seeing no machine is used : no slaves could be induced to carry half as much as they do willingly. It is a scene of

the finest natural acting imaginable. The eagerness with which all sorts of assertions are made—the eager earnestness with which apparently all creation, above, around, and beneath, is called on to attest the truth of what they allege—and then the intense surprise and withering scorn cast on those who despise their goods: but they show no concern when the buyers turn up their noses at them. Little girls run about selling cups of water for a few small fishes to the half-exhausted wordy combatants. To me it was an amusing scene. I could not understand the words that flowed off their glib tongues, but the gestures were too expressive to need interpretation.

27th.—Hassani told me that since he had come, no Manyuema had ever presented him with a single mouthful of food, not even a potato or banana, and he had made many presents. Going from him into the market I noticed that one man presented a few small fishes, another a sweet potato and a piece of cassava, and a third two small fishes, but the Manyuema are not a liberal people. Old men and women who remained in the half-deserted villages we passed through in coming north, often ran forth to present me with bananas, but it seemed through fear; when I sat down and ate the bananas, they brought beer of bananas, and I paid for all. A stranger in the market had ten human under jaw-bones hung by a string over his shoulder: on inquiry he professed to have killed and eaten the owners, and showed with his knife how he cut up his victim. When I expressed disgust he and others laughed. I see new faces every market-day. Two nice girls were trying to sell their venture which was roasted white ants, called “Gumbe.”

14th June, 1871.—Hassani got nine canoes, and put sixty-three persons in three: I cannot get one. Dugumbe reported near, but detained by his divination, at which he is an expert; hence his native name is “Molembalembe”—“writer, writing.”

18th.—Dugumbe arrived, but passed to Moene Nyangwe's, and found that provisions were so scarce and dear there, as

compared with our market, that he was fain to come back to us. He has a large party and 500 guns. He is determined to go into new fields of trade, and has all his family with him, and intends to remain six or seven years, sending regularly to Ujiji for supplies of goods.

20th.—Two of Dugumbe's party brought presents of four large fundos of beads each. All know that my goods are unrighteously detained by Shereef and they show me kindness, which I return by some fine calico which I have. Among the first words Dugumbe said to me were, "Why your own slaves are your greatest enemies: I will buy you a canoe, but the Banian slaves' slanders have put all the Manyuema against you." I knew that this was true, and that they were conscious of the sympathy of the Ujijian traders, who hate to have me here.

24th.—Hassani's canoe party in the river were foiled by narrows, after they had gone down four days. Rocks jut out on both sides, not opposite, but alternate to each other; and the vast mass of water of the great river jammed in, rushes round one promontory on to another, and a frightful whirlpool is formed in which the first canoe went and was overturned, and five lives lost. Had I been there, mine would have been the first canoe, for the traders would have made it a point of honor to give me the precedence (although actually to make a feeler of me), while they looked on in safety. The men in charge of Hassani's canoes were so frightened by this accident that they at once resolved to return, though they had arrived in the country of the ivory: they never looked to see whether the canoes could be dragged past the narrows, as anyone else would have done. No better luck could be expected after all their fraud and duplicity in getting the canoes; no harm lay in obtaining them, but why try to prevent me getting one?

27th.—In answer to my prayers for preservation, I was prevented going down to the narrows, formed by a dyke of mountains cutting across country, and jutting a little ajar, which makes the water in an enormous mass wheel round

behind it helplessly, and if the canoes reach the rock against which the water dashes, they are almost certainly overturned. As this same dyke probably cuts across country to Lomame, my plan of going to the confluence and then up won't do, for I should have to go up rapids there. Again, I was prevented from going down Luamo, and on the north of its confluence another cataract mars navigation in the Lualaba, and my safety is thereby secured. We don't always know the dangers that we are guided past.

28th.—Eight villages are in flames, set fire to by a slave of Syde bin Habib, called Manilla, who thus shows his blood friends of the Bagenya how well he can fight against the Mohombo, whose country the Bagenya want! The stragglers of this camp are over on the other side helping Manilla, and catching fugitives and goats. The Bagenya are fishermen by taste and profession, and sell the produce of their nets and weirs to those who cultivate the soil, at the different markets. Manilla's foray is for an alleged debt of three slaves, and ten villages are burned.

30th.—Hassani pretended that he was not aware of Manilla's foray, and when I denounced it to Manilla himself, he showed that he was a slave, by cringing and saying nothing except something about the debt of three slaves.

1st July, 1871.—I made known my plan to Dugumbe, which was to go west with his men to Lomame, then by his aid buy a canoe and go up Lake Lincoln to Katanga and the fountains, examine the inhabited caves, and return here, if he would let his people bring me goods from Ujiji; he again referred to all the people being poisoned in mind against me, but was ready to do everything in his power for my success. My own people persuaded the Bagenya not to sell a canoe: Hassini knows it all, but swears that he did not join in the slander, and even points up to Heaven in attestation of innocence of all, even of Manilla's foray. Mohamadans are certainly famous as liars, and the falsehood of Mohamad has been transmitted to his followers in a measure unknown in other religions.

4th.—Hassani off down river in high dudgeon at the cowards who turned after reaching the ivory country. He leaves them here and goes himself, entirely on land.

5th.—I offer Dugumbe \$2,000, or 400*l.*, for ten men to replace the Banian slaves, and enable me to go up the Lomame to Katanga and the underground dwellings, then return and go up by Tanganyika to Ujiji, and I added that I would give all the goods I had at Ujiji besides: he took a few days to consult with his associates.

6th.—Mokandira, and other headmen, came with a present of a pig and a goat on my being about to depart west. I refused to receive them till my return, and protested against the slander of my wishing to kill people, which they all knew, but did not report to me: this refusal and protest will ring all over the country.

7th.—I was annoyed by a woman frequently beating a slave near my house, but on my reproving her she came and apologized. I told her to speak softly to her slave, as she was now the only mother the girl had; the slave came from beyond Lomame, and was evidently a lady in her own land; she calls her son Mologwe, or chief, because his father was a headman.

Dugumbe advised my explaining my plan of procedure to the slaves, and he evidently thinks that I wish to carry it towards them with a high hand. I did explain all the exploration I intended to do: for instance, the fountains of Herodotus—beyond Katanga—Katanga itself, and the underground dwellings, and then return. They made no remarks, for they are evidently pleased to have me knuckling down to them; when pressed on the point of proceeding, they say they will only go with Dugumbe's men to the Lomame, and then return.

10th.—Manyuema children do not creep, as European children do, on their knees, but begin by putting forward one foot and using one knee. Generally a Manyuema child uses both feet and both hands, but never both knees: one Arab child did the same; he never crept, but got up on both feet, holding on till he could walk.

11th.—Dugumbe's horde tried to deal in the market in a domineering way. "I shall buy that," said one. "These are mine," said another; "no one must touch them but me;" but the market-women taught them that they could not monopolize, but deal fairly. They are certainly clever traders, and keep each other in countenance; they stand by each other, and will not allow overreaching, and they give food astonishingly cheap: once in the market they have no fear.

12th–13th.—The Banian slaves declared before Dugumbe that they would go to the River Lomame, but no further: he spoke long to them, but they will not consent to go further. When told that they would thereby lose all their pay, they replied "Yes, but not our lives," and they walked off from him muttering, which is insulting to one of his rank. I then added, "I have goods at Ujiji; I don't know how many, but they are considerable, take them all, and give me men to finish my work; if not enough, I will add to them, only do not let me be forced to return now I am so near the end of my undertaking." He said he would make a plan in conjunction with his associates, and report to me.

14th.—I am distressed and perplexed what to do so as not to be foiled, but all seems against me.

15th.—The reports of guns on the other side of the Lualaba all the morning tell of the people of Dugumbe murdering those of Kimburu and others who mixed blood with Manilla. "Manilla is a slave, and how dares he to mix blood with chiefs who ought only to make friends with free men like us"—this is their complaint. Kimburu gave Manilla three slaves, and he sacked ten villages in token of friendship; he proposed to give Dugumbe nine slaves in the same operation, but Dugumbe's people destroy his villages, and shoot and make his people captives to punish Manilla; to make an impression, in fact, in the country that they alone are to be dealt with—"make friends with us, and not with Manilla or any one else"—such is what they insist upon.

About 1500 people came to market, though many villages

of those that usually come from the other side were now in flames, and every now and then a number of shots were fired on the fugitives.

It was a hot, sultry day, and when I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbe. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market; but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion, and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off: in going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally to the opposite bank, the current would have aided them, and, though nearly three miles off, some would have gained land: as it was, the heads above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish.

Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly; while other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with



THE MASSACRE OF THE MANYEMA WOMEN AT NYANGWE.

hands and arms : three canoes, got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together, and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head ; he had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere, and never looked to the drowning. By-and-by all the heads disappeared ; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of ; she preferred the chance of life by swimming, to the lot of a slave : the Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those who went down stream may have escaped, but the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. The shooting-party near the canoes were so reckless, they killed two of their own people ; and a Banyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more.

My first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against my getting into a blood-feud, and I was thankful afterwards that I took his advice. Two wretched Moslems asserted "that the firing was done by the people of the English ;" I asked one of them why he lied so, and he could utter no excuse : no other falsehood came to his aid as he stood abashed before me, and so telling him not to tell palpable falsehoods, I left him gaping.

After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come ! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning ; it gave me the impression of being in Hell. All the slaves in the camp rushed at the fugitives on land, and plundered

them: women were for hours collecting and carrying loads of what had been thrown down in terror.

Some escaped to me and were protected: Dugumbe saved twenty-one, and of his own accord liberated them; they were brought to me, and remained over night near my house. One woman of the saved had a musket-ball through the thigh, another in the arm. I sent men with our flag to save some, for without a flag they might have been victims, for Tagamoio's people were shooting right and left like fiends. I counted twelve villages burning this morning. I asked the question of Dugumbe and others, "Now for what is all this murder?" All blamed Manilla as its cause, and in one sense he was the cause; but it is hardly credible that they repeat it in order to be avenged on Manilla for making friends with headmen, he being a slave. I cannot believe it fully. The wish to make an impression in the country as to the importance and greatness of the new comers was the most potent motive; but it was terrible that the murdering of so many should be contemplated at all. It made me sick at heart. Who could accompany the people of Dugumbe and Tagamoio to Lomame and be free from blood-guiltiness!

I proposed to Dugumbe to catch the murderers, and hang them up in the market-place, as our protest against the bloody deeds before the Manyema. If, as he and others added, the massacre was committed by Manilla's people, he would have consented; but it was done by Tagamoio's people, and others of this party, headed by Dugumbe. This slaughter was peculiarly atrocious, inasmuch as we have always heard that women coming to or from market have never been known to be molested: even when two districts are engaged in actual hostilities, "the women," say they, "pass among us to market unmolested," nor has one ever been known to be plundered by the men. These Nigger Moslems are inferior to the Manyema in justice and right. The people under Hassani began the superwickedness of capture and pillage of all indiscriminately. Dugumbe promised to send over men to order Tagamoio's men to cease firing and

burning villages; they remained over among the ruins, feasting on goats and fowls all night, and next day (16th) continued their infamous work till twenty-seven villages were destroyed.

16th.—I restored upwards of thirty of the rescued to their friends: Dugumbe seemed to act in good faith, and kept none of them; it was his own free will that guided him. Women are delivered to their husbands, and about thirty-three canoes left in the creek are to be kept for the owners too.

12 A. M.—Shooting still going on on the other side, and many captives caught. At 1 P. M. Tagamoio's people began to cross over in canoes, beating their drums, firing their guns, and shouting, as if to say, "See the conquering heroes come;" they are answered by the women of Dugumbe's camp lullilooing, and friends then fire off their guns in joy. I count seventeen villages in flames, and the smoke goes straight up and forms clouds at the top of the pillar, showing great heat evolved, for the houses are full of carefully-prepared firewood. Dugumbe denies having sent Tagamoio on this foray, and Tagamoio repeats that he went to punish the friends made by Manilla, who, being a slave, had no right to make war and burn villages; that could only be done by free men. Manilla confesses to me privately that he did wrong in that, and loses all his beads and many friends in consequence.

2 P. M.—An old man, called Kabobo, came for his old wife; I asked her if this were her husband; she went to him, and put her arm lovingly around him, and said "Yes." I gave her five strings of beads to buy food, all her stores being destroyed with her house; she bowed down, and put her forehead to the ground as thanks, and old Kabobo did the same: the tears stood in her eyes as she went off. Tagamoio caught 17 women, and other Arabs of his party, 27; dead by gunshot, 25. The heads of two headmen were brought over to be redeemed by their friends with slaves.

3 P. M.—Many of the headmen who have been burned out

by the foray came over to me, and begged me to come back with them and appoint new localities for them to settle in again; but I told them that I was so ashamed of the company in which I found myself, that I could scarcely look the Manyuema in the face. They had believed that I wished to kill them—what did they think now? I could not remain among bloody companions, and would flee away, I said, but they begged me hard not to leave until they were again settled.

The open murder perpetrated on hundreds of unsuspecting women fills me with unspeakable horror: I cannot think of going anywhere with the Tagamoio crew; I must either go down or up Lualaba, whichever the Banian slaves choose.

4 P. M.—Dugumbe saw that by killing the market people he had committed a great error, and speedily got the chiefs who had come over to me to meet him at his house, and forthwith mix blood: they were in bad case. I could not remain to see to their protection, and Dugumbe, being the best of the whole horde, I advised them to make friends, and then appeal to him as able to restrain to some extent his infamous underlings. One chief asked to have his wife and daughter restored to him first, but generally they were cowed, and the fear of death was on them. Dugumbe said to me, "I shall do my utmost to get all the captives, but he must make friends now, in order that the market may not be given up." Blood was mixed, and an essential condition was, "You must give us chitoka," or market. He and most others saw that in theoretically punishing Manilla, they had slaughtered the very best friends that strangers had. The Banian slaves openly declare that they will go only to Lomame, and no further. Whatever the Ujijian slavers may pretend, they all hate to have me as a witness of their cold-blooded atrocities. The Banian slaves would like to go with Tagamoio, and share in his rapine and get slaves. I tried to go down Lualaba, then up it, and west, but with bloodhounds it is out of the question. I see nothing for it but to go back to Ujiji for other men. though it will throw me out of the chance of

discovering the fourth great lake in the Lualaba line of drainage, and other things of great value.

At last I said that I would start for Ujiji in three days, on foot. I wished to speak to Tagamoio about the captive relations of the chiefs, but he always ran away when he saw me coming.

17th. All the rest of Dugumbe's party offered me a share of every kind of goods they had, and pressed me not to be ashamed to tell them what I needed. I declined everything save a little gunpowder, but they all made presents of beads, and I was glad to return equivalents in cloth. It is a sore affliction, at least forty-five days in a straight line—equal to 300 miles, or by the turnings and windings 600 English miles, and all after feeding and clothing the Banian slaves for twenty-one months! But it is for the best though; if I do not trust to the riffraff of Ujiji, I must wait for other men at least ten months there. With help from above I shall yet go through Rua, see the underground excavations first, then on to Katanga, and the four ancient fountains eight days beyond, and after that Lake Lincoln.

18th.—The murderous assault on the market people felt to me like Gehenna, without the fire and brimstone; but the heat was oppressive, and the fire-arms pouring their iron bullets on the fugitives, was not an inapt representative of burning in the bottomless pit.

The terrible scenes of man's inhumanity to man brought on severe headache, which might have been serious had it not been relieved by a copious discharge of blood; I was laid up all yesterday afternoon, with the depression the bloodshed made,—it filled me with unspeakable horror. "Don't go away," say the Manyema chiefs to me; but I cannot stay here in agony.

19th.—Dugumbe sent me a fine goat, a maneh of gunpowder, a maneh of fine blue beads, and 230 cowries, to buy provisions in the way. I proposed to leave a doti Merikano and one of Kanike to buy specimens of workmanship. He sent me two very fine large Manyema swords, and two

equally fine spears, and said that I must not leave anything; he would buy others with his own goods, and divide them equally with me: he is very friendly.

River fallen $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet since the 5th ult.

A few market people appear to-day, formerly they came in crowds: a very few from the west bank bring salt to buy back the baskets from the camp slaves, which they threw away in panic, others carried a little food for sale, about 200 in all, chiefly those who have not lost relatives: one very beautiful woman had a gunshot wound in her upper arm tied round with leaves. Seven canoes came instead of fifty; but they have great tenacity and hopefulness, an old established custom has great charms for them, and the market will again be attended if no fresh outrage is committed. No canoes now come into the creek of death, but land above, at Ntambwe's village: this creek, at the bottom of the long gentle slope on which the market was held, probably led to its selection.

A young Manyuema man worked for one of Dugumbe's people preparing a space to build on; when tired, he refused to commence to dig a pit, and was struck on the loins with an axe, and soon died: he was drawn out of the way, and his relations came, wailed over him, and buried him: they are too much awed to complain to Dugumbe!!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RETREAT TO UJIJI—LIVINGSTONE FOUND.

JULY 20th, 1871.—I start back for Ujiji. All Dugumbe's people came to say good-bye, and convoy me a little way. I made a short march, for being long inactive it is unwise to tire oneself on the first day, as it is then difficult to get over the effects.

21st.—One of the slaves was sick and the rest falsely reported him to be seriously ill, to give them time to negotiate for women with whom they had cohabited: Dugumbe saw through the fraud, and said, "Leave him to me; if he lives I will feed him; if he dies, we will bury him: do not delay for any one, but travel in a compact body, as stragglers now are sure to be cut off." He lost a woman of his party, who lagged behind, and seven others were killed besides, and the forest hid the murderers. I was only too anxious to get away quickly, and on the 22nd started off at daylight, and went about six miles to the village of Mankwara, where I spent the night when coming this way.

23rd–24th.—We crossed the River Kunda, in two canoes, and then ascended from the valley of denudation, in which it flows to the ridge Lobango. Crowds followed, all anxious to carry loads for a few beads. Several market people came to salute, who knew that we had no hand in the massacre, as we are a different people from the Arabs. In going and coming they must have a march of 25 miles with loads so heavy no slave would carry them. They speak of us as "good:" the anthropologists think that to be spoken of as

wicked is better. Ezekiel says that the Most High put His comeliness upon Jerusalem: if He does not impart of His goodness to me I shall never be good: if He does not put of His comeliness on me I shall never be comely in soul, but be like these Arabs in whom Satan has full sway—the god of this world having blinded their eyes.

25th.—We came over a beautiful country yesterday, a vast hollow of denudation with much cultivation, intersected by a ridge some 300 feet high, on which the villages are built: this is Lobango. After crossing the fast flowing Kahembai, we rose on to another intersecting ridge, having a great many villages burned by Matereka or Salem Mokadam's people, since we passed them in our course N. W. They had slept on the ridge after we saw them, and next morning, in sheer wantonness, fired their lodgings,—their slaves had evidently carried the fire along from their lodgings, and set fire to houses of villages in their route as a sort of horrid Moslem Nigger joke; it was done only because they could do it without danger of punishment: it was such fun to make the Mashense, as they call all natives, houseless. Men are worse than beasts of prey, if indeed it is lawful to call Zanzibar slaves men. It is monstrous injustice to compare free Africans living under their own chiefs and laws, and cultivating their own free lands, with what slaves afterwards become at Zanzibar and elsewhere.

26th.—Four men passed us in hot haste to announce the death of a woman at their village to her relations living at another. Twenty-two men with large square black shields, capable of completely hiding the whole person, came next in a trot to receive the body of their relative and all her gear to carry her to her own home for burial: about twenty women followed them, and the men waited under the trees till they should have wound the body up and wept over her. They smeared their bodies with clay, and their faces with soot. Reached our friend Kama.

27th.—Left Kama's group of villages and went through many others before we reached Kasongo's, and were welcomed

by all the Arabs of the camp at this place. Bought two milk goats reasonably, and rest over Sunday. They asked permission to send a party with me for goods to Ujiji; this will increase our numbers, and perhaps safety too, among the justly irritated people between this and Bambarre. All are enjoined to help me, and of course I must do the same to them.

30th.—They send thirty tusks to Ujiji, and seventeen Manyuema volunteers to carry thither and back: these are the very first who in modern times have ventured fifty miles from the place of their birth. I came only three miles to a ridge overlooking the River Shokoye, and slept at village on a hill beyond it.

31st.—Passed through the defile between Mount Kimazi and Mount Kijila. Below the cave with stalactite pillar in its door a fine echo answers those who feel inclined to shout to it. Come to Mangala's numerous villages, and two slaves being ill, rest on Wednesday.

1st August, 1871.—A large market assembles close to us.

2nd.—Left Mangala's and came through a great many villages all deserted on our approach on account of the vengeance taken by Dugumbe's party for the murder of some of their people. Kasongo's men appeared eager to plunder their own countrymen: I had to scold and threaten them, and set men to watch their deeds. Came to Kittette, and lodge in a village of Loembo. About thirty foundries were passed; they are very high in the roof, and thatched with leaves, from which the sparks roll off as sand would. Rain runs off equally well.

3rd.—Three slaves escaped, and not to abandon ivory we wait a day; Kasongo came up and filled their places.

I have often observed effigies of men made of wood in Manyuema; some of clay are simply cones with a small hole in the top; on asking about them here, I for the first time obtained reliable information. They are called Bathata—fathers or ancients—and the name of each is carefully preserved. Those here at Kittette were evidently the names

of chiefs, Molenda being the most ancient. The old men told me that on certain occasions they offer goat's flesh to them: men eat it, and allow no young person or women to partake. The flesh of the parrot is only eaten by very old men. They say that if eaten by young men their children will have the waddling gait of the bird.

4th.—Came through miles of villages all burned because the people refused a certain Abdullah lodgings! The men had begun to re-thatch the huts, and kept out of our way, but a goat was speared by some one in hiding, and we knew danger was near. Abdullah admitted that he had no other reason for burning them than the unwillingness of the people to lodge him and his slaves without payment, with the certainty of getting their food stolen and utensils destroyed.

5th–6th.—Through many miles of palm-trees and plantains to a Boma or stockaded village, where we slept, though the people were evidently suspicious and unfriendly.

7th.—To a village, ill and almost every step in pain. The people all ran away, and appeared in the distance armed, and refused to come near—then came and threw stones at us, and afterwards tried to kill those who went for water. We sleep uncomfortably, the natives watching us all round. Sent men to see if the way was clear.

8th.—They would come to no parley. They knew their advantage, and the wrongs they had suffered from Bin Juma and Mohamad's men when they threw down the ivory in the forest. In passing along the narrow path with a wall of dense vegetation touching each hand, we came to a point where an ambush had been placed, and trees cut down to obstruct us while they speared us; but for some reason it was abandoned. Nothing could be detected; but by stooping down to the earth and peering up towards the sun, a dark shade could sometimes be seen: this was an infuriated savage, and a slight rustle in the dense vegetation meant a spear. A large spear from my right, lunged past and almost grazed my back, and stuck firmly into the soil. The two men from whom it came appeared in an opening in the



THE MANYUEMA AMBUSH.

forest only ten yards off and bolted, one looking back over his shoulder as he ran. As they are expert with the spear I don't know how it missed, except that he was too sure of his aim and the good hand of God was upon me.

I was behind the main body, and all were allowed to pass till I, the leader, who was believed to be Mohamad Bogharib, or Kolokolo himself, came up to the point where they lay. A red jacket they had formerly seen me wearing was proof to them that I was the same that sent Bin Juma to kill five of their men, capture eleven women and children, and twenty-five goats. Another spear was thrown at me by an unseen assailant, and it missed me by about a foot in front. Guns were fired into the dense mass of forest, but with no effect, for nothing could be seen; but we heard the men jeering and denouncing us close by: two of our party were slain.

Coming to a part of the forest cleared for cultivation I noticed a gigantic tree, made still taller by growing on an ant-hill 20 feet high; it had fire applied near its roots; I heard a crack which told that the fire had done its work, but felt no alarm till I saw it come straight towards me: I ran a few paces back, and down it came to the ground one yard behind me, and breaking into several lengths, it covered me with a cloud of dust. Had the branches not previously been rotted off, I could scarcely have escaped.

Three times in one day was I delivered from impending death.

My attendants, who were scattered in all directions, came running back to me, calling out "Peace! peace! you will finish all your work in spite of these people, and in spite of everything." Like them, I took it as an omen of good success to crown me yet, thanks to the "Almighty Preserver of men."

We had five hours of running the gauntlet, waylaid by spearmen, who all felt that if they killed me they would be avenging the death of relations. From each hole in the tangled mass we looked for a spear; and each moment

expected to hear the rustle which told of deadly weapons hurled at us. I became weary with the constant strain of danger, and—as, I suppose, happens with soldiers on the field of battle—not courageous, but perfectly indifferent whether I were killed or not.

When at last we got out of the forest and crossed the Liya on to the cleared lands near the villages of Monanbundwa, we lay down to rest, and soon saw Muanampunda coming, walking up in a stately manner unarmed to meet us. He had heard the vain firing of my men into the bush, and came to ask what was the matter. I explained the mistake that Munangonga had made in supposing that I was Kolokolo, the deeds of whose men he knew, and then we went on to his village together.

In the evening he sent to say that if I would give him all my people who had guns, he would call his people together, burn off all the vegetation they could fire, and punish our enemies, bringing me ten goats, instead of the three milch goats I had lost. I again explained that the attack was made by a mistake in thinking I was Mohamad Bogharib, and that I had no wish to kill men: to join in his old feud would only make matters worse. This he could perfectly understand.

I lost all my remaining calico, a telescope, umbrella, and five spears, by one of the slaves throwing down the load and taking up his own bundle of country cloth.

9th.—Went on towards Mamohela, now deserted by the Arabs. Muanampunda convoyed me a long way, and at one spot, with grass all trodden down, he said, "Here we killed a man of Moezia and ate his body." The meat cut up had been seen by Dugumbe.

10th.—In connection with this affair the party that came through from Mamalulu found that a great fight had taken place at Muanampunda's, and they saw the meat cut up to be cooked with bananas. They did not like the strangers to look at their meat, but said, "Go on, and let our feast alone," they did not want to be sneered at. The same

Muanampunda told me frankly that they ate the man of Moezia: they seem to eat their foes to inspire courage, or in revenge. One point is very remarkable; it is not want that has led to the custom, for the country is full of food. The only feasible reason I can discover is a depraved appetite, giving an extraordinary craving for meat which we call "high." They are said to bury a dead body for a couple of days in the soil in a forest, and in that time, owing to the climate, it soon becomes putrid enough for the strongest stomachs.

The Manyema are so afraid of guns, that a man borrows one to settle any dispute or claim: he goes with it over his shoulder, and quickly arranges the matter by the pressure it brings, though they all know that he could not use it.

11th.—Came on by a long march of six hours across plains of grass and watercourses, lined with beautiful trees, to Kassessa's, the chief of Mamohela, who has helped the Arabs to scourge several of his countrymen for old feuds: he gave them goats, and then guided them by night to the villages, where they got more goats and many captives, each to be redeemed with ten goats more. During the last foray, however, the people learned that every shot does not kill, and they came up to the party with bows and arrows, and compelled the slaves to throw down their guns and powder-horns. They would have shown no mercy had Manyema been thus in slave power; but this is a beginning of the end, which will exclude Arab traders from the country. I rested half a day, as I am still ill. I do most devoutly thank the Lord, for sparing my life three times in one day. The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knows them that trust in Him.

12th.—Mamohela camp all burned off. We sleep at Mamohela village.

13th.—At a village on the bank of River Lolindi. I am suffering greatly.

14th.—Across many brisk burns to a village on the side of a mountain range.

15th.—To Muanambonyo's.

16th.—To Luamo River. Very ill with bowels.

17th.—Cross river, and sent a message to my friend. Katomba sent a bountiful supply of food back.

18th.—Reached Katomba, at Moenemgoi's, and was welcomed by all the heavily-laden Arab traders. They carry their trade spoil in three relays. No news whatever from Ujiji, and M. Bogharib is still at Bambarre, with all my letters.

19th–20th.—Rest from weakness. (21st.) Up to the palms on the west of Mount Kanyima Pass. (22nd.) Bambarre. (28th.) Better and thankful.

29th.—Ill all night, and remain. (30th.) Ditto, ditto; but go on to Monandenda's on River Lombonda.

31st.—Up and half over the mountain range, (1st September,) and sleep in dense forest, with several fine running streams.

2nd September, 1871.—Over the range, and down on to a marble-capped hill, with a village on top.

5th.—To Kasangangazi's. (6th.) Rest. (7th.) Mamba's. Rest on 8th. (9th.) Ditto, ditto. People falsely accused me of stealing; but I disproved it to the confusion of the Arabs, who wish to be able to say, "the people of the English steal too."

12th.—Two men sick. Wait, though I am now comparatively sound and well. Dura flour, which we can now procure, helps to strengthen me.

14th.—To Pyanamosinde's. (15th.) To Karungamagao's. (16th–17th.) Rest, as we could get food to buy. (18th.) To a stockaded village, where the people ordered us to leave. We complied, and went out half a mile and built our sheds in the forest.

20th.—We came to Kunda's on the River Katemba, through great plantations of cassava, and then to a woman chief's, and now regularly built our own huts apart from the villages, near the hot fountain called Kabila, which is about blood-heat, and flows across the path. Crossing this we came

to Mokwaniwa's, on the River Gombeze, and met a caravan, under Nassur Masudi, of 200 guns. He presented a fine sheep, and reported that Syed Majid was dead. He was a true and warm friend and did all he could to aid me with his subjects, giving me two Sultan's letters for the purpose. Seyed Burghash succeeds him.

22nd.—Caravan goes northwards, and we rest, and eat the sheep kindly presented.

23rd.—I was sorely knocked up by this march from Nyangwe back to Ujiji. In the latter part of it, I felt as if dying on my feet. Almost every step was in pain, the appetite failed, and a little bit of meat caused violent diarrhœa, whilst the mind, sorely depressed, reacted on the body. All the traders were returning successful: I alone had failed and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained.

3rd October, 1871.—I read the whole Bible through four times whilst I was in Manyema.

8th.—The road covered with angular fragments of quartz was very sore to my feet, which are crammed into ill-made French shoes. How the bare feet of the men and women stood out, I don't know; it was hard enough on mine though protected by the shoes. We marched in the afternoons where water at this season was scarce. The dust of the march caused ophthalmia: this was my first touch of it in Africa. We now came to the Lobumba River, which flows into Tanganyika, and then to the village Loanda and sent to Kasanga, the Guha chief, for canoes. The Longumba rises, like the Lobumba, in the mountains called Kabogo West. We heard great noises, as if thunder, as far as twelve days off, which were ascribed to Kabogo, as if it had subterranean caves into which the waves rushed with great noise, and it may be that the Longumba is the outlet of Tanganyika.

9th.—On to islet Kasenge. After much delay got a good canoe for three dotis, and on 15th October went to the islet Kabiziwa.

18th.—Start for Kabogo East, and 19th reach it. 8 A. M.

20th.—Rest men. (22nd.) To Rombola.

23rd.—At dawn, off and go to Ujiji. Welcomed by all the Arabs, particularly by Moenyeghere. I was now reduced to a skeleton, but the market being held daily, and all kinds of native food brought to it, I hoped that food and rest would soon restore me; but in the evening my people came and told me that Shereef had sold off all my goods, and Moenyeghere confirmed it by saying, "We protested, but he did not leave a single yard of calico out of 3000, nor a string of beads out of 700 lbs." This was distressing. I had made up my mind, if I could not get people at Ujiji, to wait till men should come from the coast, but to wait in beggary was what I never contemplated, and I now felt miserable. Shereef was evidently a moral idiot, for he came without shame to shake hands with me, and when I refused, assumed an air of displeasure, as having been badly treated; and afterwards came with his "Balghere," good-luck salutation, twice a day, and on leaving said, "I am going to pray," till I told him that were I an Arab, his hand and both ears would be cut off for thieving, as he knew, and I wanted no salutations from him. In my distress it was annoying to see Shereef's slaves passing from the market with all the good things that my goods had bought.

24th.—My property had been sold to Shereef's friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef; but they would not restore stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for Priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come by on either side, but one morning Syed bin Majid said to me, "Now this is the first time we have been alone together; I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you." This was encouraging; but I said, "Not yet, but by-and-bye." I had still a few

barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyuema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him!" and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think "This must be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wits' end like me." (28th.) It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the traveling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than 4000*l.*, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon—my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting 1000*l.* for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless, two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn; as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles. His helpmates turned out depraved blackguards, who, by their excesses at Zanzibar and elsewhere, had ruined their constitutions, and prepared their systems to be fit provender for the grave. They had used up their strength by wickedness,

and were of next to no service, but rather downdrafts and unbearable drags to progress.

16th November, 1871.—As Tanganyika explorations are said by Mr. Stanley to be an object of interest to Sir Roderick, we go at his expense and by his men to the north of the lake. Four hours to Chigoma.

20th–21st.—Passed a very crowded population, the men calling to us to land to be fleeced and insulted by way of Mahonga or Mutuari: they threw stones in rage, and one, apparently slung, lighted close to the canoe. We came on until after dark, and landed under a cliff to rest and cook, but a crowd came and made inquiries, then a few more came as if to investigate more perfectly: they told us to sleep, and to-morrow friendship should be made. We put our luggage on board and set a watch on the cliff. A number of men came along, cowering behind rocks, which then aroused suspicion, and we slipped off quietly; they called after us, as men balked of their prey. We went on five hours and slept, and then this morning came on to Magala, where the people are civil, but Mukamba had war with some one.

24th.—To Point Kizuka in Mukamba's country.

25th.—We came on about two hours to some villages on a high bank where Mukamba is living. The chief, a young, good-looking man like Mugala, came and welcomed us. Vast numbers of fishermen ply their calling night and day as far as we can see. Tanganyika closes in except at one point N. and by W. of us. The highest point of the western range, about 7000 feet above the sea, is Sumburuza.

26th.—Sunday. Mr. Stanley has severe fever. The end of Tanganyika seen clearly is rounded off about 4' broad from east to west.

27th.—Mr. Stanley is better. We started at sunset westwards, then northwards for seven hours, and at 4 A.M. reached Lohinga, at the mouth of the Lusize.

28th.—In the afternoon Luhinga, the superior of Mukambe, came and showed himself very intelligent. He named eighteen rivers, four of which enter Tanganyika, and the rest Lusize: all come into, none leave Tanganyika.

29th.—We go to see the Lusize River in a canoe. The mouth is filled with large reedy sedgy islets: there are three branches, about twelve to fifteen yards broad, and one fathom deep, with a strong current of 2' per hour: water discolored.

30th.—A large present of eggs, flour, and a sheep came from Mukamba.

1st December, 1871.—I gave fifteen cloths to Lohinga, which pleased him highly.

2nd.—Ill from bilious attack.

3rd. — Better and thankful. Men went off to bring Mukamba, whose wife brought us a handsome present of milk, beer, and cassava. She is a good-looking young woman, of light color and full lips, with two children of eight or ten years of age. We gave them cloths, and she asked beads, so we made them a present of two fundos. By lunars I was one day wrong to-day.

4th.—Very heavy rain from north all night. Baker's Lake cannot be as near as he puts it in his map, for it is unknown to Lohinge. He thinks that he is a hundred years old, but he is really about forty-five!

5th.—We go over to a point on our east. The bay is about 12' broad: the mountains here are very beautiful. We visited the chief Mukamba, at his village five miles north of Lohinga's.

6th.—Remain at Lohinga's.

7th.—Start and go S.W. to Lohanga: passed the point where Speke turned, then breakfasted at the market-place.

8th.—Go on to Mukamba; near the boundary of Babembe and Bavira. We pulled six hours to a rocky islet, with two rocks covered with trees on its western side.

9th.—Leave New York Herald Islet and go S. to Lubumba Cape. The people now are the Basansas along the coast. Some men here were drunk and troublesome: we gave them a present and went to an islet at the north end in about three hours, good pulling, and afterwards in eight hours to the eastern shore; this makes the lake, say, 28 or 30 miles broad. We coasted along to Mokungo's and rested.

10th.—Kisessa is chief of all the islet Mozima.

11th.—Leave Mokungo and coast along to Sazzi.

12th.—Mr. Stanley ill with fever. Off, and after three hours, stop at Masambo village.

13th.—Mr. Stanley better. Go on to Ujiji.

14th.—Many people off to fight Mirambo at Unyanyembe: their wives promenade and weave green leaves for victory.

15th.—At Ujiji. Getting ready to march east for my goods.

16th.—Engage paddlers to Tongwe and a guide.

17th.—S. 18th.—Writing. 19th–20th.—Still writing dispatches. Packed up the large tin box with Manyuema swords and spear heads, for transmission home by Mr. Stanley. Two chronometers and two watches—anklets of Nzige and of Manyuema. Leave with Mohamad bin Saleh a box with books, shirts, paper, etc.; also large and small beads, tea, coffee and sugar.

21st.—Heavy rains for planting now.

22nd.—Stanley ill of fever.

23rd.—Do. very ill. Rainy and uncomfortable.

24th.—S. 25th.—*Christmas*.

26th.—Had but a sorry Christmas yesterday.

27th.—Left Ujiji 9 A.M., and crossed goats, donkeys, and men over Luiche. Sleep at the Malagarazi.

29th.—Crossed over the broad bay of the Malagarazi to Kagonga and sleep.

30th.—Pass Viga Point, red sandstone, and cross the bay of the River Lugufu and Nkala village, and transport the people and goats: sleep.

31st.—Send for beans, as there are no provisions in front.

1st January, 1872.—May the Almighty help me to finish my work this year for Christ's sake! We slept in Mosehezi Bay. I was storm-stayed in Kifwe Bay, which is very beautiful—still as a millpond.

2nd.—A very broad belt of large tussocks of reeds lines the shore near Mount Kibanga. We had to coast along to the south. Saw a village nearly afloat, the people having there taken refuge from their enemies. There are many

hippopotami and crocodiles in Tanganyika. We encamped on an open space on a knoll and put up flags to guide our land party to us.

3rd.—We send off to buy food. Mr. Stanley shot a fat zebra, its meat was very good.

4th.—The Ujijians left last night with their canoes. We are now waiting for our land party.

5th.—Mr. Stanley is ill of fever. I am engaged in copying notes into my journal. All men and goats arrived safely.

6th.—Mr. Stanley better, and we prepare to go.

7th.—Mr. Stanley shot a buffalo at the end of our first march up.

8th.—We crossed the River Luajere.

9th.—Rainy, but we went on E. and N. N. E. through a shut-in valley to an opening full of all kinds of game.

10th.—Across a very lovely green country of open forest all fresh, and like an English gentleman's park. Game plentiful. Tree-covered mountains right and left.

11th.—Off through open forest for three hours east, then cook, and go on east another three hours, over very rough rocky, hilly country. River Mtambahu.

12th.—Off early, and pouring rain came down; as we advance the country is undulating.

13th.—Fine morning. We went through an undulating hilly country clothed with upland trees for three hours; then breakfast in an open glade.

14th.—Another fine morning, but miserably wet afternoon. We now descended, and saw many reddish monkeys, which made a loud outcry.

15th.—Along a valley with high mountains on each hand, then up over that range on our left or south. At the top some lions roared. Sleep at a running rill.

16th.—Went E. and by S. along the high land, then we saw a village down in a deep valley into which we descended. Then up another ridge in a valley and along to a village well cultivated—up again 700 feet at least, and down to Merera's village, hid in a mountainous nook, about 140 huts

with doors on one side. The valleys present a lovely scene of industry, all the people being eagerly engaged in weeding and hoeing to take advantage of the abundant rains which have drenched us every afternoon.

17th.—We remain at Merera's to buy food.

18th.—March, but the Mirongosi wandered and led us round about instead of S. S. E. I have very sore feet from bad shoes.

19th.—Crossed the Mbamba River and passed through open forest. 21st.—Rest. 22nd.—Rest.

23rd.—Rest. Mr. Stanley has fever. 24th.—Ditto.—25th.—Stanley ill. 26th.—Stanley better and off.

27th.—In going on a swarm of bees attacked a donkey Mr. Stanley bought for me, and instead of galloping off, as did the other, the fool of a beast rolled down, and over and over. I did the same, then ran, dashed into a bush like an ostrich pursued, then ran whisking a bush round my head. They gave me a sore head and face, before I got rid of the angry insects: I never saw men attacked before: the donkey was completely knocked up by the stings on head, face, and lips, and died in two days, in consequence. We slept in the stockade of Misonghi.

28th.—We crossed the river and then away E. to near a hill. Bombay says his greatest desire is to visit Speke's grave ere he dies: he has a square head with the top depressed in the centre.

30th.—At Merera's, the second of the name.

1st February, 1872.—We met a caravan of Syde bin Habib's people yesterday who reported that Mirambo has offered to repay all the goods he has robbed the Arabs of, all the ivory, powder, blood, etc., but his offer was rejected. The country all around is devastated, and Arab force is at Simba's. Mr. Stanley's man Shaw is dead.

2nd.—Away over ridges of cultivation and elephants' footsteps. Cultivators all swept away by Basavira.

3rd.—Mr. Stanley has severe fever, with great pains in the back and loins: an emetic helped him a little, but resin of jalap would have cured him quickly.

4th.—Mr. Stanley so ill that we carried him in a cot across flat forest and land covered with short grass for three hours, about north-east, and at last found a path, which was a great help.

5th.—Off at 6 A. M. Mr. Stanley a little better.

6th.—Drizzly morning, but we went on, and in two hours got drenched with cold N. W. rain: the paths full of water we splashed along to our camp in a wood.

7th.—Along level plains, and clumps of forest, and hollows filled at present with water, about N. E., to a large pool of Ngombe Nullah. Send off two men to Unyanyembe for letters and medicine.

8th.—Removed from the large pool of the nullah, about an hour north, to where game abounds.

9th.—Remained for game, but we were unsuccessful.

10th.—Leave Manyara. After a hard tramp we came to a pool by a sycamore tree, 28 feet in circumference, with broad fruit-laden branches.

11th.—Reach Chikuru, a stockaded village, with dura plantations around it and pools of rain-water.

12th.—Rest.

13th.—Leave Chikuru, and wade across an open flat with much standing-water. They plant rice on the wet land round the villages.

14th.—Across the same flat open forest. Came to a Boma.

15th.—Over the same kind of country, where the water was stagnant, to camp in the forest.

16th.—Camp near Kigando, in a rolling country.

17th.—Over a country, chiefly level, with stagnant water, rounded hills were seen; encamp in a new Boma, Magonda.

18th.—Go through low tree-covered hills of granite, with blocks of rock sticking out: much land cultivated, and many villages. The country now opens out and we come to the Tembe, in the midst of many straggling villages. Unyanyembe. Thanks to the Almighty.

CHAPTER XX.

NEW EXPLORATIONS DECIDED ON.

BY the arrival of the fast Ramadan on the 14th November, and a Nautical Almanac, I discovered that I was on that date twenty-one days too fast in my reckoning. Mr. Stanley used some very strong arguments in favor of my going home, recruiting my strength, getting artificial teeth, and then returning to finish my task; but my judgment said, "All your friends will wish you to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile before you retire." My daughter Agnes says, "Much as I wish you to come home, I would rather that you finished your work to your own satisfaction than return merely to gratify me." Rightly and nobly said, my darling Nannie. Vanity whispers pretty loudly, "She is a chip of the old block." My blessing on her and all the rest.

It is all but certain that four full-grown gushing fountains rise on the watershed eight days south of Katanga, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river; and two rivers thus formed flow north to Egypt, the other two south to Inner Ethiopia; that is, Lufira or Bartle Frere's River, flows into Kamolondo, and that into Webb's Lualaba, the main line of drainage. Another, on the north side of the sources, Sir Paraffin Young's Lualaba, flows through Lake Lincoln, otherwise named Chibungo and Lomame, and that too into Webb's Lualaba. Then Liambai Fountain, Palmerston's, forms the Upper Zambesi; and the Lunga (Lunga), Oswell's Fountain, is the Kafue; both flowing into

Inner Ethiopia. It may be that these are not the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva, in Sais, in Egypt; but they are worth discovery, as in the last hundred of the seven hundred miles of the watershed, from which nearly all the Nile springs do unquestionably arise.

I propose to go from Unyanyembe to Fipa; then round the south end of Tanganyika, Tambete, or Mbete; then across the Chambeze, and round south of Lake Bangweolo, and due west to the ancient fountains; leaving the underground excavations till after visiting Katanga. This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me. No one will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honor to my children, and, perhaps, to my country and race.

Our march extended from 26th December, 1871, till 18th February, 1872, or fifty-four days. This was over 300 miles, and thankful I am to reach Unyanyembe, and the Tembe Kwikuru.

I find, also, that the two headmen selected by the notorious, but covert slave-trader, Ludha Damji, have been plundering my stores from the 20th October, 1870, to 18th February, 1872, or nearly sixteen months. One has died of small-pox, and the other not only plundered my stores, but has broken open the lock of Mr. Stanley's storeroom, and plundered his goods. He declared that all my goods were safe, but when the list was referred to, and the goods counted, and he was questioned as to the serious loss, he at last remembered a bale of seven pieces of merikano, and three kanike—or 304 yards, that he evidently had hidden. On questioning him about the boxes brought, he was equally ignorant, but at last said, "Oh! I remember a box of brandy where it went, and every one knows as well as I."

18th February, 1872.—This, and Mr. Stanley's goods being found in his possession, make me resolve to have done with

him. My losses by the robberies of the Banian employed slaves are more than made up by Mr. Stanley, who has given me twelve bales of calico; nine loads = fourteen and a half bags of beads; thirty-eight coils of brass wire; a tent; boat; bath; cooking pots; twelve copper sheets; air beds; trowsers; jackets, etc. Indeed, I am again quite set up, and as soon as he can send men, not slaves, from the coast I go to my work, with a fair prospect of finishing it.

20th.—To my great joy I got four flannel shirts from Agnes, and I was delighted to find that two pairs of fine English boots had most considerately been sent by my friend Mr. Waller. Mr. Stanley and I measured the calico and found that $733\frac{3}{4}$ yards were wanting, also two frasilahs of samsam, and one case of brandy. Othman pretended sickness, and blamed the dead men, but produced a bale of calico hidden in Thani's goods; this reduced the missing quantity to $436\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

21st.—Heavy rains. I am glad we are in shelter. Masudi is an Arab, near to Ali bin Salem at Bagamoyo. Bushir is an Arab, for whose slave he took a bale of calico. Masudi took this Chirongozi, who is not a slave, as a pagazi or porter. Robbed by Bushir at the 5th camp from Bagamoyo. Othman confessed that he knew of the sale of the box of brandy, and brought also a shawl which he had forgotten: I searched him, and found Mr. Stanley's stores which he had stolen.

22nd.—Service this morning, and thanked God for safety thus far. Got a packet of letters from an Arab.

23rd.—Send to Governor for a box which he has kept for four years: it is all eaten by white ants: two fine guns and a pistol are quite destroyed, all the wood-work being eaten. The brandy bottles were broken to make it appear as if by an accident, but the corks being driven in, and corks of maize cobs used in their place, show that a thief has drunk the brandy and then broken the bottles. The tea was spoiled, but the china was safe, and the cheese good.

25th.—A number of Batusi women came to-day asking for presents. They are tall and graceful in form, with well-shaped

small heads, noses and mouths. They are the chief owners of cattle here. The war with Mirambo is still going on. The Governor is ashamed to visit me.

26th.—Writing journal and dispatch.

27th.—To-day we hold a Christmas feast.

28th.—Writing journal. Syde bin Salem called; he is a China-looking man, and tried to be civil to us.

6th March, 1872.—Repairing tent, and receiving stores.

7th.—Received a machine for filling cartridges.

8th.—9th.—Writing.

10th.—Writing. Gave Mr. Stanley a check for 5000 rupees on Stewart and Co., Bombay. This 500*l*. is to be drawn if Dr. Kirk has expended the rest of the 1000*l*. If not, then the check is to be destroyed by Mr. Stanley.

12th.—Writing.

13th. Finished my letter to Mr. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and Dispatch No. 3 to Lord Granville.

14th.—Mr. Stanley leaves. I commit to his care my journal sealed with five seals; the impressions on them are those of an American gold coin, anna, and half anna, and cake of paint with royal arms. Positively not to be opened.

[We must leave each heart to know its own bitterness, as the old explorer retraces his steps to the Tembe at Kwihara, there to hope and pray that good fortune may attend his companion of the last few months on his journey to the coast; whilst Stanley, duly impressed with the importance of that which he can reveal to the outer world, and laden with a responsibility which by this time can be fully comprehended, thrusts on through every difficulty.

There is nothing for it now but to give Mr. Stanley time to get to Zanzibar, and to shorten by any means at hand the anxious period which must elapse before evidence can arrive that he has carried out the commission intrusted to him.

As we shall see, Livingstone was not without some material to afford him occupation. Distances were calculated

from native report; preparations were pushed on for the coming journey to Lake Bangweolo; apparatus was set in order. Travelers from all quarters dropped in from time to time; each contributed something about his own land; whilst waifs and strays of news from the expedition sent by the Arabs against Mirambo kept the settlement alive. To return to his Diary.

How much seems to lie in their separating, when we remember that with the last shake of the hand, and the last adieu, came the final parting between Livingstone and all that could represent the interest felt by the world in his travels, or the sympathy of the white man!]

15th.—Writing to send after Mr. Stanley by two of his men, who wait here for the purpose.

16th.—Sent the men after Mr. Stanley, and two of mine to bring his last words, if any.

[Sunday was kept in the quiet of the Tembe, on the 17th March. Two days after, and his birthday again comes round—that day which seems always to have carried with it such a special solemnity.]

19th.—Birthday. My Jesus, my king, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O Gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

[Many of his astronomical observations were copied out at this time, and minute records taken of the rainfall. Books saved up against a rainy day were read in the middle of the "Masika" and its heavy showers.]

25th.—Susi brought a letter back from Mr. Stanley. He had a little fever, but I hope he will go on safely.

26th.—Rain of Masika chiefly by night. The Masika of 1871 began on 23rd of March, and ended 30th of April.

27th.—Reading. Very heavy rains.

28th.—Moenyembegu asked for the loan of a "doti." He is starving, and so is the war-party at M'Futu; chaining

their slaves together to keep them from running away to get food anywhere.

29th-31st.—Very rainy weather. Am reading 'Mungo Park's Travels;' they look so truthful.

1st April, 1872.—Read Young's 'Search after Livingstone;' thankful for many kind words about me. He writes like a gentleman.

2nd.—Making a sounding-line out of lint left by Mr. Stanley. Whydah birds are now building their nests. The cock-bird brings fine grass seed-stalks off the top of my Tembe. He takes the end inside the nest and pulls it all in, save the ear. The hen keeps inside, constantly arranging the grass with all her might, sometimes making the whole nest move by her efforts. Feathers are laid in after the grass.

4th.—We hear that Dugumbe's men have come to Ujiji with fifty tusks. My men whom I had sent to look for a book left by accident in a hut some days' journey off came back stopped by a flood in their track.

8th.—An Arab called Syed bin Mohamad Magibbe called. He proposes to go west to the country west of Katanga (Urange).

[It is very interesting to find that the results of the visit paid by Speke and Grant to Mteza, King of Uganda, have already become well marked. As we see, Livingstone was at Unyanyembe when a large trading party dropped in on their way back to the king, who, it will be remembered, lives on the north-western shore of the Victoria Nyassa].

9th.—About 150 Waganga of Mteza carried a present to Seyed Burghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, consisting of ivory and a young elephant. He spent all the ivory in buying return presents of gunpowder, guns, soap, brandy, gin, etc., and they have stowed it all in this Tembe. This morning they have taken everything out to see if anything is spoilt. They have hundreds of packages.

15th.—Hung up the sounding-line on poles 1 fathom apart and tarred it. 375 fathoms of 5 strands.

16th.—Went over to visit Sultan bin Ali near Tabora. Tabora slopes down from some of the same hills that overlook Kwihara, where I live. At the bottom of the slope swampy land lies, and during the Masika it is flooded and runs westward. The sloping plain on the North of the central drain is called Kaze—that on the South is Tabora, and this is often applied to the whole space between the hills north and south. Sultan bin Ali is very hospitable. He is of the Bedawee Arabs, and a famous marksman with his long Arab gun or matchlock. He often killed hares with it, always hitting them in the head. He is about sixty-five years of age, black eyed, six feet high and inclined to stoutness, and his long beard is nearly all gray. He provided two bountiful meals for self and attendants.

Called on Mohamad bin Nassur—recovering from sickness. He presented a goat and a large quantity of guavas. He gave the news that came from Dugumbe's underling Nserere, and men now at Ujiji; they went S. W. to country called Nombe, it is near Rua, and where copper is smelted. After I left them on account of the massacre at Nyangwe, they bought much ivory, but acting in the usual Arab way, plundering and killing, they aroused the Bakuss' ire, and as they are very numerous, about 200 were killed, and some of Dugumbe's party. They bought fifty tusks to Ujiji. We dare not pronounce positively on any event in life, but this looks like prompt retribution on the perpetrators of the horrible and senseless massacre of Nyangwe. It was not vengeance by the relations of the murdered ones we saw shot and sunk in the Lualaba, for there is no communication between the people of Nyangwe and the Bakuss or people of Nombe of Lomame—that massacre turned my heart completely against Dugumbe's people. To go with them to Lomame as my slaves were willing to do, was so repugnant I preferred to return that weary 400 or 600 miles to Ujiji. I mourned over my being baffled and thwarted all the way, but tried to believe that it was all for the best—this news shows that had I gone with these people to Lomame, I could

not have escaped the Bakuss spears, for I could not have run like the routed fugitives. I was prevented from going in order to save me from death. Many escapes from danger I am aware of: some make me shudder, as I think how near to death's door I came. But how many more instances of Providential protecting there may be of which I know nothing! But I thank most sincerely the good Lord of all for His goodness to me.

18th.—I pray the good Lord of all to favor me so as to allow me to discover the ancient fountains of Herodotus, and if there is anything in the underground excavations to confirm the precious old documents (*τὰ βιβλία*), the Scriptures of truth, may He permit me to bring it to light, and give me wisdom to make a proper use of it.

The cross has been used—not as a Christian emblem certainly, but from time immemorial as the form in which the copper ingot of Katanga is moulded—this is met with quite commonly, and is called Handiple Mahandi.

19th.—A roll of letters and newspapers, apparently, came to-day for Mr. Stanley. The messenger says he passed Mr. Stanley on the way, who said, "Take this to the Doctor;" this is erroneous.

20th.—Opened it on 20th, and found nine 'New York Herald's' of December 1—9, 1871, and one letter for Mr. Stanley, which I shall forward, and one stick of tobacco.

21st.—Tarred the tent presented by Mr. Stanley.

23rd.—Visited Kwikuru, and saw the chief of all the Banyamwezi (around whose Boma it is), about sixty years old, and partially paralytic.

It must be a sore affliction to be bereft of one's reason, and the more so if the insanity takes the form of uttering thoughts which in a sound state we drive from us as impure.

25th–26th.—A touch of fever from exposure.

27th.—Better and thankful.

1st May, 1872.—Unyanyembe: bought a cow; she gives milk, and this makes me independent. Finished a letter for the *New York Herald*, trying to enlist American zeal to stop

the East Coast slave-trade: I pray for a blessing on it from the All-Gracious.

[The concluding words of the letter he refers to are as follows:—]

“All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven’s rich blessing come down on everyone, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world.”

[It was felt that nothing could more palpably represent the man, and this quotation has consequently been inscribed upon the tablet erected to his memory near his grave in Westminster Abbey. It was noticed some time after selecting it that Livingstone wrote these words exactly one year before his death.]

4th.—Many palavers about Mirambo’s death having taken place and being concealed. Arabs say that he is a brave man, and the war is not near its end. Lewale* invites me to a feast.

7th.—New moon last night. Went to breakfast with Lewale. He says that the Mirambo war is virtually against himself as a Syed Majid man. They wish to have him removed, and this would be a benefit.

The Banyamwezi told the Arabs that they did not want them to go to fight, because when one Arab was killed all the rest ran away and the army got frightened.

“Give us your slaves only and we will fight,” say they.

9th.—No fight, though it was threatened yesterday: they all like to talk a great deal before striking a blow. They believe that in the multitude of counselors there is safety. Women singing as they pound their grain into meal,—“Oh, the march of Bwanamokolu to Katanga! Oh, the march to Katanga and back to Ujiji!—Oh, oh, oh!” Bwanamokolu means the great or old gentleman. Batusi women are very keen traders, and very polite and pleasing in their address and pretty way of speaking.

I don’t know how the great loving Father will bring all out right at last, but He knows and will do it.

*This appears to be the title of the Governor of the town.

The African's idea seems to be that they are within the power of a power superior to themselves—apart from and invisible: good; but frequently evil and dangerous. This may have been the earliest religious feeling of dependence on a Divine power without any conscious feeling of its nature. Idols may have come in to give a definite idea of superior power, and the primitive faith or impression obtained by Revelation seems to have mingled with their idolatry without any sense of incongruity. (See Micah in Judges.)

10th.—Hamees Wodin Tagh, my friend, is reported slain by the Makoa of a large village he went to fight. Other influential Arabs are killed, but full information has not yet arrived.

11th.—A serpent of dark olive color was found dead at my door this morning, probably killed by a cat.

12th.—The reported death of Hamees Wodin Tagh is contradicted. It was so circumstantial that I gave it credit, though the false reports in this land are one of its most marked characteristics. They are "enough to spear a sow."

13th.—He will keep His word—the gracious One, full of grace and truth—no doubt of it. He said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out," and "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name I will give it." He will keep His word: then I can come and humbly present my petition, and it will be all right. Doubt is here inadmissible, surely.

D. L.

14th.—People came from Ujiji to-day, and report that many of Mohamad Bogharib's slaves have died of small-pox—Fundi and Suliman amongst them. Others sent out to get firewood have been captured by the Waha. Mohamad's chief slave, Othman, went to see the cause of their losses and received a spear in the back, the point coming out at his breast.

Lewale off to Mfutu to loiter and not to fight. The Bagoye don't wish Arabs to come near the scene of action,

because, say they, "When one Arab is killed all the rest run away, and they frighten us thereby. Stay at Mfutu; we will do all the fighting." This is very acceptable advice.

16th.—Lewale sends off letters to the Sultan to-day. I have no news to send, but am waiting wearily.

17th.—Ailing. Making cheeses for the journey: good, but sour rather, as the milk soon turns in this climate, and we don't use rennet, but allow the milk to coagulate of itself, and it does thicken in half a day.

18th—19th.—One of Dugumbe's men came to-day from Ujiji. He confirms the slaughter of Matereka's people, but denies that of Dugumbe's men.

20th.—Better. Very cold winds. The cattle of the Batusi were captured by the Arabs to prevent them going off with the Baganda: my four amongst them. I sent over for them and they were returned this morning.

21st.—I wish I had some of the assurance possessed by others, but I am oppressed with the apprehension that after all it may turn out that I have been following the Congo; and who would risk being put into a cannibal pot, and converted into black man for it?

23rd.—There seems but little prospect of Christianity spreading by ordinary means among Mohamadans. Their pride is a great obstacle, and is very industriously nurtured by its votaries. No new invention or increase of power on the part of Christians seems to disturb the self-complacent belief that ultimately all power and dominion in this world will fall into the hands of Moslems. Mohamad will appear at last in glory, with all his followers saved by him.

I would say to missionaries, Come on, brethren, to the real heathen. You have no idea how brave you are till you try. Leaving the coast tribes, and devoting yourselves heartily to the savages, as they are called, you will find, with some drawbacks and wickednesses, a very great deal to admire and love. Many statements made about them require confirmation. You will never see women selling their infants: the Arabs never did, nor have I. An assertion of the kind was made by mistake.

Captive children are often sold, but not by their mothers. Famine sometimes reduces fathers to part with them, but the selling of children, as a general practice, is quite unknown, and, as Speke put it, quite a mistake.

25th-26th.—Cold weather. Lewale sends for all Arabs to make a grand assault, as it is now believed that Mirambo is dead, and only his son, with few people, remains.

Two Whydah birds, after their nest was destroyed several times, now try again in another pomegranate-tree in the yard. They put back their eggs, as they have the power to do, and build again.

27th.—Another pair of the kind (in which the cock is red-breasted) had ten chickens, also rebuilds afresh. The red cock-bird feeds all the brood. Each little one puts his head on one side as he inserts his bill, chirruping briskly, and bothering him. The young ones lift up a feather as a child would a doll, and invite others to do the same, in play. So, too, with another pair. The cock skips from side to side with a feather in his bill, and the hen is pleased: nature is full of enjoyment. Near Kasanganga's I saw boys shooting locusts that settled on the ground with little bows and arrows.

Cock Whydah bird died in the night. The brood came and chirruped to it for food, and tried to make it feed them, as if not knowing death!

A wagtail dam refused its young a caterpillar till it had been killed—she ran away from it, but then gave it when ready to be swallowed. The first smile of an infant with its toothless gums is one of the pleasantest sights in nature. It is innocence claiming kinship, and asking to be loved in its helplessness.

28th.—Many parts of this interior land present most inviting prospects for well-sustained efforts of private benevolence. Karague, for instance, with its intelligent friendly chief Rumainyika (Speke's Rumanika), and Bouganda, with its teeming population, rain, and friendly chief, who could easily be swayed by an energetic, prudent missionary. The evangelist must not depend on foreign support other than

an occasional supply of beads and calico; coffee is indigenous and so is sugar-cane. It would be a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, but with abundant materials for surrounding oneself with comforts, and improving the improvable among the natives.

29th.—Halima ran away in a quarrel with Ntaoeka: I went over to Sultan bin Ali and sent a note after her, but she came back of her own accord, and only wanted me to come outside and tell her to enter. I did so, and added, "You must not quarrel again." She has been extremely good ever since I got her from Katombo or Moene-mokaia: I never had to reprove her once. She is always very attentive and clever, and never stole, nor would she allow her husband to steal. She is the best spoke in the wheel; this her only escapade is easily forgiven, and I gave her a warm cloth for the cold, by way of assuring her that I had no grudge against her. I shall free her, and buy her a house and garden at Zanzibar, when we get there.

31st.—The so-called Arab war with Mirambo drags its slow length along most wearily. After it is over then we shall get Banyamwezi pagazi in abundance.

In reference to this Nile source I have been kept in perpetual doubt and perplexity. I know too much to be positive. Great Lualaba, or Lualubba, as Manyema say, may turn out to be the Congo and Nile, a shorter river after all—the fountains flowing north and south seem in favor of its being the Nile. Great westing is in favor of the Congo. It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker. "Every drop from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent must fall into Albert Lake, a giant at its birth." How soothing to be positive.

[Many busy calculations are met with here which are too involved to be given in detail. At one point we see a rough conjecture as to the length of the road through Fipa. Further on we see that he reckoned on his work occupying him till 1874.]

If Stanley arrived on the 1st of May at Zanzibar:—allow

=20 days to get men and settle with them=May 20th,
men leave Zanzibar 22nd of May=now 1st of June.

On the road may be 10 days

Still to come 30 days, June . . . 30 "

—
Ought to arrive 10th or 15th of July 40 "

14th of June=Stanley being away now 3 months; say he
left Zanzibar 24th of May=at Aden 1st of June=Suez 8th
of June, near Malta 14th of June.

Stanley's men may arrive in July next. Then engage
pagazi half a month=August, 5 months of this year will
remain for journey; the whole of 1873 will be swallowed up
in work, but in February or March, 1874, please the
Almighty Disposer of events, I shall complete my task and
retire.

7th June, 1872.—Sultan bin Ali called. He says that the
path by Fipa is the best, it has plenty of game, and people
are friendly.

13th.—Sangara, one of Mr. Stanley's men, returned from
Bagamoyo, and reports that my caravan is at Ugogo. He
arrived to-day, and reports that Stanley and the American
Consul acted like good fellows, and soon got a party of over
fifty off, as he heard while at Bagamoyo, and he left. The
main body, he thinks, are in Ugogo. He came on with the
news, but the letters were not delivered to him. I do most
fervently thank the good Lord of all for His kindness to me
through these gentlemen. The men will come here about
the end of this month. Bombay happily pleaded sickness as
an excuse for not re-engaging, as several others have done.
He saw that I got a clear view of his failings, and he could
not hope to hoodwink me.

After Sangara came, I went over to Kikuru to see what
the Lewale had received, but he was absent at Tabora. A
great deal of shouting, firing of guns, and circumgyration
by the men who had come from the war just outside the
stockade of Nkisiwa was going on as we descended the gentle
slope towards it. Two heads had been put up as trophies in

the village, and it was asserted that Marukwe, a chief man of Mirambo, had been captured at Uvinza, and his head would soon come too. It actually did come, and was put up on a pole.

I am most unfeignedly thankful that Stanley and Webb have acted nobly.

14th.—Seyed bin Mohamad Margibbe called to say that he was going off towards Katanga to-morrow by way of Amran. I feel inclined to go by way of Fipa rather, though I should much like to visit Merere.

15th.—Lewale doubts Sangara on account of having brought no letters. Nothing can be believed in this land unless it is in black and white, and but little even then; the most circumstantial details are often mere figments of the brain. The one half one hears may safely be called false, and the other half doubtful or *not proven*.

16th.—Nsare chief, Msalala, came selling from Sakuma on the north—a jocular man, always a favorite with the ladies. He offered a hoe as a token of friendship, but I bought it, as we are, I hope, soon going off, and it clears the tent floor and ditch round it in wet weather.

Mirambo made a sortie against a headman in alliance with the Arabs, and was quite successful, which shows that he is not so much reduced as reports said.

18th.—Sent over a little quinine to Sultan bin Ali—he is ailing of fever—and a glass of “Moiko” the shameful!

The Ptolemaic map defines people according to their food. The Elephantophagi, the Struthiophagi, the Ichthyophagi, and Anthropophagi. If we followed the same sort of classification our definition would be the drink, thus:—the tribe of stout-guzzlers, the roaring potheen-fuddlers, the whisky-fishoid-drinkers, the vin-ordinaire bibbers, the lager-beer-swillers, and an outlying tribe of the brandy cocktail persuasion.

19th.—Whydahs, though full-fledged, still gladly take a feed from their dam, putting down the breast to the ground and cocking up the bill and chirruping in the most engaging

manner and winning way they know. She still gives them a little, but administers a friendly shove off too. They all pick up feathers or grass, and hop from side to side of their mates, as if saying, "Come, let us play at making little houses." The wagtail has shaken her young quite off, and has a new nest. She warbles prettily, very much like a canary, and is extremely active in catching flies, but eats crumbs of bread and milk too. Sun-birds visit the pomegranate flowers and eat insects therein too, as well as nectar. The young whydah birds crouch closely together at night for heat. They look like a woolly ball on a branch. By day they engage in pairing and coaxing each other. They come to the same twig every night. Like children they try and lift heavy weights of feathers above their strength.

I trust in Providence still to help me. I know the four rivers Zambesi, Kafue, Luapula, and Lomame; their fountains must exist in one region.

The women work very hard in providing for their husbands' kitchens. The rice is the most easily prepared grain: three women stand round a huge wooden mortar with pestles in their hands, a gallon or more of the unhusked rice—called Mopunga here and paddy in India—is poured in, and the three heavy pestles worked in exact time; each jerks up her body as she lifts the pestle and strikes it into the mortar with all her might, lightening the labor with some wild ditty the while, though one hears by the strained voice that she is nearly out of breath. When the husks are pretty well loosened, the grain is put into a large plate-shaped basket and tossed so as to bring the chaff to one side, the vessel is then heaved downwards and a little horizontal motion given to it which throws the refuse out; the partially cleared grain is now returned to the mortar, again pounded and cleared of husks, and a semi-circular toss of the vessel sends all the remaining unhusked grain to one side, which is lifted out with the hand, leaving the chief part quite clean: they certainly work hard and well.

When Ntaoeke chose to follow us rather than go to the

coast, I did not like to have a fine-looking woman among us unattached, and proposed that she should marry one of my three worthies, Chumah, Gardner, or Mabruki, but she smiled at the idea. Chumah was evidently too lazy ever to get a wife; the other two were contemptible in appearance, and she has a good presence and is buxom. Chumah promised reform: "he had been lazy, he admitted, because he had no wife." Circumstances led to the other women wishing Ntaoeke married, and on my speaking to her again she consented. I have noticed her ever since working hard from morning to night: the first up in the cold mornings, making fire and hot water, pounding, carrying water, wood, sweeping, cooking.

21st.—Lewale is off to the war with Mirambo; he is to finish it now! A continuous fusilade along his line of march west will expend much powder, but possibly get the spirits up.

24th.—A continuous covering of forests is a sign of a virgin country. The earlier seats of civilization are bare and treeless according to Humboldt. The civilization of the human race sets bounds to the increase of forests. It is but recently that sylvan decorations rejoice the eyes of the Northern Europeans. The old forests attest the youthfulness of our civilization. The aboriginal woods of Scotland are but recently cut down.

The medical education has led me to a continual tendency to suspend the judgment. What a state of blessedness it would have been had I possessed the dead certainty of the homœopathic persuasion, and as soon as I found the Lakes Bangweolo, Moero, and Kamolondo pouring out their waters down the great central valley, bellowed out, "Hurrah! Eureka!" and gone home in firm and honest belief that I had settled it, and no mistake. Instead of that I am even now not at all "cock-sure" that I have not been following down what may after all be the Congo.

CHAPTER XXI.

WEARY WAITING AT UNYANYEMBE.

(A)ND now the long-looked for letters came in by various hands, but with little regularity. It is not here necessary to refer to the withdrawal of the Livingstone Relief Expedition which took place as soon as Mr. Stanley confronted Lieutenant Dawson on his way inland. Suffice it to say that the various members of this Expedition, of which his second son, Mr. Oswell Livingstone, was one, had already quitted Africa for England when these communications reached Unyanyembe.)

27th June, 1872.—Received a letter from Oswell yesterday, dated Bagamoyo, 14th May, which awakened thankfulness, anxiety, and deep sorrow.

28th.—Went over to Kwikuru yesterday to speak about pagazi. Nkasiwa was off at M'futu to help in the great assault on Mirambo, which is hoped to be the last. But Mohamad bin Seyed promised to arrange with the chief on his return. I was told that Nkasiwa has the head of Morukwe in a kirindo or band-box, and when Morukwe's people have recovered they will come and redeem it with ivory and slaves, and bury it in his grave, as they did the head of Ishbosheth in Abner's grave in Hebron.

3rd July, 1872.—Received a note from Oswell, written in April last, containing the sad intelligence of Sir Roderick's departure from among us. Alas! alas! this is the only time in my life I ever felt inclined to use the word, and it bespeaks a sore heart: the best friend I ever had—true, warm, and

abiding—he loved me more than I deserved: he looks down on me still. I must feel resigned to the loss by the Divine Will, but still I regret and mourn.

Wearisome waiting, this; and yet the men cannot be here before the middle or end of this month. I have been sorely let and hindered in this journey, but it may have been all for the best. I will trust in Him to whom I commit my way.

5th.—Weary! weary!

7th.—Waiting wearily here, and hoping that the good and loving Father of all may favor me, and help me to finish my work quickly and well.

9th.—Clear and cold the general weather: cold is penetrating. War forces have gone out of M'futu and built a camp. Fear of Mirambo rules them all: each one is nervously anxious not to die, and in no way ashamed to own it. The Arabs keep out of danger: “Better to sleep in a whole skin” is their motto.

10th.—No great difficulty would be encountered in establishing a Christian Mission a hundred miles or so from the East Coast. The permission of the Sultan of Zanzibar would be necessary, because all the tribes of any intelligence claim relationship, or have relations with him; the Banyamwezi even call themselves his subjects, and so do others. His permission would be readily granted.

It seems indispensable that each Mission should raise its own native agency. A couple of Europeans beginning, and carrying on a Mission without a staff of foreign attendants, implies coarse country fare, it is true, but this would be nothing to those who, at home amuse themselves with fastings, vigils, etc. A great deal of power is thus lost in the Church. Fastings and vigils, without a special object in view, are time run to waste. They are made to minister to a sort of self-gratification, instead of being turned to account for the good of others. They are like groaning in sickness. Some people amuse themselves when ill with continuous moaning. The forty days of Lent might be annually spent

in visiting adjacent tribes, and bearing unavoidable hunger and thirst with a good grace. Considering the greatness of the object to be attained, men might go without sugar, coffee, tea, etc. I went from September 1866 to December 1868 without either.

12th.—Two men come from Syde bin Habib report fighting as going on at discreet distances against Mirambo.

Sheikh But, son of Mohamad bin Saleh, is found guilty of stealing a tusk from the Lewale. He has gone in disgrace to fight Mirambo: his father is disconsolate, naturally. Lewale has been merciful.

When endeavoring to give some account of the slave-trade of East Africa, it was necessary to keep far within the truth, in order not to be thought guilty of exaggeration. To overdraw its evils is a simple impossibility. The sights I have seen, though common incidents of the traffic, are so nauseous that I always strive to drive them from memory. In the case of most disagreeable recollections I can succeed, in time, in consigning them to oblivion, but the slaving scenes come back unbidden, and make me start up at dead of night horrified by their vividness. To some this may appear weak and unphilosophical, since it is alleged that the whole human race has passed through the process of development. We may compare cannibalism to the stone age, and the times of slavery to the iron and bronze epochs—slavery is as natural a step in human development as from bronze to iron.

Whilst speaking of the stone age I may add that in Africa I have never been fortunate enough to find one flint arrow-head or any other flint implement, though I had my eyes about me as diligently as any of my neighbors. No roads are made; no lands leveled; no drains digged; no quarries worked, nor any of the changes made on the earth's surface that might reveal fragments of the primitive manufacture of stone. Yet but little could be inferred from the negative evidence, were it not accompanied by the fact that flint does not exist in any part south of the Equator. Quartz might

have been used, but no remains exist, except the half-worn millstones, and stones about the size of oranges, used for chipping and making rough the nether millstone. Glazed pipes and earthenware used in smelting iron, show that iron was smelted in the remotest ages in Africa. These earthenware vessels, and fragments of others of a finer texture, were found in the delta of the Zambesi and in other parts in close association with fossil bones, which, on being touched by the tongue, showed as complete an absence of animal matter as the most ancient fossils known in Europe. They were the bones of animals, as hippopotami, water hogs, antelopes, crocodiles, identical with those now living in the country.

These were the primitive fauna of Africa, and if vitrified iron from the prodigious number of broken smelting furnaces all over the country was known from the remotest times, the Africans seem to have had a start in the race, at a time when our progenitors were grubbing up flints to save a miserable existence by the game they might kill. Slave-trading seems to have been coeval with the knowledge of iron. The monuments of Egypt show that this curse has venerable antiquity.

Some people say, "If so ancient, why try to stop an old established usage now?" Well, some believe that the affliction that befel the most ancient of all patriarchs, Job, was small-pox. Why then stop the ravages of this venerable disease in London and New York by vaccination?

But no one expects any benevolent efforts from those who cavil and carp at efforts made by governments and peoples to heal the enormous open sore of the world. Some profess that they would rather give "their mite" for the degraded of our own countrymen than to "niggers!" Verily it is "a mite," and they most often forget, and make a gift of it to themselves. It is almost an axiom that those who do most for the heathen abroad are most liberal for the heathen at home. It is to this class we turn with hope. With others arguments are useless, and the only answer I care to

give is the remark of an English sailor, who, on seeing slave-traders actually at their occupation, said to his companion, "Shiver my timbers, mate, if the devil don't catch these fellows, we might as well have no devil at all."

In conversing with a prince at Johanna, one of the Comoro Islands lying off the north end of Madagascar, he took occasion to extol the wisdom of the Arabs in keeping strict watch over their wives. On suggesting that their extreme jealousy made them more like jailers than friends of their wives, or, indeed, that they thus reduced themselves to the inferior animals, and each was like the bull of a herd and not like a reasonable man—"fuguswa"—and that they gave themselves a vast deal of trouble for very small profit; he asserted that the jealousy was reasonable because all women were bad, they could not avoid going astray. And on remarking that this might be the case with Arab women, but certainly did not apply to English women, for though a number were untrustworthy, the majority deserved all the confidence their husbands could place in them, he reiterated that women were universally bad. He did not believe that women ever would be good; and the English allowing their wives to gad about with faces uncovered, only showed their weakness, ignorance, and unwisdom.

The tendency and spirit of the age are more and more towards the undertaking of industrial enterprises of such magnitude and skill as to require the capital of the world for their support and execution—as the Pacific Railroad, Suez Canal, Mont Cenis Tunnel, and railways in India and Western Asia, Euphrates Railroad, etc. The extension and use of railroads, steamships, telegraphs, break down nationalities and bring peoples geographically remote into close connection commercially and politically. They make the world one, and capital, like water, tends to a common level.

17th.—Went over to Sultan bin Ali yesterday. Very kind, as usual; he gave me guavas and a melon—called "matanga." It is reported that one of Mirambo's chief men, Sorura, set sharp sticks in concealed holes, which acted like

Bruce's "craw-taes" at Bannockburn, and wounded several, probably the twenty reported. This has induced the Arabs to send for a cannon they have, with which to batter Mirambo at a distance. The gun is borne past us this morning: a brass 7-pounder, dated 1679. Carried by the Portuguese Commander-in-Chief to China 1679, or 193 years ago—and now to beat Mirambo, by Arabs who have very little interest in the war.

[Mtesa's people on their way back to Uganda were stuck fast at Unyanyembe the whole of this time: it does not appear at all who the missionary was to whom he refers.]

Lewale sends off the Baganda in a great hurry, after detaining them for six months or more till the war ended, and he now gets pagazi of Banyamwezi for them. This haste (though war is not ended) is probably because Lewale has heard of a missionary through me.

19th.—Visited Salim bin Seff, and was very hospitably entertained. He was disappointed that I could not eat largely. They live very comfortably: grow wheat, whilst flour and fruits grace their board. Salim says that goat's flesh at Zanzibar is better than beef, but here beef is better than goat's flesh. He is a stout, jolly fellow.

21st.—Some philosophising is curious. It represents our Maker forming the machine of the universe: setting it a-going, and able to do nothing more outside certain of His own laws. He, as it were, laid the egg of the whole, and, like an ostrich, left it to be hatched by the sun. We can control laws, but He cannot! A fire set to this house would consume it, but we can throw on water and consume the fire. We control the elements, fire and water: is He debarred from doing the same, and more, who has infinite wisdom and knowledge? He surely is greater than His own laws. Civilization is only what has been done with natural laws. Some foolish speculations in morals resemble the idea of a Baganda, who said last night, that if Mtesa didn't kill people now and then, his subjects would suppose that he was dead!

23rd.—The departure of the Baganda is countermanded, for fear of Mirambo capturing their gunpowder.

Lewale interdicts them from going; he says, "You may go, but leave all the gunpowder here, because Mirambo will follow and take it all to fight with us." This is an after-thought, for he hurried them to go off. A few will go and take the news and some goods to Mtesa, and probably a lot of Lewale's goods to trade at Karagwe. The Baganda are angry, for now their cattle and much of their property are expended here; but they say, "We are strangers, and what can we do but submit?"

24th.—The Bagohe retire from the war. This month is unlucky.

27th.—At dawn a loud rumbling in the east as if of thunder, possibly a slight earthquake; no thunder-clouds visible.

Bin Nassib came last night and visited me before going home to his own house; a tall, brown, polite Arab. A party of native traders who went with the Baganda were attacked by Mirambo's people, and driven back with the loss of all their goods and one killed. The fugitives returned this morning sorely downcast.

29th.—Making flour of rice for the journey. Visited Sheikh bin Nassib, who has a severe attack of fever; he cannot avoid going to the war. He bought a donkey with the tusk he stole from Lewale, and it died yesterday; now Lewale says, "Give me back my tusk;" and the Arab replies, "Give me back my donkey." The father must pay, but his son's character is lost as well as the donkey. Bin Nassib gave me a present of wheaten bread and cakes.

30th.—Weary waiting this, and the best time for traveling passes over unused. High winds from the east every day bring cold, and, to the thinly-clad Arabs, fever.

31st.—We heard yesterday from Sahib bin Nassib that the caravan of his brother Kisessa was at a spot in Ugogo, twelve days off. My party had gone by another route. Thankful for even this in my wearisome waiting.

CHAPTER XXII.

LIVINGSTONE BEGINS HIS LAST JOURNEY.

AUGUST 1st, 1872.—A large part of Baganda have come to see what is stopping the way to Mtesa, about ten headmen and their followers; but they were told by an Arab in Usui that the war with Mirambo was over. About seventy of them come on here to-morrow, only to be despatched back to fetch all the Baganda in Usui, to aid in fighting Mirambo. It is proposed to take a stockade near the central one, and therein build a battery for the cannon, which seems a wise measure. These arrivals are a poor, slave-looking people, clad in bark-cloth, "Mbuzu," and having shields with a boss in the center, round, and about the size of the ancient Highlanders' targe, but made of reeds.

3rd.—Visited Salem bin Seff, who is ill of fever.

4th.—Wearisome waiting, and the sun is now rainy at mid-day, and will become hotter right on to the hot season in November, but this delay may be all for the best.

5th.—In many parts one is struck by the fact of the children having so few games. Life is a serious business, and amusement is derived from imitating the vocations of the parents—but building, making little gardens, bows and arrows, shields, and spears. Elsewhere boys are very ingenious little fellows, and have several games; they also shoot birds with bows, and teach captured linnets to sing. They are expert in making guns and traps for small birds, and in making and using bird-lime. They make play-guns of reed, which go off with a trigger and spring, with a cloud of ashes for smoke.

Sometimes they make double-barreled guns of clay, and have cotton-fluff as smoke.

* * * What is the atonement of Christ? It is Himself: it is the inherent and everlasting mercy of God made apparent to human eyes and ears. The everlasting love was disclosed by our Lord's life and death. It showed that God forgives, because He loves to forgive. He works by smiles if possible, if not by frowns; pain is only a means of enforcing love.

If we speak of strength, lo! He is strong. The Almighty; the Over Power; the Mind of the Universe. The heart thrills at the idea of His greatness.

6th.—Wagtails begin to discard their young, which feed themselves. I can think of nothing but "when will these men come?" Sixty days was the period named, now it is eighty-four. It may be all for the best, in the good Providence of the Most High.

9th.—I do most devoutly thank the Lord for His goodness in bringing my men near to this. Three came to-day, and how thankful I am I cannot express. It is well—the men who went with Mr. Stanley came again to me. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Amen.

[At last this trying suspense was put an end to by the arrival of a troop of fifty-seven men and boys, made up of porters hired by Mr. Stanley on the coast, and some more Nassick pupils sent from Bombay to join Lieut. Dawson. We find the names of John and Jacob Wainwright amongst the latter on Mr. Stanley's list.

Before we incorporate these new recruits on the muster-roll of Dr. Livingstone's servants, it seems right to point to five names which alone represented at this time the list of his original followers; these were Susi, Chumah, and Amoda, who joined him in 1864 on the Zambesi, that is eight years previously, and Mabruki and Gardner, Nassick boys, hired in 1866. We shall see that the new-comers by degrees became accustomed to the hardships of travel, and shared with

the old servants all the danger of the last heroic march home. Nor must we forget that it was to the intelligence and superior education of Jacob Wainwright (whom we now meet with for the first time) that we were indebted for the earliest account of the eventful eighteen months during which he was attached to the party.

And now all is pounding, packing, bargaining, weighing, and disputing amongst the porters. Amidst the inseparable difficulties of an African start, one thankful heart gathers comfort and courage:—]

15th.—The men came yesterday (14th), having been seventy-four days from Bagamoyo. Most thankful to the Giver of all good I am. I have to give them a rest of a few days, and then start.

16th.—An earthquake—"Kiti-ki-sha!"—about 7 P.M., shook me in my katanda with quick vibrations. They gradually became fainter: it lasted some 50 seconds, and was observed by many.

17th.—Preparing things.

18th.—Went to bid adieu to Sultan bin Ali, and left goods with him for the return journey, and many cartridges full and empty, nails for boat, two iron pillars, &c.

19th.—Waiting for pagazi. Sultan bin Ali called.

20th.—Weighed all the loads again, and gave an equal load of 50 lbs. to each, and half loads to the Nassickers. Ma-bruki Speke is left at Tabora with Sultan bin Ali. He has long been sick, and is unable to go with us.

21st.—Gave people an ox, and to a discarded wife a cloth, to avoid exposure by her husband stripping her. She is somebody's child!

22nd.—Sunday. All ready, but ten pagazi lacking.

23rd.—Cannot get pagazi. Most are sent off to the war.

25th.—Started and went one hour to village of Manga or Yuba by a granite ridge; the weather clear, and a fine breeze from the east refreshes. It is important to give short marches at first. Marched $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

26th.—Two Nassickers lost a cow out of ten head of cat-

tle. Marched to Borna of Mayonda. Sent back five men to look after the cow. Cow not found: she was our best milker.

27th.—Started for Ebulua and Kasekera of Mamba.

28th.—Reached Mayolé village in 2 hours and rested; S. and by W. Water is scarce in front. Through flat forest to a marshy-looking piece of water, where we camp, after a march of 1½ hours; still S. by W.

29th.—On through level forest without water. Trees present a dry, wintry aspect; grass dry, but some flowers shoot out, and fresh grass where the old growth has been burnt off.

30th.—The two Nassickers lost all the cows yesterday, from sheer laziness. They were found a long way off, and one cow missing. Susi gave them ten cuts each with a switch. Engaging pagazi and rest.

31st.—Pass Kisari's village, one and a half mile distant, and on to Penta, or Phinta, to sleep, through perfectly flat forest.

1st September, 1872.—The same flat forest to Chikulu, S. and by W., 4 hours 25 m. Manyara called, and is going with us to-morrow. Bought food and served out rations to the men for ten days, as water is scarce, and but little food can be obtained at the villages. The country is very dry and wintry-looking, but flowers shoot out. First clouds all over to-day. It is hot now.

2nd.—The people are preparing their ten days' food. Two pagazi ran away with 24 dotis of the men's calico. Sent after them, but with small hopes of capturing them.

3rd.—Unsuccessful search.

4th.—Leave Chikulu's, and pass a large puff-adder in the way. A single blow on the head killed it, so that it did not stir. About three feet long, and as thick as a man's arm, a short tail, and flat, broad head. The men say this is a very good sign for our journey, though it would have been a bad sign, and suffering and death, had one trodden on it.

5th.—A long, hot tramp to Manyara's. He is a kind old man. Many of the men very tired and sick. S.S.W.

6th.—Rest the caravan, as we shall have to make forced marches on account of tsetse fly.

7th.—Obliged to remain, as several are ill with fever.

8th.—On to N'gombo nullah. Very hot, and people ill. Tsetse. A poor woman of Ujiji followed one of Stanley's men to the coast. He cast her off here, and she was taken by another; but her temper seems too excitable. She set fire to her hut by accident, and in the excitement quarreled all round; she is a somebody's bairn nevertheless; a tall, strapping young woman, she must have been the pride of her parents.

9th.—Telekéza * at broad part of the nullah, then went on two hours and passed the night in the forest.

10th.—On to Mwéras, and spent one night there by a pool in the forest. Village two miles off.

11th.—On 8½ hours to Telekéza. Sun very hot.

12th.—We went till 2 P.M., then made a march, and to-morrow get to villages. Got a buffalo, and remain over night. Water is in hæmatite. I engaged four pagazi here.

15th.—On to near range of hills. Ill.

16th.—Climbed over range about 200 feet high; then on westward to stockaded villages of Kamirambo.

17th.—To Metambo River: 1¼ broad, and marshy. Here begins the land of Méréra. Through forest with many strychnus trees, 3¼ hours, and arrive at Méréra's.

18th.—Remain at Méréra's to prepare food.

19th.—Ditto, ditto, because I am ill with bowels, having eaten nothing for eight days. Simba wants us to pass by his village, and not by the straight path.

20th.—Went to Simba's; 3½ hours. About north-west. Simba sent a handsome present of food, a goat, eggs, and a fowl, beans, split rice, dura, and sesame. I gave him three dotis of superior cloth.

21st.—Rest here, as the complaint does not yield to medicine or time; but I begin to eat now, which is a favorable

* Mid-day halt.

symptom. Under a lofty tree at Simba's, a kite, the common brown one, had two pure white eggs in its nest, larger than a fowl's and very spherical.

22nd.—Preparing food, and one man pretends inability to walk; send for some pagazi to carry loads of those who carry him. Simba sends copious libations of pombe.

23rd.—The pagazi, after demanding enormous pay, walked off. We went on along rocky banks of a stream, and, crossing it, camped, because the next water is far off.

24th.—Recovering and thankful, but weak; cross broad, sedgy stream, and so on to Boma Misonghi, W. and by S.

25th.—Got a buffalo and M'juré, and remain to eat them. I am getting better slowly. The M'juré, or water hog, was all eaten by hyænas during night; the buffalo is safe.

26th.—Through forest, along the side of a sedgy valley. Cross its head water, which has rust of iron in it, then W. and by S. Zebras calling loudly, and Senegal long claw in our camp at dawn, with its cry, "O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o."

27th.—On at dawn. No water expected, but we crossed three abundant supplies before we came to hill of our camp. Much game about here. Getting well again—thanks. No people, or marks of them.

28th.—Buffaloes grazing. Many of the men sick. Whilst camping, a large musk cat broke forth among us and was killed.

29th.—Very hot, and many sick in consequence. Course W.

30th.—Away among low, tree-covered hills of granite and sandstone. Found that Bangala had assaulted the village to which we went a few days ago, and all were fugitives.

1st October, 1872.—On through much deserted cultivation in rich damp soil. Surrounded with low, tree-covered ranges. We saw a few people, but all are in terror.

2nd.—Obtained M'tama in abundance for brass wire, and remained to grind it.

3rd.—Southwards, and down a steep descent into a rich valley with much green maize in ear; people friendly; but it was but one hour's march, so we went on through hilly

country S.W. Men firing off ammunition, had to be punished. Farjella shot a fine buffalo.

4th.—Over the same hilly country. Came to a fine valley with a large herd of zebras feeding quietly; pretty animals. We went only an hour and a half to-day, as one sick man is carried, and it is hot and trying for all. I feel it much internally, and am glad to move slowly.

5th.—Up and down mountains, very sore on legs and lungs. Trying to save donkey's strength I climbed and descended, and as soon as I mounted, off he set as hard as he could run, and he felt not the bridle; the saddle was loose, but I stuck on till we reached water in a bamboo hollow with spring.

6th.—A long bamboo valley with giraffes in it. Range on our right stretches away from us, and that on the left dwindled down; all covered with bamboos, in tufts like other grasses; elephants eat them. Traveled W. and by S. $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Short marches on account of carrying one sick man.

7th.—Over fine park-like country, with large belts of bamboo and fine, broad, shady trees.

8th.—Came on early as sun is hot, and in two hours saw the Tanganyika from a gentle hill. All are very tired, and in coming to a stockade we were refused admittance, because Malongwana had attacked them lately, and we might seize them when in this stronghold. Very true; so we sit outside in the shade of a single palm (*Borassus*).

9th.—Rest, because all are tired, and several sick. This heat makes me useless, and constrains me to lie like a log. Inwardly I feel tired too. Jangeangé leaves us to-morrow, having found canoes going to Ujiji.

10th.—People very tired, and it being, moreover, Sunday, we rest. Gave each a keta of beads. Usowa chief Ponda.

11th.—Reach Kalema district after $2\frac{3}{4}$ hours over black mud all deeply cracked, and many deep torrents now dry. Kalema is a stockade. We see Tanganyika, but a range of low hills intervenes. A rumor of war to-morrow.

12th.—We wait till 2 p.m., and then make a forced march

towards Fipa. The people cultivate but little, for fear of enemies; so we can buy few provisions. Course S.W. to brink of Tanganyika water.

13th.—Our course went along the top of a range of hills lying parallel with the lake. A great part of yesterday was on the same range. It is a thousand feet above the water, and is covered with trees rather scraggy. At sunset the red glare on the surface made the water look like a sea of reddish gold; it seemed so near that many went off to drink, but were three or four hours in doing so. Very hot weather. To the town of Fipa to-morrow. Course about S. Our drum is the greatest object of curiosity we have to the Banyanwezi.

14th.—Crossed two deep gullies with sluggish water in them, and one surrounding an old stockade. Camp on a knoll, overlooking modern stockade and Tanganyika very pleasantly. Saw two beautiful sultanas with azure blue necks. We might have come here yesterday, but were too tired.

15th.—Rest, and kill an ox. The dry heat is distressing, and all feel it sorely. I am right glad of the rest, but keep on as constantly as I can. By giving dura and maize to the donkeys, and riding on alternate days, they hold on; but I feel the sun more than if walking. The chief Kariaria is civil.

16th.—Leave Mokaia and go south. The people set fire to our camp as soon as we started.

17th.—Leave a bay of Tanganyika, and go on to Mpimbwé; two lions growled savagely as we passed. Game is swarming here, but my men cannot shoot except to make a noise.

18th.—Went on about south among mountains all day till we came down, by a little westing, to the lake again, where there were some large villages, well stockaded, with a deep gully half round them. Ill with my old complaint again. Bubwé is the chief here. Food dear.

19th.—Remained to prepare food and rest the people.

20th.—We got a water-buck and a large buffalo. Went on and passed a large arm of Tanganyika, having a bar of hills

on its outer border. Country swarming with large game. Passed two bomas, and spent the night near one of them.

21st.—Mokassa, a Moganda boy, has a swelling of the ankle, which prevents his walking. We went one hour to find wood to make a litter for him. The bomas round the villages are plastered with mud, so as to intercept balls or arrows. The trees are all cut down for these stockades, and the flats are cut up with deep gullies.

I sent a doti to the headman of the village, where we made the litter, to ask for a guide to take us straight south instead of going east to Fipa, which is four days off and out of our course. Tipo Tipo is said to be at Morero.

22nd.—Turned back westwards, and went through the hills down to some large islets in the lake, and camped in villages destroyed by Simba.

23rd.—First east, and then passed two deep bays, at one of which we put up, as they had food to sell. Wherever buffaloes are to be caught, falling traps are suspended over the path in the trees near the water.

24th.—There are many rounded bays in mountainous Fipa. We rested two hours in a deep shady dell, and then came along a very slippery mountain-side to a village in a stockade. It is very hot to-day, and the first thunder-storm away in the east. The name of this village is Lindé.

25th.—We went up south-east, then over a high, steep hill to turn to south again, then down into a valley of Tanganika, over another stony side, and down to a dell with a village in it. The west coast is very plain to-day.

26th.—Over hills and mountains again, past two deep bays, and on to a large bay with a prominent islet on the south side of it, called Kitanda, from the chief's name.

27th.—Remained to buy food, which is very dear. We slaughtered a tired cow to exchange for provisions.

28th.—Left Kitanda, and came round the cape, going south. We came to three villages and some large spreading trees, where we were invited by the headman to remain, as the next stage along the shore is long. The people brought

in a leopard in great triumph. Its mouth and all its claws were bound with grass and bands of bark, as if to make it quite safe, and its tail was curled round: drumming and lullilooing in plenty.

The chief Mosirwa paid us a visit, and is preparing a present of food. One of his men was bitten by the leopard in the arm before he killed it. The lake is about twelve or fifteen miles broad, at latitude $7^{\circ} 52'$ south. Tipo Tipo is ruling in Itawa, and bound a chief in chains, but loosed him on being requested to do so by Syde bin Ali. It takes about three hours to cross at Morilo.

29th.—The mountains now close in on Tanganyika, so there is no path but one, over which luggage cannot be carried. The stage after this is six hours up hill before we come to water. This forced me to stop after only a short, crooked march of two and a quarter hours. We are now on the confines of Fipa. The next march takes us into Burungu.

30th.—The highest parts of the mountains are from 500 feet to 700 feet higher than the passes, say from 1,300 feet to 1,500 feet above the lake. A very rough march to-day; one cow fell, and was disabled. We arrive at a village on the lake shore. Thunder all the morning, and a few drops of rain fell. It will ease the men's feet when it does fall. They call out earnestly for it, "Come, come with hail!" and prepare their huts for it.

31st.—Through a long pass after we had climbed over Winelao. Came to an islet one and a half mile long, called Kapessa, and then into a long pass. The population of Megunda must have been prodigious, for all the stones have been cleared, and every available inch of soil cultivated.

The population are said to have been all swept away by the Matuta.

Going south we come to a very large arm of the lake with a village at the end of it in a stockade. This arm is seven or eight miles long and about two broad.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TERRIBLE MARCHES AND FAILING HEALTH.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1872.—We hear that an eruption of Babemba, on the Baulungu, destroyed all the food. We tried to buy food here, but everything is hidden in the mountains, so we have to wait to-day till they fetch it. If in time, we shall make an afternoon's march. Raining to-day.

2nd.—Deceived by a guide, who probably feared his countrymen in front. Went round a stony cape, and then to a land-locked harbor, three miles long by two broad. Here was a stockade, where our guide absconded. They told us that if we continued our march we should not get water for four hours, so we rested, having marched four and a quarter hours.

3rd.—We marched this morning to a village where food was reported. I had to punish two useless men for calling out, "Posho! posho! posho!" (rations) as soon as I came near. One is a confirmed bange-smoker; the blows were given slightly, but I promised that the next should be severe. The people of Liemba village having a cow or two, and some sheep and goats, eagerly advised us to go on to the next village, as being just behind a hill and well-provisioned. Four very rough hills were the penalty of our credulity, taking four hours of incessant toil in these mountain fastnesses. They hide their food, and the paths are the most difficult that can be found, in order to wear out their enemies. To-day we got to the River Luazi, having marched five and a half hours, and sighting Tanganyika near us twice.

4th.—All very tired. We tried to get food, but it is very dear, and difficult to bargain for. Goods are probably brought from Fipa. A rest will be beneficial to us.

5th.—We went up a high mountain, but found that one of the cows could not climb up, so I sent back and ordered it to be slaughtered, waiting on the top of the mountain whilst the people went down for water.

6th.—Pass a deep narrow bay and climb a steep mountain. Too much for the best donkey. After a few hours' climb we look down on the lake, with its many bays. A sleepy glare floats over it. Further on we came on a ledge of rocks, and looked sheer down 500 or 600 feet into its dark green waters.

7th. *Sunday*.—Remained, but the headman forbade his people to sell us food. We keep quiet except to invite him to a parley, which he refuses, and makes loud lullilooing in defiance, as if he were inclined to fighting. At last, seeing that we took no notice of him, he sent us a present; I returned three times its value.

8th.—The large donkey is very ill, and unable to climb the high mountain in our front. I left men to coax him on, and they did it well. I then sent some to find a path out from the Lake mountains, for they will kill us all; others were dispatched to buy food, but the Lake folks are poor except in fish.

The sun makes the soil so hot that the radiation is as if it came from a furnace. It burns the feet of the people, and knocks them up. Sub-cutaneous inflammation is frequent in the legs, and makes some of my most hardy men useless. We have been compelled to slowness very much against my will. I too was ill, and became better only by marching on foot. Riding exposes one to the bad influence of the sun, while by walking the perspiration modifies beneficially the excessive heat. It is like the difference in effect of cold if one is in activity or sitting, and falling asleep on a stage-coach.

9th.—We got very little food, and kill a calf to fill our mouths a little. A path east seems to lead out from these mountains of Tanganyika. We went on east this morning

in highland open forest, then descended by a long slope to a valley in which there is water. Many Milenga gardens, but the people keep out of sight. The highlands are of a purple color from the new leaves coming out. The donkey began to eat to my great joy. Men sent off to search for a village return empty-handed, and we must halt. I am ill and losing much blood.

10th.—Out from the Lake mountains, and along high ridges of sandstone and dolomite. Our guide volunteered to take the men on to a place where food can be bought—a very acceptable offer. The donkey is recovering; it was distinctly the effects of tsetse, for the eyes and all the mouth and nostrils swelled;

11th.—Over gently undulating country, with many old gardens and watch-houses, some of great height, we reached the River Kalambo, which I know as falling into Tanganyika.

13th.—Arrived at Zombe's town, which is built in such a manner that the river runs through it, whilst a stiff palisade surrounds it.

16th.—After waiting some time for the men, I sent men back yesterday to look after the sick donkey; they arrived, but the donkey died this morning. It is a great loss to me.

17th.—We went on along the bottom of a high ridge that flanks the lake on the west, and then turned up south-east to a village hung on the edge of a deep chasm in which flows the Aeezy.

18th.—We were soon overwhelmed in a pouring rain, and had to climb up the slippery red path which is parallel and near to Mbette's. One of the men picked up a little girl who had been deserted by her mother. As she was benumbed by cold and wet he carried her; but when I came up he threw her into the grass. I ordered a man to carry her, and we gave her to one of the childless women; she is about four years old, and not at all negro-looking. Our march took us about S.W. to Kampamba's, the son of Kasonso, who is dead.

19th.—I visited Kampamba. He is still as agreeable as he was before when he went with us to Liemba. I gave him

two cloths as a present. He has a good-sized village. There are heavy rains now and then every day.

20th-23rd.—The men turn to stringing beads for future use, and to all except defaulters I give a present of 2 dotis, and a handful of beads each. I have diminished the loads considerably, which pleases them much. We have now $3\frac{1}{2}$ loads of calico, and 120 bags of beads. One of our men is behind, sick with dysentery. I am obliged to leave him, but have sent for him twice, and have given him cloth and beads.

24th.—Left Kampamba's to-day, and cross a meadow S.E. of the village in which the River Muanani rises. It flows into the Kapondosi and so on to the lake. We made good way with Kiteneka as our guide, who formerly accompanied Kampamba and ourselves to Liemba.

We came at last to Kasonso's successor's village on the River Molulwe, which is, say, thirty yards wide, and thigh deep. It goes to the Lofu. The chief here gave a sheep—a welcome present, for I was out of flesh for four days. Kampamba is stingy as compared with his father.

25th.—We came in an hour's march to a rivulet called the Casembe—the departed Kasonso lived here.

26th.—Started at daybreak. The grass was loaded with dew, and a heavy mist hung over everything.

27th.—As it is Sunday we stay here at N'dari's village, for we shall be in an uninhabited track to-morrow, beyond the Lofu. The headman cooked six messes for us and begged us to remain for more food, which we buy. He gave us a handsome present of flour and a fowl, for which I return him a present of a doti. Very heavy rain and high gusts of wind, which wet us all.

28th.—We came to the River Lofu in a mile. It is sixty feet across and very deep. We made a bridge, and cut the banks down, so that the donkey and cattle could pass over. It took us two hours, during which time we hauled them all across with a rope.

29th.—Crossed the Loozi in two branches, and climbed up

the gentle ascent of Malembe to the village of Chiwe, whom I formerly called Chibwe, being misled by the Yao tongue.

Chiwe presented a small goat with crooked legs and some millet flour, but he grumbled at the size of the fathom cloth I gave. I offered another fathom, and a bundle of needles, but he grumbled at this too, and sent it back. On this I returned his goat and marched.

[The road lay through the same country among low hills, for several miles, till they came on the 1st December to a rivulet called Katanta, where curiously enough they found a nutmeg-tree in full bearing. In two places he says:—]

Who planted the nutmeg-tree on the Katanta?

[Passing on with heavy rain pouring down, they now found themselves in the Wemba country.]

3rd December, 1872.—No food to be got on account of M'toka's and Tipó Tipó's raids.

We crossed the Lampussi twice; it is forty yards wide, and knee deep; our course is W.N.W. for about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours to-day. We camped and sent men to search for a village that has food. My third barometer (aneroid) is incurably injured by a fall, the man who carried it slipped upon a clayey path.

4th.—Waiting for the return of our men in a green wooded valley on the Lampussi River. Those who were sent yesterday return without anything; they were directed falsely by the country people, where nought could be bought. The people themselves are living on grubs, roots, and fruits. The young plasterer Sphex is very fat on coming out of its clay house, and a good relish for food. A man came to us demanding his wife and child; they are probably in hiding; the slaves of Tipó Tipó have been capturing people. One sinner destroyeth much good!

5th.—The people eat mushrooms and leaves. My men returned about 5 p.m. with two of Kafimbe's men bringing a present of food to me. A little was bought, and we go on to-morrow to sleep two nights on the way, and so to Kafimbe, who is a brother of Nsama's, and fights him.

6th.—We cross the Lampussi again, and up to a mountain along which we go, and then down to some ruins. This took us five hours, and then with $2\frac{1}{4}$ more hours we reach Sintila. We hasten along as fast as hungry men (four of them sick) can go to get food.

7th.—Off at 6.15 A.M. A leopard broke in upon us last night and bit a woman. She screamed, and so did the donkey, and it ran off. Our course lay along between two ranges of low hills, then, where they ended, we went by a good-sized stream thirty yards or so across, and then down into a valley to Kafimbe's.

8th.—Very heavy rains. I visited Kafimbe. He is an intelligent and pleasant young man.

9th.—Send off men to a distance for food, and wait of course. Here there is none for either love or money. To-day a man came from the Arab party at Kumbakumba's with a present of M'chele and a goat. He reports that they have killed Casembe, whose people concealed from him the approach of the enemy till they were quite near. Having no stockade, he fell an easy prey to them. The conquerors put his head and all his ornaments on poles. His pretty wife escaped over Mofwe, and the slaves of the Arabs ran riot everywhere. We sent a return present.

10th.—Left Kafimbe's. He gave us three men to take us into Chama's village, and came a mile along the road with us. Our road took us by a winding course from one little deserted village to another.

11th.—Being far from water we went two hours across a plain dotted with villages to a muddy rivulet called the Mukubwe, where we found the village of a nephew of Nsama. This young fellow was very liberal in gifts of food, and in return I gave him two cloths. An Arab, Juma bin Seff, sent a goat to-day. They have been riding it roughshod over all the inhabitants, and confess it.

12th.—Marenza sent a present of dura flour and a fowl, and asked for a little butter as a charm. He seems unwilling to give us a guide, though told by Kafimbe to do so.

13th.—Westward about by south, and crossed a river, Mokobwe, thirty-five yards. Ill, and after going S.W. camped in a deserted village, S.W. traveling five hours.

14th.—Guides turned N. W. to take us to a son of Nsama, and so play the usual present into his hands. I objected when I saw their direction, but they said, "The path turns round in front." After going a mile along the bank of the Menomba, which has much water, Susi broke through and ran south, till he got a S. by W. path, which we followed, and came to a village having plenty of food.

15th.—Cross the River Lithabo, thirty yards wide and thigh deep. Reached village of Chipala.

16th.—Off at 6 A. M. across the Chikatula, and in three-quarters of an hour crossed the Lopanza, twelve yards wide and waist deep, being now in flood. The Lolela was before us in half-an-hour, eight yards wide and thigh deep, both streams perennial and embowered in tall umbrageous trees that love wet. We came to quite a group of villages having food, and remain, as we got only dribblets in the last two camps.

At noon we got to the village of Kasiane. The headman, a relative of Nsama, brought me a large present of flour of dura, and I gave him two fathoms of calico.

The pugnacious spirit is one of the necessities of life. When people have little or none of it, they are subjected to indignity and loss. My own men walk into houses where we pass the nights without asking any leave, and steal cassava without shame. I have to threaten and thrash to keep them honest, while if we are at a village where the natives are a little pugnacious they are as meek as sucking doves. The peace plan involves indignity and wrong. I give little presents to the headmen, and to some extent heal their hurt sensibilities. This is indeed much appreciated, and produces profound hand-clapping.

17th.—It looked rainy, but we waited half-an-hour, and then went on an hour and a half, when it set in and forced us to seek shelter in a village. The head of it was very civil, and gave us two baskets of cassava, and one of dura. I gave a small present first.

18th.—Over same flat pollarded forest until we reached the Kalongwese River on the right bank. The donkey sends a foot every now and then through the roof of cavities made apparently by ants, and sinks down 18 inches or more and nearly falls. These covered hollows are right in the paths.

19th.—The Kalongwese is sixty or eighty yards wide and four yards deep, about a mile above the confluence of the Luena. We crossed it in very small canoes, and swamped one twice, but no one was lost.

20th.—Shut in by heavy clouds. Wait to see if it will clear up. Went on at 7.15, drizzling as we came near the Mozumba or chief's stockade. A son of Chama tried to mislead us by setting out west, but the path being grass-covered I objected, and soon came on to the large clear path. The guide ran off to report to the son, but we kept on our course, and he and the son followed us. We were met by a party, one of whom tried to regale us by vociferous singing and trumpeting on an antelope's horn, but I declined the deafening honor. Had we suffered the misleading we should have come here to-morrow afternoon.

A wet bed last night, for it was in the canoe that was upset. It was so rainy that there was no drying it.

21st.—Arrived at Chama's. Heavy clouds drifting past, and falling drizzle. Chama's brother tried to mislead us yesterday, in hopes of making us wander hopelessly and helplessly. Failing in this, from my refusal to follow a grass-covered path, he ran before us to the chief's stockade, and made all the women flee, which they did, leaving their chickens damless. We gave him two handsome cloths, one for himself and one for Chama, and said we wanted food only, and would buy it. They are accustomed to the bullying of half-castes, who take what they like for nothing. They are alarmed at our behavior to-day, so we took quiet possession of the stockade, as the place that they put us in was on the open defenceless plain. Seventeen human skulls ornament the stockade. They left their fowls and pigeons. There was no bullying. Our women went in to grind food, and came out without any noise. This flight seems to be

caused by the foolish brother of the chief, and it is difficult to prevent stealing by my horde. The brother came drunk, and was taking off a large sheaf of arrows, when we scolded and prevented him.

22nd.—Went on mainly south, through much bracken.

23rd.—Off at 6 A. M., in a mist, and in an hour and a quarter came to three large villages by three rills, called Misangwa, and much sponge; went on to other villages south, and a stockade.

24th.—Very wet and drizzling. Sent back Chama's arrows, as his foolish brother cannot use them against us now; there are 215 in the bundle. Passed the Lopopussi. The people are not afraid of us here as they were so distressingly elsewhere: we hope to buy food here.

25th, *Christmas Day*.—I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son Christ Jesus Our Lord. Slaughtered an ox, and gave a fundo and a half to each of the party. This is our great day, so we rest. It is cold and wet, day and night. The headman is gracious and generous, which is very pleasant compared with awe, awe, and refusing to sell, or stop to speak, or show the way.

26th.—Came to the Lofubu, fifteen yards broad and very deep. We crossed by a bridge, and the donkey swam with men on each side of him. We came to three villages on the other side with many iron furnaces. Wet and drizzling weather made us stop soon. A herd of buffaloes, scared by our party, rushed off and broke the trees in their hurry, otherwise there is no game or marks of game visible.

27th.—Leave the villages on the Lofubu. We cross one rivulet running to the Lofubu, and camp by a blacksmith's rill in the jungle. I killed a Naia Hadje snake seven feet long here; he reared up before me and turned to fight.

A man, ill and unable to come on, was left all night in the rain without fire. We sent men back to carry him. Wet and cold. We are evidently ascending as we come near the Chambeze.

29th.—Our man Chipangawazi died last night and was

buried this morning. He was a quiet, good man, his disease began at Kampamba's. New moon last night.

29th, or 1st January, 1873.—I am wrong two days.

29th December.—After the burial and planting four branches of *Moringa* at the corners of the grave we went on southward $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours to a river, the Luonogo, running strongly west and south the Luapula, then after one hour crossed it, twelve yards wide and waist deep. We met a man with four of his kindred stripping off bark to make bark-cloth; he gives me the above information about the Luongo.

1st January, 1873. (30th.)—Came on at 6 A. M. very cold. The rains have ceased for a time. Arrive at the village of the man who met us yesterday. Camp here.

2nd.—Thursday—Wednesday was the 1st, I was two days wrong.

3rd.—The villagers very anxious to take us to the west to Chikumbi's, but I refused to follow them, and we made our course to Luongo. Went into the forest south without a path for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then through a flat forest, much fern and no game. We camped in the forest at the Situngula Rivulet. Our last cow died of injuries received in crossing the Lofubu. People buy it for food, so it is not an entire loss.

4th.—March south one hour to the Lopoposi. Camped at Ketebe's after very heavy rain.

5th.—A woman of our party is very ill; she will require to be carried to-morrow.

6th.—Ketebe very civil and generous. He sent three men to guide us to his elder brother Chungu. The men drum and sing harshly for him continually. I gave him half-a-pound of powder, and he lay on his back rolling and clapping his hands, and all his men lulliloed; then he turned on his front, and did the same. The men are very timid—no wonder, the Arab slaves do as they choose with them. The women burst out through the stockade in terror when my men broke into a chorus as they were pitching my tent. Cold, cloudy, and drizzling. Much cultivation far from the stockades.

The sponges here are now full and overflowing, from the continuous and heavy rains. Crops of mileza, maize, cassava, dura, tobacco, beans, ground-nuts are growing finely.

7th.—A cold rainy day keeps us in a poor village very unwillingly. 3 P. M. On to the Rivulet Kamalopa.

8th.—Detained by heavy continuous rains in the village Moenje. We are near Lake Bangweolo and in a damp region. Got off in the afternoon in a drizzle. Came on through flat forest as usual S. W. and S.

9th.—Mosumba of Chungu. After an hour we crossed the rivulet and sponge of Nkulumuna, 100 feet of rivulet and 200 yards of flood, besides some 200 yards of sponge full and running off; we then, after another hour, crossed the large rivulet Lopopozi by a bridge which was 45 feet long, and showed the deep water; then 100 yards of flood thigh deep, and 200 or 300 yards of sponge. After this we crossed two rills called Linkanda and their sponges, the rills in flood 10 or 12 feet broad and thigh deep. After crossing the last we came near the Mosumba, and received a message to build our sheds in the forest, which we did.

10th.—Mosumba of Chungu. Rest to-day and get an insight into the ford: cold rainy weather. When we prepared to visit Chungu, we received a message that he had gone to his plantations to get millet. He then sent for us at 1 P. M. to come, but on reaching the stockade we heard a great Kelele, or uproar, and found it being shut from terror. We spoke to the inmates but in vain, so we returned. Chungu says that we should put his head on a pole like Casembe's! We shall go on without him to-morrow. The terror guns have inspired is extreme.

11th.—Chungu sent a goat and big basket of flour, and excused his fears because guns had routed Casembe and his head was put on a pole; it was his young men that raised the noise. We remain to buy food, as there is scarcity at Mombo, in front. Cold and rainy weather, never saw the like; but this is among the sponges of the Nile and near the northern shores of Bangweolo.

12th.—A dry day enabled us to move forward an hour to a rivulet and sponge, but by ascending it we came to its head and walked over dry-shod, then one hour to another broad rivulet—Pinda, sluggish, and having 100 yards of sponge on each side. This had a stockaded village, and the men in terror shut the gates. Our men climbed over and opened them, but I gave the order to move forward through flat forest till we came to a running rivulet of about twenty feet, but with 100 yards of sponge on each side. The white sand had come out as usual and formed the bottom. Here we entered a village to pass the night. We passed mines of fine black iron ore (“motapo”); it is magnetic.

13th.—Storm-stayed by rain and cold at the village on the Rivulet Kalambosi, near the Chambeze. Never was in such a spell of cold rainy weather except in going to Loanda in 1853. Sent back for food.

14th.—Went on dry S.E. and then S. two hours to River Mosinga, and marched parallel to it till we came to the confluence of Kasie. Mosinga, 25 feet, waist deep, with 150 yards of sponge on right bank and about 50 yards on left. There are many plots of cassava, maize, millet, dura, ground-nuts, voandzeia, in the forest, all surrounded with strong high hedges skillfully built, and manured with wood ashes. The villagers are much afraid of us. After $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours we were brought up by the deep rivulet Mpanda, to be crossed tomorrow in canoes. There are many flowers in the forest.

15th.—Found that Chungu had let us go astray towards the lake, and into an angle formed by the Mpande and Lopopussi, and the lake full of rivulets which are crossed with canoes. Chisupa, a headman on the other side of the Mpanda, sent a present and denounced Chungu for heartlessness. We explained to one man our change of route and went first N.E., then E. to the Mosinga, which we forded again at a deep place full of holes and rust-of-iron water, in which we floundered over 300 yards. We crossed a sponge thigh deep before we came to the Mosinga, then on in flat forest to a stockaded village; the whole march about east for six hours.

16th.—Away north-east and north to get out of the many rivulets near the lake back to the river Lopopussi, which now looms large, and must be crossed in canoes. We have to wait in a village till these are brought, and have only got $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour nearly north.

We were treated scurvily by Chungu. He knew that we were near the Chambeze, but hid the knowledge and himself too. It is terror of guns.

17th.—We are troubled for want of canoes, but have to treat gently with the owners, otherwise they would all run away, as they have around Chungu's, in the belief that we should return to punish their silly headman. By waiting patiently yesterday, we drew about twenty canoes towards us this morning, but all too small for the donkey, so we had to turn away back north-west to the bridge above Chungu's. If we had tried to swim the donkey across alongside a canoe it would have been terribly strained, as the Lopopussi is here quite two miles wide and full of rushes, except in the main stream. It is all deep, and the country being very level as the rivulets come near to the lake, they become very broad. Crossed two sponges with rivulets in their centre.

18th.—We lost a week by going to Chungu (a worthless terrified headman), and came back to the ford of Lopopussi, which we crossed, only from believing him to be an influential man who would explain the country to us. We came up the Lopopussi three hours yesterday, after spending two hours in going down to examine the canoes.

19th.—After prayers we went on to a fine village, and on from it to the Mononse, which, though only ten feet of deep stream flowing S., had some 400 yards of most fatiguing, plunging, deep sponge, which lay in a mass of dark-colored rushes, that looked as if burnt off: many leeches plagued us. We were now two hours out. We went on two miles to another sponge and village, but went round its head dry-shod, then two hours more to sponge Lovu. Flat forest as usual.

20th.—Tried to observe lunars in vain; clouded over all, thick and muggy. Came on disappointed and along the

Lovu $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Crossed it by a felled tree lying over it. It is about six feet deep, with 150 yards of sponge. Marched about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours: very unsatisfactory progress.

[In answer to a question as to whether Dr. Livingstone could possibly manage to wade so much, Susi says that he was carried across these sponges and the rivulets on the shoulders of Chowpere or Chumah.]

21st.—We went on $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and were brought up by the River Malalanzi, which is about 15 feet wide, waist deep, and has 300 yards or more of sponge. Guides refused to come as Chitunkue, their headman, did not own them. We started alone: a man came after us and tried to mislead us in vain.

22nd.—We pushed on through many deserted gardens and villages, the man evidently sent to lead us astray from our S.E. course; he turned back when he saw that we refused his artifice. Crossed another rivulet, possibly the Lofu, now broad and deep, and then came to another of several deep streams but sponge, not more than fifty feet in all. Here we remained, having traveled in fine drizzling rain all the morning. Population all gone from the war of Chitoka with this Chitunkue.

No astronomical observations worth naming during December and January; impossible to take any, owing to clouds and rain.

It is trying beyond measure to be baffled by the natives lying and misleading us wherever they can. They fear us very greatly, and with a terror that would gratify an anthropologist's heart. Their unfriendliness is made more trying, by our being totally unable to observe for our position. It is either densely clouded, or continually raining day and night. The country is covered with brackens, and rivulets occur at least one every hour of the march. These are now deep, and have a broad selvage of sponge.

23rd.—We have to send back to villages of Chitunkue to buy food. It was not reported to me that the country in front was depopulated for three days, so I send a day back. I don't know where we are, and the people are deceitful in

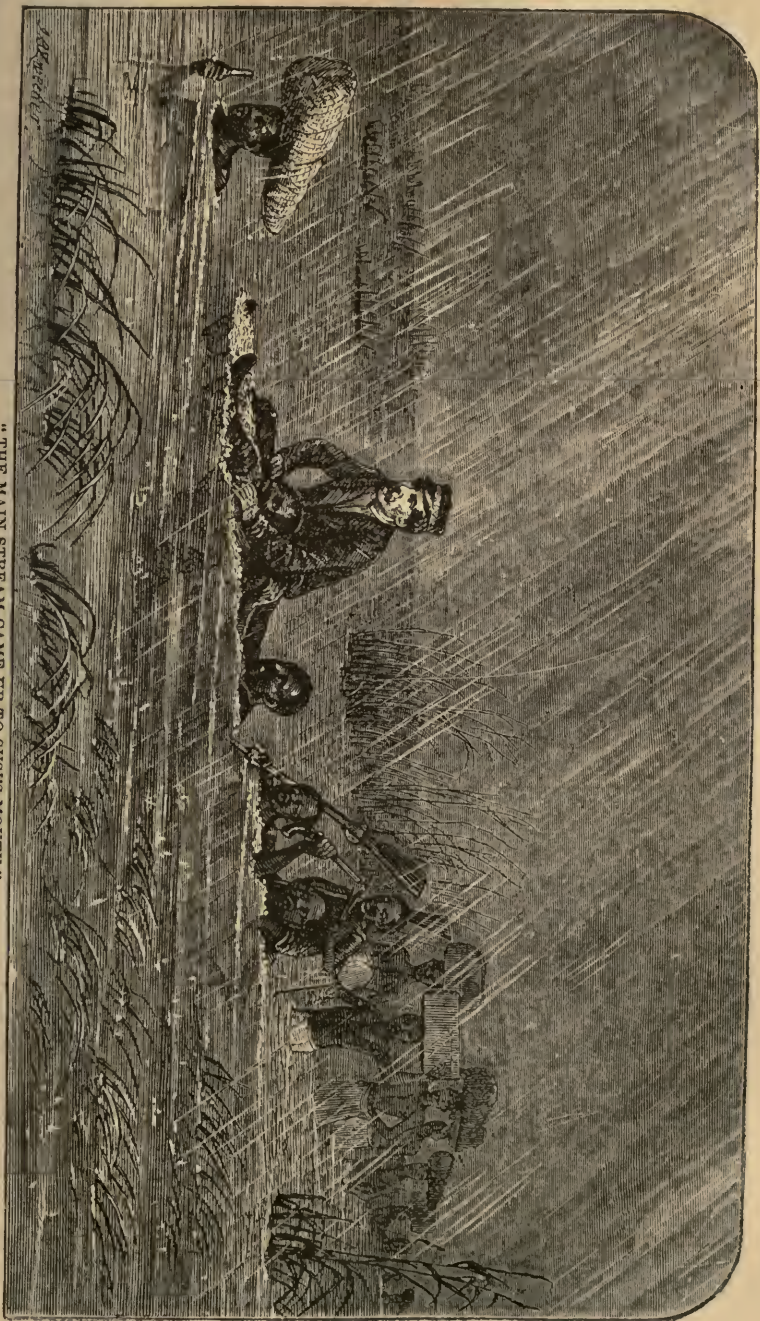
their statements; unaccountably so, though we deal fairly and kindly. Rain, rain, rain as if it never tired on this watershed. The showers show little in the gauge, but keep everything and every place wet and sloppy.

Our people return with a wretched present from Chitun-kue; bad flour and a fowl, evidently meant to be rejected. He sent also an exorbitant demand for gunpowder, and payment of guides. I refused his present, and must plod on without guides, and this is very difficult from the numerous streams.

24th.—Went on E. and N.E. to avoid the deep part of a large river, which requires two canoes, but the men sent by the chief would certainly hide them. Went $1\frac{3}{4}$ hour's journey to a large stream through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, amongst sedges and sponges of 100 yards. One part was neck deep for fifty yards, and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' footprints $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, then came on one hour to a small rivulet ten feet broad, but waist deep, bridge covered and broken down. Carrying me across one of the broad deep sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least 2000 feet broad, or more than 600 yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs. One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's foot-print, he required two to lift him, so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist deep. Others went on, and bent down the grass, to insure some footing on the side of the elephants' path.

Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall, stout Arab-looking man, then Amoda, then Chanda, then Wade Sale, and each time I was lifted off bodily, and put on another pair of stout willing shoulders, and fifty yards put them out of breath: no wonder! It was sore on the women folk of our party. It took us full an hour and a half for all to cross

"THE MAIN STREAM CAME UP TO SUSIS MOUTH."



over, and several came over turn to help me and their friends. The water was cold, and so was the wind, but no leeches plagued us. We had to hasten on the building of sheds after crossing the second rivulet, as rain threatened us. After 4 p. m. it came on a pouring cold rain, when we were all under cover. We are anxious about food. The lake is near, but we are not sure of provisions, as there have been changes of population. Our progress is distressingly slow. Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather, truly, and no observations, except that the land near the lake being very level, the rivers spread out into broad friths and sponges. The streams are so numerous that there has been a scarcity of names. Here we have Loou and Luena. We had two Loous before, and another Luena.

25th.—Kept in by rain. A man from Unyanyembe joined us this morning. He says that he was left sick. Rivulets and sponges again, and through flat forest, where, as usual, we can see the slope of the land by the leaves being washed into heaps in the direction which the water in the paths wished to take. One and a half hour more, and then to the River Loou, a large stream with bridge destroyed. Sent to make repairs before we go over it, and then passed. The river is deep, and flows fast to the S. W., having about 200 yards of safe flood flowing in long grass—clear water. The men built their huts, and had their camp ready by 3 p. m. A good day's work, not hindered by rain. The country all depopulated, so we can buy nothing. Elephants and antelopes have been here lately.

26th.—I arranged to go to our next river Luena, and ascend it till we found it small enough for crossing, as it has much "tinga-tinga," or yielding spongy soil; but another plan was formed by night, and we were requested to go down the Loou. Not wishing to appear overbearing, I consented until we were, after two hours' southing, brought up by several miles of tinga-tinga. The people in a fishing village ran away from us, and we had to wait for some sick ones. The women are collecting mushrooms. A man came near us,

but positively refused to guide us to Matipa, or anywhere else.

The sick people compelled us to make an early halt.

27th.—On again through streams, over sponges and rivulets thigh deep. There are marks of gnu and buffalo. I lose much blood, but it is a safety-valve for me, and I have no fever or other ailments.

28th.—A dreary wet morning, and no food that we know of near. It is drop, drop, drop, and drizzling from the north-west. We killed our last calf but one last night, to give each a mouthful. At 9.30 we were allowed by the rain to leave our camp, and march S. E. for two hours to a strong deep rivulet ten feet broad only, but waist deep, and 150 yards of flood all deep too. Sponge about forty yards in all, and running fast out. Camped by a broad prairie or Bouga.

29th.—No rain in the night, for a wonder. We tramped $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour to a broad sponge, having at least 300 yards of flood, and clear water flowing S. W., but no usual stream. All was stream flowing through the rushes, knee and thigh deep. On still the same, repeated again and again, till we came to broad branching sponges, at which I resolved to send out scouts S., S. E., and S. W. The music of the singing birds, the music of the turtle doves, the screaming of the frankolin proclaim man to be near.

30th.—Remain waiting for the scouts. Manuasera returned at dark, having gone about eight hours south, and seen the lake and two islets. Smoke now appeared in the distance, so he turned, and the rest went on to buy food where the smoke was. Wet evening.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ENTANGLED IN THE MARSHES OF BANGWEOLO.

FEBRUARY 1st, 1873.—Waiting for the scouts. They return unsuccessful—forced to do so by hunger. They saw a very large river flowing into the lake, but did not come across a single soul. Killed our last calf, and turn back for four hard days' travel to Chitunkue's. I send men on before us to bring food back toward us.

2nd.—March smartly back to our camp of 28th ult. The people bear their hunger well. They collect mushrooms and plants, and often get lost in this flat, featureless country.

3rd.—Return march to our bridge on the Lofu, five hours. In going we went astray, and took six hours to do the work of five. On the Luena.

4th.—Return to camp on the rivulet with much *Methonica gloriosa* on its banks. Our camp being on its left bank of 26th. It took long to cross the next river, probably the Kwale, though the elephants' footprints are all filled up now. Camp among deserted gardens, which afford a welcome supply of cassava and sweet potatoes. The men who were sent on before us slept here last night, and have deceived us by going more slowly without loads than we who are loaded.

5th.—Arrived at Chitunkue's, crossing two broad deep brooks, and on to the Malalenzi, now swollen, having at least 200 yards of flood and more than 300 yards of sponge. Saluted by a drizzling shower. We are now at Chitunkue's mercy.

We find the chief more civil than we expected. He said

each chief had his own land and his own peculiarities. He was not responsible for others. We were told that we had been near to Matipa and other chiefs: he would give us guides if we gave him a cloth and some powder.

We returned over these forty-one miles in fifteen hours, through much deep water. Our scouts played us false both in time and beads: the headman punished them. I got lunars, for a wonder. Visited Chitunkubwe, as his name properly is. He is a fine jolly-looking man, of a European cast of countenance, and very sensible and friendly. I gave him two cloths, for which he seemed thankful, and promised good guides to Matipa's. He showed me two of Matipa's men who had heard us firing guns to attract one of our men who had strayed; these men followed us. It seems we had been close to human habitations, but did not know it. We have lost half a month by this wandering, but it was all owing to the unfriendliness of some and the fears of all. I begged for a more northerly path, where the water is low. It is impossible to describe the amount of water near the lake. Rivulets without number. They are so deep as to damp all ardor. I passed a very large striped spider in going to visit Chitunkubwe. A man killed it, and all the natives said that it was most dangerous.

6th.—Chitunkubwe gave a small goat and a large basket of flour as a return present.

7th.—This chief showed his leanings by demanding prepayment for his guides. This being a preparatory step to their desertion, I resisted, and sent men to demand what he meant by his words; he denied all, and said that his people lied, not he. We take this for what it is worth. He gives two guides to-morrow morning, and visits us this afternoon.

8th.—The chief dawdles, although he promised great things yesterday. He places the blame on his people, who did not prepare food on account of the rain. Time is of no value to them. We have to remain over to-day. It is most trying to have to wait on frivolous pretences. I have endured such vexatious delays. The guides came at last

with quantities of food, which they intend to bargain with my people on the way.

9th.—Slept in a most unwholesome, ruined village. Rank vegetation had run over all, and the soil smelled offensively. Crossed a sponge, then a rivulet, and sponge running into the Miwale River, then by a rocky passage we crossed the Mofiri, or great tinga-tinga, a water running strongly waist and breast deep, above thirty feet broad here.

10th.—Back again to our old camp on the Lovu or Lofu by the bridge. We left in a drizzle, which continued from 4 A. M. to 1 P. M. We were three hours in it, and all wetted, just on reaching camp by 200 yards, of flood mid-deep.

11th.—Our guides took us across country, where we saw tracks of buffaloes, and in a meadow, the head of a sponge, we saw a herd of hartebeests. A drizzly night was followed by a morning of cold wet fog, but in three hours we reached our old camp; it took us six hours to do this distance before, and five on our return.

12th.—We crossed the Kasoso; sponges everywhere.

13th.—In four hours we came within sight of the Luena and lake, and saw plenty of elephants and other game, but very shy. The forest trees are larger. The guides are more at a loss than we are, as they always go in canoes in the flat rivers and rivulets. Went E., then S. E. round to S.

14th.—Public punishment to Chirango for stealing beads, fifteen cuts; diminished his load to 40 lbs., giving him blue and white beads to be strung. The water stands so high in the paths that I cannot walk dry-shod, and I found in the large bongas or prairies in front, that it lay knee deep; so I sent on two men to go to the first villages of Matipa for large canoes to navigate the lake, or give us a guide to go east to the Chambeze, to go round on foot. It was Halima who informed on Chirango, as he offered her beads for a cloth of a kind which she knew had not hitherto been taken out of the baggage. This was so far faithful in her, but she has an outrageous tongue. I remain because of an excessive hemorrhagic discharge.

If the good Lord gives me favor, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless Him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel; this trip has made my hair all gray.

15th. *Sunday*.—Service. Killed our last goat while waiting for messengers to return from Matipa's. Evening: the messenger came back, having been foiled by deep tingatinga and bouga. He fired his gun three times, but no answer came, so as he had slept one night away he turned, but found some men hunting, whom he brought with him. They say that Matipa is on Chirube, islet, a good man too.

16th.—Sent men by the hunter's canoe to Chirube, with a request to Matipa to convey us west if he has canoes, but, if not to tell us truly, and we will go east and cross the Chambeze where it is small. Chitunkubwe's men ran away, refusing to wait till we had communicated with Matipa. Here the water stands underground about eighteen inches from the surface. The guides played us false, and this is why they escaped.

17th.—The men will return to-morrow, but they have to go all the way out to the islet of Chirube to Matipa's.

Suffered a furious attack at midnight from the red Sirafu or Driver ants. Our cook fled first at their onset. I lighted a candle, and remembering Dr. Van der Kemp's idea that no animal will attack man unprovoked, I lay still. The first came on my foot quietly, then some began to bite between the toes, then the larger ones swarmed over the foot and bit furiously, and made the blood start out. I then went out of the tent, and my whole person was instantly covered as close as small-pox (not confluent) on a patient. Grass fires were lighted, and my men picked some off my limbs and tried to save me. After battling for an hour or two they took me into a hut not yet invaded, and I rested till they came, the pests, and routed me out there too! Then came on a steady pour of rain, which held on till noon, as if trying to make us miserable. At 9 A. M. I got back into my tent.

The large Sirafu have mandibles curved like reaping-sickles, and very sharp—as fine at the point as the finest

needle or a bee's sting. Their office is to remove all animal refuse, cockroaches, etc., and they took all my fat. Their appearance sets every cockroach in a flurry, and all ants, white and black, get into a panic. On man they insert the sharp curved mandibles, and then with six legs push their bodies round so as to force the points by lever power. They collect in masses in their runs and stand with mandibles extended, as if defying attack. The large ones stand thus at bay whilst the youngsters hollow out a run half an inch wide, and about an inch deep. They remained with us till late in the afternoon, and we put hot ashes on the defiant hordes. They retire to enjoy the fruits of their raid, and come out fresh another day.

18th.—We wait hungry and cold for the return of the men who have gone to Matipa, and hope the good Lord will grant us influence with this man.

Our men have returned to-day, having obeyed the native who told them to sleep instead of going to Matipa. They bought food, and then believed that the islet Chirube was too far off, and returned with a most lame story. We shall make the best of it by going N. W., to be near the islets and buy food, till we can communicate with Matipa. If he fails us by fair means, we must seize canoes and go by force. The men say fear of me makes them act very cowardly. I have gone amongst the whole population kindly and fairly, but I fear I must now act rigidly, for when they hear that we have submitted to injustice, they at once conclude that we are fair game for all, and they go to lengths in dealing falsely that they would never otherwise attempt. It is, I can declare, not my nature, nor has it been my practice, to go as if "my back were up."

19th.—A cold wet morning keeps us in this uncomfortable spot. When it clears up we go to an old stockade, to be near an islet to buy food. The people, knowing our need, are extortionate. We went on at 9 A. M. over an extensive water-covered plain. I was carried three miles to a canoe, and then in it we went westward, in branches of the Luena, very deep and flowing W. for three hours. I was carried three miles

to a canoe, and we were then near enough to hear the Bangweolo bellowing. - The water on the plain is four, five, and seven feet deep. There are rushes, ferns, papyrus, and two lotuses, in abundance. Many dark gray caterpillars clung to the grass and were knocked off as we paddled or poled. Camped in an old village of Matipa's, where, in the west, we see the Luena enter Lake Bangweolo; but all is flat prairie or buga, filled with fast-flowing water, save a few islets covered with palms and trees. Rain continued sprinkling us from the N. W. all the morning. Elephants had run riot over the ruins, eating a species of grass now in seed. It resembles millet, and the donkey is fond of it. I have only seen this and one other species of grass in seed eaten by the African elephant. Trees, bulbs, and fruits are his dainties, although ants, whose hills he overturns, are relished. A large party in canoes came with food as soon as we reached our new quarters: they had heard that we were in search of Matipa. All are eager for calico, though they have only raw cassava to offer. They are clothed in bark-cloth and skins. Without canoes no movement can be made in any direction, for it is water everywhere, water above and water below.

20th.—I sent a request to a friendly man to give me men, and a large canoe to go myself to Matipa; he says that he will let me know to-day if he can. Heavy rain by night and drizzling by day. No definite answer yet, but we are getting food, and Matipa will soon hear of us as he did when we came and returned back for food. I engaged another man to send a canoe to Matipa, and I showed him his payment, but retain it here till he comes back.

21st.—The men engaged refuse to go to Matipa's, they have no honor. It is so wet we can do nothing.

22nd.—A wet morning. I was ill all yesterday, but escape fever by hemorrhage. A heavy mantle of N.W. clouds came floating over us daily. No astronomical observation can possibly be taken. I was never in such misty cloudy weather in Africa. A man turned up at 9 A.M. to carry our message to Matipa; Susi and Chumah went with

him. The good Lord go with them, and lend me influence and grant me help.

23rd. *Sunday*.—Service. Rainy.

24th.—Tried hard for a lunar, but the moon was lost in the glare of the sun.

25th.—For a wonder it did not rain till 4 P.M. The people bring food, but hold out for cloth, which is inconvenient.

26th.—Susi returned this morning with good news from Matipa, who declares his willingness to carry us to Kabende for the five bundles of brass wire I offered. It is not on Chirube, but amid the swamps of the mainland on the lake's north side. Immense swampy plains all around except at Kabende. Matipa is at variance with his brothers on the subject of the lordship of the lands and the produce of the elephants, which are very numerous. I am devoutly thankful to the Giver of all for favoring me so far, and hope that He may continue His kind aid.

27th.—Waiting for other canoes to be sent by Matipa.

28th.—Matipa's men not having come, it is said they are employed bringing the carcass of an elephant to him. I propose to go near to him to-morrow, some in canoes and some on foot. The good Lord help me.

1st *March*, 1873.—Embarked women and goods in canoes, and went three hours S.E. to Bangweolo. Stopped on an island where people were drying fish over fires. Heavy rain wetted us all as we came near the islet, the drops were as large as half-crowns by the marks they made. We went over flooded prairie four feet deep, and covered with rushes, and two varieties of lotus or sacred lily; both are eaten, and so are papyrus. The buffaloes are at a loss in the water. Three canoes are behind. The men are great cowards. I took possession of all the paddles and punting poles, as the men showed an inclination to move off from our islet. The water in the country is prodigiously large: plains extending further than the eye can reach have four or five feet of clear water, and the lake and adjacent lands for twenty or thirty miles are level. We are on a miserable dirty fishy

island called Motovinza ; all are damp. We are surrounded by scores of miles of rushes, an open sward, and many lotus plants, but no mosquitoes.

2nd.—It took us $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours' punting to bring us to an island, and then the miserable weather rained constantly on our landing into the Boma (stockade), which is well peopled. The prairie is ten hours long, or about thirty miles by punting. Matipa is on an island too, with four bomas on it.*

3rd.—Matipa paid off the men who brought us here. He says that five Sangos or coils (which brought us here) will do to take us to Kabende, and I sincerely hope that they will. His canoes are off, bringing the meat of an elephant. There are many dogs in the village, which they use in hunting to bring elephants to bay. I visited Matipa at noon. He is an old man, slow of tongue, and self-possessed ; he recommended our crossing to the south bank of the lake to his brother, who has plenty of cattle, and to go along that side where there are few rivers and plenty to eat. I am rather in a difficulty, as I fear I must give the five coils for a much shorter task ; but it is best not to appear unfair, although I will be the loser. He sent a man to catch a Sampa for me, it is the largest fish in the lake, and he promised to have men ready to take my men over to-morrow. Matipa never heard from any of the elders of his people that any of his forefathers ever saw a European.

4th.—Sent canoes off to bring our men over to the island of Matipa. They brought ten, but the donkey could not come as far through the "tinga-tinga" as they, so they took it back for fear that it should perish. I spoke to Matipa this morning to send more canoes, and he consented. We move outside, as the town swarms with mice, and is very closely built and disagreeable.

6th.—Building a camp outside the town for quiet and cleanliness, and no mice to run over us at night. At 3 P.M. we moved up to the highest part of the island.

* These islets were in reality slight eminences standing above water on the flooded plains which border on Lake Bangweolo.

7th.—We expect our men to-day. I tremble for the donkey! Camp sweet and clean, but it, too, has mosquitoes from which a curtain protects me completely—a great luxury, but unknown to the Arabs, to whom I have spoken about it. Abed was overjoyed by one I made for him; others are used to their bites, as was the man who said that he would get used to a nail through the heel of his shoe. The men came at 3 P.M. but eight had to remain, the canoes being too small. The donkey had to be tied down, as he rolled about on his legs and would have forced his way out. He bit Mabruki Speke's lame hand, and came in stiff from lying tied all day. We had him shampooed all over, but he could not eat dura—he feels sore. Susi did well under the circumstances, and we had plenty of flour ready for all.

8th.—I press Matipa to get a fleet of canoes equal to our number, but he complains of their being stolen by rebel subjects. He tells me his brother Kabinga would have been here some days ago but for having lost a son, who was killed by an elephant: he is mourning for him but will come soon. Kabinga is on the other side of the Chambeze. A party of male and female drummers and dancers is sure to turn up at every village; the first here had a leader that used such violent antics perspiration ran off his whole frame. I gave a few strings of beads, and the performance is repeated to-day by another lot, but I rebel and allow them to dance unheeded. We got a sheep for a wonder for a doti; fowls and fish alone could be bought; but Kabinga has plenty of cattle.

The eight men came from Motovinza this afternoon, and now all our party is united.

11th.—Matipa says, "Wait; Kabinga is crossing, and he has canoes." Time is no value to him. His wife is making him pombe, and will drown all his cares; but mine increase and plague me. Matipa and his wife each sent me a huge calabash of pombe; I wanted only a little to make bread with.

Better news comes: the son of Kabinga is to be here to-night, and we shall concoct plans together.

12th.—The news was false ; no one came from Kabinga.

13th.—I went to Matipa, and proposed to begin the embarkation of my men at once, as they are many, and the canoes are only sufficient to take a few at a time. He has sent off a big canoe to reap his millet ; when it returns he will send us over to see for ourselves where we can go.

14th.—Rains have ceased for a few days. Went down to Matipa and tried to take his likeness for the sake of the curious hat he wears.

15th.—Finish my dispatch so far.

16th. *Sunday*.—Service. I spoke sharply to Matipa for his duplicity. He promises everything and does nothing : he has in fact no power over his people. Matipa says that a large canoe will come to-morrow, and next day men will go to Kabinga to reconnoitre. There may be a hitch there which we did not take into account ; Kabinga's son, killed by an elephant, may have raised complications : blame may be attached to Matipa, and in their dark minds it may appear all important to settle the affair before having communication with him. Ill all day with my old complaint.

17th.—The delay is most trying. So many detentions have occurred they ought to have made me of a patient spirit.

As I thought, Matipa told us to-day that it is reported he has some Arabs with him who will attack all the Lake people forthwith, and he is anxious that we shall go over to show them that we are peaceful.

18th.—Sent off men to reconnoitre at Kabinga's and to make a camp there. Rain began again after nine days' dry weather, N. W. wind. Matipa is acting the villain, and my men are afraid of him : they are all cowards, and say that they are afraid of me, but this is only an excuse for their cowardice.

19th.—Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success ? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, Oh ! my good Lord Jesus. *

* This was written on his last birthday.



MATIPA AND HIS WIFE.



DR. LIVINGSTONE'S MOSQUITO CURTAIN.

8 A. M. Got about twenty people off to canoes. Matipa not friendly. They go over to Kabinga on S. W. side of the Chambeze, and thence we go overland. 9 A. M. Men came back and reported Matipa false again; only one canoe had come. I made a demonstration by taking quiet possession of his village and house; fired a pistol through the roof and called my men, ten being left to guard the camp; Matipa fled to another village. The people sent off at once and brought three canoes, so at 11 A. M. my men embarked quietly. They go across the Chambeze and build a camp on its left bank. All Kabinga's cattle are kept on an island called Kalilo, near the mouth of the Chambeze, and are perfectly wild: they are driven into the water like buffaloes, and pursued when one is wanted for meat.

20th.—Cold N. W. weather, but the rainfall is small, as the S. E. stratum comes down below the N. W. by day. Matipa sent two large baskets of flour (cassava), a sheep, and a cock. He hoped that we should remain with him till the water of the over-flood dried, and help him to fight his enemies; but I explained our delays, and our desire to complete our work.

21st.—Very heavy N. W. rain and thunder by night, and by morning. I gave Matipa a coil of thick brass wire, and his wife a string of large neck beads, and explained my hurry to be off. He is now all fair, and promises largely: he has been much frightened by our warlike demonstration. I am glad I had to do nothing but make a show of force.

22nd.—Susi not returned from Kabinga. I hope that he is getting canoes, and men also, to transport us all at one voyage. It is flood as far as the eye can reach; flood four and six feet deep, and more, with three species of rushes, two kinds of lotus, or sacred lily, papyrus, arum, etc. One does not know where land ends, and lake begins.

23rd.—Men returned at noon. Kabinga is mourning for his son killed by an elephant, and keeps in seclusion. The camp is formed on the left bank of the Chambeze.

24th.—The people took the canoes away, but in fear sent for them. I got four, and started with all our goods, first

giving a present that no blame should follow me. We punted six hours to a little islet without a tree, and no sooner did we land than a pitiless pelting rain came on. We turned up a canoe to get shelter. We shall reach the Chambeze tomorrow. The wind tore the tent out of our hands, and damaged it too; the loads are all soaked, and with the cold it is bitterly uncomfortable. A man put my bed into the bilge, and never said "Bale out," so I was safe for a wet night, but it turned out better than I expected. No grass, but we made a bed of the loads, and a blanket fortunately put into a bag.

25th.—Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward.

We got off from our miserably small islet of ten yards at 7 A. M., a grassy sea on all sides, with a few islets in the far distance. Four varieties of rushes around us, triangular and fluted, rise from eighteen inches to two feet above the water. The caterpillars seem to eat each other, and a web is made round others; the numerous spiders may have been the workmen of the nest. The wind on the rushes makes a sound like the waves of the sea. The flood extends out in slightly depressed arms of the lake for twenty or thirty miles, and far too broad to be seen across; fish abound, and ant-hills alone lift up their heads; they have trees on them.

After another six hours' punting, over the same wearisome prairie or Bouga, we heard the merry voices of children. It was a large village, on a flat, which seems flooded at times, but much cassava is planted on mounds, made to protect the plants from the water, which stood in places in the village, but we got a dry spot for the tent. The people offered us huts. We had as usual a smart shower on the way to Kasenga, where we slept.

26th.—We started at 7.30, and got into a large stream out of the Chambeze, called Mabziwa. One canoe sank in it, and we lost a slave girl of Amoda. Fished up three boxes, and two guns, but the boxes being full of cartridges were much injured; we lost the donkey's saddle too. After this mishap

we crossed the Lubanseusi, near its confluence with the Chambeze, 300 yards wide and three fathoms deep, and a slow current. We crossed the Chambeze. It is about 400 yards wide, with a quick clear current of two knots, and three fathoms deep, like the Lubanseuse; but that was slow in current, but clear also. There is one great lock after another, with thick mats of hedges, formed of aquatic plants between. The volume of water is enormous. We punted five hours, and then camped.

27th.—I sent canoes and men back to Matipa's to bring all the men that remained, telling them to ship them at once on arriving, and not to make any talk about it. Kabinga keeps his distance from us, and food is scarce; at noon he sent a man to salute me in his name.

28th.—Making a pad for a donkey, to serve instead of a saddle. Kabinga attempts to sell a sheep at an exorbitant price, and says that he is weeping over his dead child.

29th.—I bought a sheep for 100 strings of beads. I wished to begin the exchange by being generous, and told his messenger so; then a small quantity of maize was brought, and I grumbled at the meanness of the present: there is no use in being bashful, as they are not ashamed to grumble too.

30th. *Sunday*.—A lion roars mightily. The fish-hawk utters his weird voice in the morning, as if he lifted up to a friend at a great distance, in a sort of falsetto key.

5 P. M. Men returned, but the large canoe having been broken by the donkey, we have to go back and pay for it, and take away about twenty men now left. Matipa kept all the payment from his own people, and so left us in the lurch; thus another five days is lost.

31st.—I sent the men back to Matipa's for all our party. I give two dotis to repair the canoe. Islanders are always troublesome, from a sense of security in their fastnesses. Made stirrups of thick brass wire four-fold; they promise to do well. Sent Kabinga a cloth, and a message, but he is evidently a niggard, like Matipa: we must take him as we find him, there is no use in growling. Seven of our men

returned, having got a canoe from one of Matipa's men. Kabinga, it seems, was pleased with the cloth, and says that he will ask for maize from his people, and buy it for me; he has rice growing. He will send a canoe to carry me over the next river.

3rd April, 1873.—Very heavy rain last night. Six inches fell in a short time. The men at last have come from Matipa's.

4th.—Sent over to Kabinga to buy a cow, and got a fat one for $2\frac{1}{2}$ dotis, to give the party a feast ere we start. The kambari fish of the Chambeze is three feet in length.

5th.—March from Kabinga's on the Chambeze, our luggage in canoes, and men on land. We punted on flood six feet deep, with many ant-hills all about, covered with trees. Course S.S.E. for five miles, across the River Lobingela, sluggish, and about 300 yards wide.

6th.—Leave in the same way, but men were sent from Kabinga to steal the canoes, which we paid his brother Mateysa handsomely for. A stupid drummer, beating the alarm in the distance, called us inland; we found the main body of our people had gone on, and so by this, our party got separated,* and we pulled and punted six or seven hours S.W. in great difficulty, as the fishermen we saw refused to show us where the deep water lay. The whole country S. of the lake was covered with water, thickly dotted over with lotus leaves and rushes. It has a greenish appearance, and it might be well on a map to show the spaces annually flooded by a broad wavy band, twenty, thirty, and even forty miles out from the permanent banks of the lake: it might be colored light green. The broad estuaries fifty or more miles, into which the rivers form themselves, might be colored blue, but it is quite impossible at present to tell where land ends, and lake begins; it is all water, water everywhere, which seems to be kept from flowing quickly off by the narrow bed of the Luapula, which has perpendicular

* Dr. Livingstone's object was to keep the land party marching parallel to him whilst he kept nearer to the lake in a canoe.

banks, worn deep down in new red sandstone. It is the Nile apparently enacting its inundations, even at its sources. The amount of water spread out over the country constantly excites my wonder; it is prodigious. Many of the ant-hills are cultivated and covered with dura, pumpkins, beans, maize, but the waters yield food plenteously in fish and lotus roots. A species of wild rice grows, but the people neither need it nor know it. A party of fishermen fled from us, but by coaxing we got them to show us deep water. They then showed us an islet, about thirty yards square, without wood, and desired us to sleep there. We went on, and then they decamped.

Pitiless pelting showers wetted everything; but near sunset we saw two fishermen paddling quickly off from an ant-hill, where we found a hut, plenty of fish, and some firewood. There we spent the night, and watched by turns, lest thieves should come and haul away our canoes and goods. Heavy rain. One canoe sank, wetting everything in her. The leaks in her had been stopped with clay, and a man sleeping near the stern had displaced this frail calking. We did not touch the fish, and I cannot conjecture who has inspired fear in all the inhabitants.

7th.—Went on S. W., and saw two men, who guided us to the River Muanakazi, which forms a connecting link between the River Lotingila and the Lolotikila, about the southern borders of the flood. Men were hunting, and we passed near large herds of antelopes, which made a rushing, plunging sound as they ran and sprang away among the waters. A lion had wandered into this world of water and ant-hills, and roared night and morning, as if very much disgusted: we could sympathize with him! Near to the Muanakazi, at a broad bank in shallow water near the river, we had to unload and haul. Our guides left us, well pleased with the payment we had given them. The natives beating a drum on our east made us believe them to be our party, and some thought that they heard two shots. This misled us, and we went towards the sound through papyrus, tall

rushes, arums, and grass, till tired out, and took refuge on an ant-hill for the night. Lion roaring. We were lost in stiff grassy prairies, from three to four feet deep in water, for five hours. We fired a gun in the stillness of the night, but received no answer; so on the 8th we sent a small canoe at daybreak to ask for information and guides from the village where the drums had been beaten. Two men came, and they thought likewise that our party was south-east; but in that direction the water was about fifteen inches in spots and three feet in others, which caused constant dragging of the large canoe all day, and at last we unloaded at another branch of the Muanakazi with a village of friendly people. We slept there.

All hands at the large canoe could move her only a few feet. Putting all their strength to her, she stopped at every haul with a jerk, as if in a bank of adhesive plaster. I measured the crown of a papyrus plant or palm; it was three feet across horizontally, its stalk eight feet in height. Hundreds of a large dark-gray hairy caterpillar have nearly cleared off the rushes in spots, and now live on each other. They can make only the smallest progress by swimming or rather wriggling in the water: their motion is that of a watch-spring thrown down, dilating and contracting.

9th.—After two hours' threading the very winding, deep channel of this southern branch of the Muanakazi, we came to where our land party had crossed it and gone on to Gandochite, a chief on the Lolotikila. My men were all done up, so I hired a man to call some of his friends to take the loads; but he was stopped by his relations in the way, saying, "You ought to have one of the traveler's own people with you." He returned, but did not tell us plainly or truly till this morning.

10th.—The headman of the village explained, and we sent two of our men, who had a night's rest with the turn-again fellow of yesterday. I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely ever since the 31st of March last: an artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength.



FISH EAGLE ON HIPPOPOTAMUS TRAP.

Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work.

12th.—Cross the Muanakazi. It is about 100 or 130 yards broad, and deep. Great loss of *aïua* made me so weak I could hardly walk, but tottered along nearly two hours, and then lay down quite done. Cooked coffee—our last—and went on, but in an hour I was compelled to lie down. Very unwilling to be carried, but on being pressed I allowed the men to help me along by relays to Chinama, where there is much cultivation. We camped in a garden of dura.

13th.—Found that we had slept on the right bank of the Lolotikila, a sluggish, marshy-looking river, very winding, but here going about south-west. The country is all so very flat that the rivers down here are of necessity tortuous. Fish and other food abundant, and the people civil and reasonable. They usually partake largely of the character of the chief, and this one, Gondochite, is polite.

One sees interminable grassy prairies with lines of trees, occupying quarters of miles in breadth, and these give way to bouga or prairie again. The bouga is flooded annually, but its vegetation consists of dry land grasses. Other bouga extend out from the lake up to forty miles, and are known by aquatic vegetation, such as lotus, papyrus, arums, rushes of different species, and many kinds of purely aquatic sub-aqueous plants which send up their flowers only to fructify in the sun, and then sink to ripen one bunch after another. Others, with great cabbage-looking leaves, seem to remain always at the bottom. The young of fish swarm, and bob in and out from the leaves.

One species of fish has the lower jaw turned down into a hook, which enables the animal to hold its mouth close to the plant as it glides up or down, sucking in all the soft pulpy food. The superabundance of gelatinous nutriment makes these swarms increase in bulk with extraordinary rapidity, and the food supply of the people is plenteous in consequence. The number of fish caught by weirs, baskets, and nets now, as the waters decline, is prodigious. The fish

feel their element becoming insufficient for comfort, and retire from one bouga to another towards the lake; the narrower parts are duly prepared by weirs to take advantage of their necessities; the sun heat seems to oppress them and force them to flee. With the south-east aerial current comes heat and sultriness. A blanket is scarcely needed till the early hours of the morning, and here, after the turtle doves and cocks give out their warning calls to the watchful, the fish-eagle lifts up his remarkable voice. It is pitched in a high falsetto key, very loud, and seems as if he were calling to some one in the other world. Once heard, his weird unearthly voice can never be forgotten—it sticks to one through life.

We were four hours in being ferried over the Loitikila, or Lolotikila, in four small canoes, and then two hours south-west down its left bank to another river, where our camp has been formed. I sent over a present to the headman, and a man returned with the information that he was ill at another village, but his wife would send canoes to-morrow to transport us over and set us on our way to Muanazambamba, south-west, and over Lolotikila again.

14th.—At a branch of the Lolotikila.

15th.—Cross Lolotikila again (where it is only fifty yards) by canoes, and went south-west an hour. I, being very weak, had to be carried part of the way. Am glad of resting; *alua* flow copiously last night. A woman, the wife of the chief, gave a present of a goat and maize.

16th.—Went south-west two and a half hours, and crossed the Lombatwa River of 100 yards in width, rush deep, and flowing fast in aquatic vegetation, papyrus, etc., into the Loitikila. In all about three hours south-west.

17th.—A tremendous rain after dark burst all our now rotten tents to shreds. Went on at 6.35 A. M. for three hours, and I, who was suffering severely all night, had to rest. We got water near the surface by digging in yellow sand. Three hills now appear in the distance. Our course, S. W. three and three-quarter hours to a village on the Kazya River. A

Nyassa man declared that his father had brought the heavy rain of the 16th on us. We crossed three sponges.

18th.—On leaving the village on the Kazya, we forded it and found it seventy yards broad, waist to breast deep all over. A large weir spanned it, and we went on the lower side of that. Much papyrus and other aquatic plants in it. Fish are returning now with the falling waters, and are guided into the rush-cones set for them. Crossed two large sponges, and I was forced to stop at a village after traveling S. W. for two hours: very ill all night, but remembered that the bleeding and most other ailments in this land are forms of fever. Took two scruple doses of quinine, and stopped it quite.

19th.—A fine bracing S. E. breeze kept me on the donkey across a broad sponge, and over flats of white sandy soil and much cultivation for an hour and a half, when we stopped at a large village on the right bank of ,* and men went over to the chief Muanzambamba to ask canoes to cross tomorrow. I am excessively weak, and but for the donkey could not move a hundred yards. It is not all pleasure this exploration. The Lavusi hills are a relief to the eye in this flat upland. Their forms show an igneous origin. The river Kazya comes from them and goes direct into the lake. No observations now, owing to great weakness; I can scarcely hold the pencil, and my stick is a burden. Tent gone; the men build a good hut for me and the luggage. S. W. one and a half hour.

20th *April, Sunday.* Service. Cross over the sponge, Moenda, for food and to be near the headman of these parts, Moanzambamba. I am excessively weak. Village on Moenda sponge, 7 A. M. Cross Lokulu in a canoe. The river is about thirty yards broad, very deep, and flowing in marshes two knots from S. S. E. to N. N. W. into lake.

* He leaves room for a name which perhaps in his exhausted state he forgot to ascertain.

21st m. had the ride but was
 forced to be down and
 they carried me back to
 bed. exhausted

22nd carried in Kitanda
 over Munga S W $2\frac{1}{4}$

23rd do $1\frac{1}{2}$

24th do $1\frac{1}{2}$

25th do $1\frac{1}{2}$

26th to $2\frac{1}{2}$

to Kalungafjofu
 total 33 = $8\frac{1}{4}$

27 knocked up goats
 and remain = new ones
 sent to buy milk
 goats we are on the
 banks of R. Moliama

The first of the three is the
 the second is the third
 the third is the fourth
 the fourth is the fifth

the fifth is the sixth
 the sixth is the seventh

the seventh is the eighth
 the eighth is the ninth
 the ninth is the tenth

the tenth is the eleventh
 the eleventh is the twelfth

the twelfth is the thirteenth
 the thirteenth is the fourteenth
 the fourteenth is the fifteenth
 the fifteenth is the sixteenth



THE LAST MILE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONTINUATION OF THE NARRATIVE.

(AT ILALA—DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE—HEROISM OF HIS FOLLOWERS.)

(WE have now arrived at the last words written in Dr. Livingstone's diary: a fac-simile of the last entries in his pocket-book, which contains them, is given on the last page. It is evident that he was unable to do more than make the shortest memoranda, and to mark on the map which he was making the streams which enter the lake as he crossed them. From the 22nd to the 27th April he had not strength to write down anything but the several dates. Fortunately Susi and Chumah give a very clear and circumstantial account of every incident which occurred on these days, and we shall therefore add what they say, after each of the Doctor's entries. He writes:—)

21st April.—Tried to ride but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil. exhausted.

[The men explain this entry thus:—This morning the Doctor tried if he were strong enough to ride on the donkey, but he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground utterly exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol, and picked up his cap which had dropped off, while Chumah threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the Doctor said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood, there is no more strength left in my legs: you must carry me." He was then assisted gently to his shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady himself, was borne back to the village and placed in the hut he had so recently left. It was necessary to let

the Chief Muanazawamba know what had happened, and for this purpose Dr. Livingstone dispatched a messenger. He was directed to ask him to supply a guide for the next day, as he trusted then to have recovered so far as to be able to march: the answer was, "Stay as long as you wish, and when you want guides to Kalunganjovu's you shall have them."]

22nd April.—Carried on kitanda over Buga S. W. 2¼.

[His servants say that instead of rallying, they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long, and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveler was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side, and allow the air to pass under whilst the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. The start was deferred this morning until the dew was off the heads of the long grass sufficiently to insure his being kept tolerably dry.

The excruciating pains of his dysenteric malady caused him the greatest exhaustion as they marched, and they were glad enough to reach another village in 2¼ hours, having traveled S. W. from the last point. Here another hut was built. The name of the halting-place is not remembered by the men, for the villagers fled at their approach; indeed the noise made by the drums sounding the alarm had been caught by the Doctor some time before, and he exclaimed with thankfulness on hearing it, "Ah, now we are near!" Throughout this day the following men acted as bearers of the kitanda: Chowpéré, Songolo, Chumah, and Adiamberi. Sowféré, too, joined in at one time.]

23rd April.—(No entry except the date.)

[They advanced another hour and a half through the same expanse of flooded treeless waste, passing numbers of small fish-weirs set in such a manner as to catch the fish on their way back to the lake, but seeing nothing of the owners, who had either hidden themselves or taken to flight on the approach of the caravan. Another village afforded them a night's shelter, but it seems not to be known by any particular name.]

24th April.—(No entry except the date.)

[But one hour's march was accomplished to-day, and again they halted amongst some huts—place unknown. His great prostration made progress exceedingly painful, and frequently when it was necessary to stop the bearers of the kitanda, Chumah had to support the Doctor from falling.]

25th April.—(No entry except the date.)

[In an hour's course S.W. they arrived at a village in which they found a few people. Whilst his servants were busy completing the hut for the night's encampment, the Doctor, who was lying in a shady place on the kitanda, ordered them to fetch one of the villagers. The chief of the place had disappeared, but the rest of his people seemed quite at their ease, and drew near to hear what was going to be said. They were asked whether they knew of a hill on which four rivers took their rise. The spokesman answered that they had no knowledge of it; they themselves, said he, were not travelers, and all those who used to go on trading expeditions were now dead. In former years Malenga's town, Kutchinyama, was the assembling place of the Wabisa traders, but these had been swept off by the Mazitu. Such as survived had to exist as best they could amongst the swamps and inundated districts around the lake. Whenever an expedition was organized to go to the coast, or in any other direction, travelers met at Malenga's town to talk over the route to be taken: then would have been the time, said they, to get information about every part. Dr. Livingstone was here obliged to dismiss them, and explained that he was too ill to continue talking, but he begged them to

bring as much food as they could for sale to Kalunganjovu's.]

26th April.—(No entry except the date.)

[They proceeded as far as Kalunganjovu's town, the chief himself coming to meet them on the way dressed in Arab costume and wearing a red fez. Whilst waiting here Susi was instructed to count over the bags of beads, and, on reporting that twelve still remained in stock, Dr. Livingstone told him to buy two large tusks if an opportunity occurred, as he might run short of goods by the time they got to Ujiji, and could then exchange them with the Arabs there for cloth, to spend on their way to Zanzibar.]

To-day, the *27th April*, 1873, he seems to have been almost dying. No entry at all was made in his diary after that which follows, and it must have taxed him to the utmost to write:—

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

They are the last words that David Livingstone wrote.

From this point we have to trust entirely to the narrative of the men. They explain the above sentence as follows: Salimané, Amisi, Hamsani, and Laédé, accompanied by a guide, were sent off to endeavor if possible to buy some milch goats on the upper part of the Molilamo. They could not, however, succeed; it was always the same story—the Mazitu had taken everything. The chief, nevertheless, sent a substantial present of a kid and three baskets of ground-nuts, and the people were willing enough to exchange food for beads. Thinking he could eat some Mapira corn pounded up with ground-nuts, the Doctor gave instructions to the two women M'sozi and M'toweka, to prepare it for him, but he was not able to take it when they brought it to him.

28th April.—Men were now dispatched in an opposite direction, that is to visit the villages on the right bank of the Molilamo as it flows to the lake; unfortunately they met with no better result, and returned empty handed.

On the *29th April*, Kalunganjovu and most of his people

came early to the village. The chief wished to assist his guest to the utmost, and stated that as he could not be sure that a sufficient number of canoes would be forthcoming unless he took charge of matters himself, he should accompany the caravan to the crossing place, which was about an hour's march from the spot. "Everything should be done for his friend," he said.

They were ready to set out. On Susi's going to the hut, Dr. Livingstone told him that he was quite unable to walk to the door to reach the kitanda, and he wished the men to break down one side of the little house, as the entrance was too narrow to admit it, and in this manner to bring it to him where he was : this was done, and he was gently placed upon it, and borne out of the village.

Their course was in the direction of the stream, and they followed it till they came to a reach where the current was uninterrupted by the numerous little islands which stood partly in the river and partly in the flood on the upper waters. Kalunganjovu was seated on a knoll, and actively superintended the embarkation, whilst Dr. Livingstone told his bearers to take him to a tree at a little distance off, that he might rest in the shade till most of the men were on the other side. A good deal of care was required, for the river, by no means a large one in ordinary times, spread its waters in all directions, so that a false step, or a stumble in any unseen hole, would have drenched the invalid and the bed also on which he was carried.

The passage occupied some time, and then came the difficult task of conveying the Doctor across, for the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitanda to be deposited in the bottom of either of them. Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitanda, they laid it in the bottom of the strongest canoe, and tried to lift him ; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chumah, in a faint voice he asked him

to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid any pressure on the lumbar region of the back; in this way he was deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across the Molilamo by Chowpéré, Susi, Farijala, and Chumah. The same precautions were used on the other side: the kitanda was brought close to the canoe, so as to prevent any unnecessary pain in disembarking.

Susi now hurried on ahead to reach Chitambo's village, and superintend the building of another house. For the first mile or two they had to carry the Doctor through swamps and plashes, glad to reach something like a dry plain at last.

It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chumah, one of his bearers on these the last weary miles the great traveler was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burdens on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and, on stooping down, he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitanda, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately for once, not a drop was to be procured. Hastening on for fear of getting too far separated from the party in advance, to their great comfort they now saw Farijala approaching with some which Susi had thoughtfully sent off from Chitambo's village.

Still wending their way on, it seemed as if they would not complete their task, for again at a clearing the sick man entreated them to place him on the ground, and to let

him stay where he was. Fortunately at this moment some of the outlying huts of the village came in sight, and they tried to rally him by telling him that he would quickly be in the house that the others had gone on to build, but they were obliged as it was to allow him to remain for an hour in the native gardens outside the town.

On reaching their companions it was found that the work was not quite finished, and it became necessary therefore to lay him under the broad eaves of a native hut till things were ready.

Chitambo's village at this time was almost empty. When the crops are growing it is the custom to erect little temporary houses in the fields, and the inhabitants, leaving their more substantial huts, pass the time in watching their crops, which are scarcely more safe by day than by night; thus it was that the men found plenty of room and shelter ready to their hand. Many of the people approached the spot where he lay whose praises had reached them in previous years, and in silent wonder they stood round him resting on their bows. Slight drizzling showers were falling, and as soon as possible his house was made ready and banked round with earth.

Inside it, the bed was raised from the floor by sticks and grass, occupying a position across and near to the bay-shaped end of the hut: in the bay itself bales and boxes were deposited, one of the latter doing duty for a table, on which the medicine chest and sundry other things were placed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, whilst the boy Majwara slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night.

On the 30th *April*, 1873, Chitambo came early to pay a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the Doctor's presence, but he was obliged to send him away, telling him to come again on the morrow when he hoped to have more strength to talk to him, and he was not again disturbed. In the afternoon he asked Susi to bring his watch to the bedside, and explained to him the position in which to hold his

hand, that it might lie in the palm whilst he slowly turned the key.

So the hours stole on till nightfall. The men silently took to their huts, whilst others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 p. m. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Dr. Livingstone said, "Are our men making that noise?" "No," replied Susi; "I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields." A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering, "Is this the Luapula?" Susi told him they were in Clitambo's village, near the Molilamo, when he was silent for a while. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, "Sikun'gapi kuenda Luapula?" (How many days is it to the Luapula?)

"Na zani zikutatu, Bwana" (I think it is three days, master), replied Susi.

A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half sighed, half said, "Oh dear, dear!" and then dozed off again.

It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, "Bwana wants you, Susi." On reaching the bed the Doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine-chest and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low feeble voice, "All right; you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 a. m. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi

run to arouse Chumali, Chowpéré, Matthew, and Muan-yaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept? Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time: the men drew nearer.

A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead.

His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up, and laid him full length on the bed, then, carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and it is from this circumstance—coupled with the fact that Susi spoke to him some time shortly before midnight—that we are able to state with tolerable certainty that he expired early on the 1st of May.

It has been thought best to give the narrative of these closing hours as nearly as possible in the words of the two men who attended him constantly, both here and in the many illnesses of like character which he endured in his last six years' wanderings; in fact from the first moment of the news arriving in England, it was felt to be indispensable that they should come home to state what occurred.

* * * * *

The men have much to consider as they cower around the

watch-fire, and little time for deliberation. They are at their furthest point from home and their leader has fallen at their head; we shall see presently how they faced their difficulties.

* * * * *

Several inquiries will naturally arise on reading this distressing history; the foremost, perhaps, will be with regard to the entire absence of everything like a parting word to those immediately about him, or a farewell line to his family and friends at home. It must be very evident to the reader that Livingstone entertained very grave forebodings about his health during the last two years of his life, but it is not clear that he realized the near approach of death when his malady suddenly passed into a more dangerous stage.

It may be said, "Why did he not take some precautions or give some strict injunctions to his men to preserve his note-books and maps, at all hazards, in the event of his decease? Did not his great ruling passion suggest some such precaution?"

Fair questions, but, reader, you have all—every word written, spoken, or implied.

Is there, then, no explanation? Yes; we think past experience affords it, and it is offered to you by one who remembers moreover how Livingstone himself used to point out to him in Africa the peculiar features of death by malarial poisoning.

In full recollection of eight deaths in the Zambesi and Shiré districts, not a single parting word or direction in any instance can be recalled. Neither hope nor courage give way as death approaches. In most cases a comatose state of exhaustion supervenes, which, if it be not quickly arrested by active measures, passes into complete insensibility: this is almost invariably the closing scene.

It may be that at the last a flash of conviction for a moment lit up the mind—if so, what greater consolation can those have who mourn his loss, than the account that the men give of what they saw when they entered the hut?

Livingstone had not merely turned himself, he had risen to pray; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head: when they approached him he seemed to live. He had not fallen to right or left when he rendered up his spirit to God. Death required no change of limb or position; there was merely the gentle settling forwards of the frame unstrung by pain, for the Traveler's perfect rest had come. Will not time show that the men were scarcely wrong when they thought "he yet speaketh"—aye, perhaps far more clearly to us than he could have done by word or pen or any other means!

Is it, then, presumptuous to think that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer sped forth once more—that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness, and that from his "loneliness" David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he labored to break down the oppression and woe of the land?

* * * * *

Before daylight the men were quietly told in each hut what had happened, and that they were to assemble. Coming together as soon as it was light enough to see, Susi and Chumah said that they wished everybody to be present whilst the boxes were opened, so that in case money or valuables were in them, all might be responsible. Jacob Wainwright (who could write, they knew) was asked to make some notes which should serve as an inventory, and then the boxes were brought out from the hut.

Jacob's entry is as follows, and it was thoughtfully made at the back end of the same note-book that was in use by the Doctor when he died. It runs as follows:—

"11 o'clock night, 28th April.

"In the chest was found about a shilling and half, and in other chest his hat, 1 watch, and 2 small boxes of measuring instrument, and in each box there was one. 1 compass, 3 other kind of measuring instrument. 4 other kind of measuring instrument. And in other chest 3 drachmas and half half scrople."

It was not without some alarm that the men realized their more immediate difficulties: none could see better than they what complications might arise in an hour.

They knew the superstitious horror connected with the dead to be prevalent in the tribes around them, for the departed spirits of men are universally believed to have vengeance and mischief at heart as their ruling idea in the land beyond the grave. All rites turn on this belief. The religion of the African is a weary attempt to propitiate those who show themselves to be still able to haunt and destroy, as war comes or an accident happens.

On this account it is not to be wondered at that chief and people make common cause against those who wander through their territory, and have the misfortune to lose one of their party by death. Who is to tell the consequences? Such occurrences are looked on as most serious offences, and the men regarded their position with no small apprehension.

Calling the whole party together, Susi and Chumah placed the state of affairs before them, and asked what should be done. They received a reply from those whom Mr. Stanley had engaged for Dr. Livingstone, which was hearty and unanimous. "You," said they, "are old men in traveling and in hardships; you must act as our chiefs, and we will promise to obey whatever you order us to do." From this moment we may look on Susi and Chumah as the captains of the caravan. To their knowledge of the country, of the tribes through which they were to pass, but, above all, to the sense of discipline and cohesion which was maintained throughout, their safe return to Zanzibar at the head of their men must, under God's good guidance, be mainly attributed.

All agreed that Chitambo ought to be kept in ignorance of Dr. Livingstone's decease, or otherwise a fine so heavy would be inflicted upon them as compensation for damage done that their means would be crippled, and they could hardly expect to pay their way to the coast. It was decided

that, come what might, the body *must be borne to Zanzibar*. It was also arranged to take it secretly, if possible, to a hut at some distance off, where the necessary preparations could be carried out, and for this purpose some men were now dispatched with axes to cut wood, whilst others went to collect grass. Chumah set off to see Chitambo, and said that they wanted to build a place outside the village, if he would allow it, for they did not like living amongst the huts. His consent was willingly given.

Later on in the day two of the men went to the people to buy food, and divulged the secret: the chief was at once informed of what had happened, and started for the spot on which the new buildings were being set up. Appealing to Chumah, he said, "Why did you not tell me the truth? I know that your master died last night. You were afraid to let me know, but do not fear any longer. I, too, have traveled, and more than once have been to Bwani (the Coast), before the country on the road was destroyed by the Mazitu. I know that you have no bad motives in coming to our land, and death often happens to travelers in their journeys." Reassured by this speech, they told him of their intention to prepare the body and to take it with them. He, however, said it would be far better to bury it there, for they were undertaking an impossible task; but they held to their resolution. The corpse was conveyed to the new hut the same day on the kitanda carefully covered with cloth and a blanket.

2nd May, 1873.—The next morning Susi paid a visit to Chitambo, making him a handsome present and receiving in return a kind welcome. It is only right to add, that the men speak on all occasions with gratitude of Chitambo's conduct throughout, and say that he is a fine generous fellow. Following out his suggestion, it was agreed that all honors should be shown to the dead, and the customary mourning was arranged forthwith.

At the proper time, Chitambo, leading his people, and accompanied by his wives, came to the new settlement. He

was clad in a broad red cloth, which covered the shoulders, whilst the wrappings of native cotton cloth, worn round the waist, fell as low as his ankles. All carried bows, and arrows, spears, but no guns were seen. Two drummers joined in the loud wailing lamentation, which so indelibly impresses itself on the memories of people who have heard it in the East, whilst the band of servants fired volley after volley in the air, according to the strict rule of Portuguese and Arabs on such occasions.

As yet nothing had been done to the corpse.

A separate hut was now built, about ninety feet from the principal one. It was constructed in such a manner that it should be open to the air at the top, and sufficiently strong to defy the attempts of any wild beast to break through it. Firmly driven boughs and saplings were planted side by side and bound together, so as to make a regular stockade. Close to this building the men constructed their huts, and, finally, the whole settlement had another high stockade carried completely around it.

Arrangements were made the same day to treat the corpse on the following morning. One of the men, Saféné, whilst in Kalunganjovu's district, bought a large quantity of salt: this was purchased of him for sixteen strings of beads, there was besides some brandy in the Doctor's stores, and with these materials they hoped to succeed in their object.

Farijala was appointed to the necessary task. He had picked up some knowledge of the method pursued in making *post-mortem* examinations, whilst a servant to a doctor at Zanzibar, and at his request, Carras, one of the Nassick boys, was told off to assist him. Previous to this, however, early on the 3rd May, a special mourner arrived. He came with the anklets which are worn on these occasions, composed of rows of hollow seed-vessels, fitted with rattling pebbles, and in low monotonous chant sang, whilst he danced, as follows:

Lelo kwa Engerese,
Muana sisi oa konda:
Tu kamb' tamb' Engerese.

which translated is—



Stockage around the body.

Tree with inscription.

TEMPORARY VILLAGE IN WHICH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BODY WAS PREPARED.

To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours :
Come round to see the Englishman.

His task over, the mourner and his son, who accompanied him in the ceremony, retired with a suitable present of beads.

The emaciated remains of the deceased traveler were soon afterwards taken to the place prepared. Over the heads of Farijala and Carras—Susi, Chumah, and Muanyasere held a thick blanket as a kind of screen, under which the men performed their duties. Tofiké and John Wainwright were present. Jacob Wainwright had been asked to bring his Prayer Book with him, and stood apart against the wall of the enclosure.

In reading about the lingering sufferings of Dr. Livingstone as described by himself, and subsequently by these faithful fellows, one is quite prepared to understand their explanation, and to see why it was possible to defer these operations so long after death: they say that his frame was little more than skin and bone. Through an incision carefully made, the viscera were removed, and a quantity of salt was placed in the trunk.

The heart, with the other parts removed, were placed in a tin box, which had formerly contained flour, and decently and reverently buried in a hole dug some four feet deep on the spot where they stood. Jacob was then asked to read the Burial Service, which he did in the presence of all. The body was left to be fully exposed to the sun. No other means were taken to preserve it, beyond placing some brandy in the mouth and some on the hair; nor can one imagine for an instant that any other process would have been available either for Europeans or natives, considering the rude appliances at their disposal. The men kept watch day and night to see that no harm came to their sacred charge. Their huts surrounded the building, and had force been used to enter its strongly-barred door, the whole camp would have turned out in a moment. Once a day the position of the body was changed, but at no other time was any one allowed to approach it.

No molestation of any kind took place during the fourteen days' exposure. At the end of this period preparations were made for retracing their steps. The corpse, by this time tolerably dried, was wrapped round in some calico, the legs being bent inwards at the knees to shorten the package. The next thing was to plan something in which to carry it, and, in the absence of planking or tools, an admirable substitute was found by stripping from a Myonga tree enough of the bark in one piece to form a cylinder, and in it their master was laid. Over this case a piece of sailcloth was sewn, and the whole package was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men.

Jacob Wainwright was asked to carve an inscription on the large Mvula tree which stands by the place where the body rested, stating the name of Dr. Livingstone and the date of his death, and, before leaving, the men gave strict injunctions to Chitambo to keep the grass cleared away, so as to save it from the bush-fires which annually sweep over the country and destroy so many trees. Besides this, they erected close to the spot two high thick posts, with an equally strong cross-piece, like a lintel and door-posts in form, which they painted thoroughly with the tar that was intended for the boat: this sign they think will remain for a long time from the solidity of the timber. Before parting with Chitambo, they gave him a large tin biscuit-box and some newspapers, which would serve as evidence to all future travelers that a white man had been at his village.

The chief promised to do all he could to keep both the tree and the timber sign-posts from being touched, but added, that he hoped the English would not be long in coming to see him, because there was always the risk of an invasion of Mazitu, when he would have to fly, and the tree might be cut down for a canoe by some one, and then all trace would be lost. All was now ready for starting.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTINUATION OF THE NARRATIVE.

(THE HOMEWARD MARCH TO UNYANYEMBE AND ZANZIBAR.)

THE homeward march was then begun. Throughout its length we shall content ourselves with giving the approximate number of days occupied in traveling and halting. Although the memories of both men are excellent—standing the severest test when they are tried by the light of Dr. Livingstone's journals, or "set on" at any passage of his travels—they kept no precise record of the time spent at villages where they were detained by sickness, and so the exactness of a diary can no longer be sustained.

To return to the caravan. They found on this the first day's journey that some other precautions were necessary to enable the bearers of the mournful burden to keep to their task. Sending to Chitambo's village, they brought thence the cask of tar which they had deposited with the chief, and gave a thick coating to the canvas outside. This answered all purposes; they left the remainder at the next village, with orders to send it back to head-quarters, and then continued their course through Ilala, led by their guides in the direction of the Luapula.

Susi and Chumah had traveled with Dr. Livingstone in the neighborhood of the north-west shores of Bangweolo in previous years. The last fatal road from the north might be struck by a march in a due N.E. direction, if they could but hold out so far without any serious misfortune; but in order to do this they must first strike northwards so as to reach the Luapula, and then crossing it at some part not necessarily

far from its exit from the lake, they could at once lay their course for the south end of Tanganyika.

There were, however, serious indications amongst them. First one and then the other dropped out of the file, and by the time they reached a town belonging to Chitambo's brother—and on the third day only since they set out—half their number were *hors de combat*. It was impossible to go on. A few hours more and all seemed affected. The symptoms were intense pain in the limbs and face, great prostration, and, in the bad cases, inability to move. The men attributed it to the continual wading through water before the Doctor's death.

Susi was suffering very much. The disease settled in one leg, and then quickly shifted to the other. Songolo nearly died. Kaniki and Bahati, two of the women, expired in a few days, and all looked at its worst. It took them a good month to rally sufficiently to resume their journey.

Fortunately in this interval the rains entirely ceased, and the natives day by day brought an abundance of food to the sick men. From them they heard that the districts they were now in were notoriously unhealthy, and that many an Arab had fallen out from the caravan march to leave his bones in these wastes. One day five of the party made an excursion to the westward, and on their return reported a large deep river flowing into the Luapula on the left bank. Unfortunately, no notice was taken of its name, for it would be of considerable geographical interest.

At last they were ready to start again, and came to one of the border villages in Ilala the same night, but the next day several fell ill for the second time, Susi being quite unable to move.

Muanamazungu, at whose place these relapses occurred, was fully aware of everything that had taken place at Chitambo's, and showed the men the greatest kindness. Not a day passed without his bringing them some present or other, but there was a great disinclination amongst the people to listen to any details connected with Dr. Livingstone's

death. Some return for their kindness was made by Farijala shooting three buffaloes near the town: meat and goodwill go together all over Africa, and the liberal sportsman scores points at many a turn. A cow was purchased here for some brass bracelets and calico, and on the twentieth day all were sufficiently strong to push forwards.

The broad waters of the long-looked for Luapula soon hove in sight. Putting themselves under a guide, they were conducted to the village of Chisalamalama, who willingly offered them canoes for the passage across the next day.

As one listens to the report that the men give of this mighty river, he instinctively bends his eyes on a dark burden laid in the canoe! How ardently would he have scanned it whose body thus passes across these waters, and whose spirit, in its last hours' sojourn in this world, wandered in thought and imagination to its stream!

It would seem that the Luapula at this point is double the width of the Zambesi at Shupanga. This gives a breadth of fully four miles. A man could not be seen on the opposite bank: trees looked small: a gun could be heard, but no shouting would ever reach a person across the river—such is the description given by men who were well able to compare the Luapula with the Zambesi. Taking to the canoes, they were able to use the "m'phondo," or punting pole, for a distance through reeds, then came clear deep water for some four hundred yards, again a broad reedy expanse, followed by another deep part, succeeded in turn by another current not so broad as those previously paddled across, and then, as on the starting side, gradually shoaling water, abounding in reeds. Two islands lay just above the crossing-place. Using pole and paddle alternately, the passage took them fully two hours across this enormous torrent, which carries off the waters of Bangweolo towards the north.

A sad mishap befell the donkey the first night of camping beyond the Luapula, and this faithful and sorely-tried servant was doomed to end his career at this spot!

According to custom, a special stable was built for him close to the men. In the middle of the night a great disturbance, coupled with the shouting of Amoda, aroused the camp. The men rushed out and found the stable broken down and the donkey gone. Snatching some logs, they set fire to the grass, as it was pitch dark, and by the light saw a lion close to the body of the poor animal, which was quite dead. Those who had caught up their guns on the first alarm fired a volley, and the lion made off. It was evident that the donkey had been seized by the nose, and instantly killed. At daylight the spoor showed that the guns had taken effect. The lion's blood lay in a broad track (for he was apparently injured in the back, and could only drag himself along); but the footprints of a second lion were too plain to make it advisable to track him far in the thick cover he had reached, and so the search was abandoned. The body of the donkey was left behind, but two canoes remained near the village, and it is most probable that it went to make a feast at Chisalamalama's.

Traveling through incessant swamp and water, they were fain to make their next stopping-place in a spot where an enormous ant-hill spread itself out,—a small island in the waters. A fire was lit, and by employing hoes, most of them dug something like a form to sleep in on the hard earth.

Thankful to leave such a place their guide led them next day to the village of Kawinga, whom they describe as a tall man, of singularly light color, and the owner of a gun, a unique weapon in these parts, but one already made useless by wear and tear. The next village, N'kossu's, was much more important.

A present was made to the caravan, of a cow; but it seems that the rule, "first catch your hare," is in full force in N'kossu's pastures. The animals are exceedingly wild, and a hunt has to be set on foot whenever beef is wanted; it was so in this case. Safene and Muanyasere with their guns essayed to settle the difficulty. The latter, an old hunter as we have



KAWENDE SURGERY.



AN OLD SERVANT DESTROYED.

seen, was not likely to do much harm, but Safene, firing wildly at a cow, hit one of the villagers, and smashed the bone of the poor fellow's thigh. Although it was clearly an accident, such things do not readily settle themselves down on this assumption in Africa. The chief, however, behaved very well. He told them a fine would have to be paid on the return of the wounded man's father, and it had better be handed to him, for by law the blame would fall on him, as the entertainer of the man who had brought about the injury. He admitted that he had ordered all his people to stand clear of the spot where the disaster occurred, but he supposed that in this instance his orders had not been heard. They had not sufficient goods in any case to respond to the demand; the process adopted to set the broken limb is a sample of native surgery which must not be overlooked.

First of all a hole was dug, say two feet deep and four in length, in such a manner that the patient could sit in it with his legs out before him. A large leaf was then bound round the fractured thigh, and earth thrown in, so that the patient was buried up to the chest. The next act was to cover the earth which lay over the man's legs with a thick layer of mud; then plenty of sticks and grass were collected, and a fire lit on the top directly over the fracture. To prevent the smoke smothering the sufferer, they held a tall mat as a screen before his face, and the operation went on. After some time the heat reached the limbs underground. Bellowing with fear and covered with perspiration, the man implored them to let him out. The authorities concluding that he had been under treatment a sufficient time, quickly burrowed down and lifted him from the hole. He was now held perfectly fast, whilst two strong men stretched the wounded limb with all their might! Splints, duly prepared were afterwards bound round it, and we must hope that in due time benefit accrued, but as the ball had passed through the limb, we must have our doubts on the subject. The villagers told Chumah that after the Wanyamwesi engagements they thus treated gun-shot wounds with success.

Leaving N'kossu's, they rested one night at another village belonging to him, and then made for the territory of the Wa Ussi. Here they met with a surly welcome, and were told they must pass on. No doubt the intelligence that they were carrying their master's body had a great deal to do with it, for the news seemed to spread with the greatest rapidity in all directions. Three times they camped in the forest, and for a wonder began to find some dry ground. The path lay in the direct line of Chawende's town, parallel to the north shore of the lake, and at no great distance from it.

Some time previously a solitary Unyamwesi had attached himself to the party at Chitankooi's, where he had been left sick by a passing caravan of traders: this man now assured them the country before them was well known to him.

Approaching Chawende's, according to native etiquette, Amoda and Sabouri went on in front to inform the chief, and to ask leave to enter his town. As they did not come back, Muanyasere and Chumah set off after them to ascertain the reason of the delay. No better success seemed to attend this second venture, so shouldering their burdens, all went forward in the track of the four messengers.

In the meantime, Chumah and Muanyasere met Amoda and Sabouri coming back towards them with five men. They reported that they had entered the town, but found it a very large stockaded place; moreover two other villages of equal size were close to it. Much pombe drinking was going on. On approaching the chief, Amoda had rested his gun against the principal hut innocently enough. Chawende's son, drunk and quarrelsome, made this a cause of offence, and swaggering up, he insolently asked them how they dared to do such a thing. Chawende interfered, and for the moment prevented further disagreeables; in fact, he himself seems to have been inclined to grant the favor which was asked; however, there was danger brewing, and the men retired.

When the main body met them returning, tired with their fruitless errand, a consultation took place. Wood there was

none. To scatter about and find materials with which to build shelter for the night, would only offer a great temptation to these drunken excited people to plunder the baggage. It was resolved to make for the town.

When they reached the gate of the stockade they were flatly refused admittance, those inside telling them to go down to the river and camp on the bank. They replied that this was impossible: that they were tired, it was very late, and nothing could be found there to give them shelter. Meeting with no different answer, Safene said, "Why stand talking to them? let us get in somehow or other;" and, suiting the action to the word, they pushed the men back who stood in the gateway. Safene got through, and Muanyasere climbed over the top of the stockade, followed by Chumah, who instantly opened the gate wide and let his companions through. Hostilities might still have been averted had better counsel prevailed.

The men began to look about for huts in which to deposit their things, when the same drunken fellow drew a bow and fired at Muanyasere. The man called out to the others to seize him, which was done in an instant. A loud cry now burst forth that the chief's son was in danger, and one of the people, hurling a spear, wounded Sabouri slightly in the thigh: this was the signal for a general scrimmage.

Chawende's men fled from the town; the drums beat the assembly in all directions, and an immense number flocked to the spot from the two neighboring villages, armed with their bows, arrows, and spears. An assault instantly began from the outside. N'chise was shot with an arrow in the shoulder through the palisade, and N'taru in the finger. Things were becoming desperate. Putting the body of Dr. Livingstone and all their goods and chattels in one hut, they charged out of the town, and fired on the assailants, killing two and wounding several others. Fearing that they would only gather together in the other remaining villages and renew the attack at night, the men carried these quickly one

by one and subsequently burnt six others which were built on the same side of the river; then crossing over, they fired on the canoes which were speeding towards the deep water of Bangweolo, through the channel of the Lopupussi, with disastrous results to the fugitive people.

Returning to the town, all was made safe for the night. By the fortunes of war, sheep, goats, fowls, and an immense quantity of food fell into their hands; and they remained for a week to recruit. Once or twice they found men approaching at night to throw fire on the roofs of the huts from outside, but with this exception they were not interfered with. On the last day but one, a man approached and called to them at the top of his voice not to set fire to the chief's town (it was his that they occupied); for the bad son had brought all this upon them; he added that the old man had been overruled, and they were sorry enough for his bad conduct.

Listening to the account given of this occurrence, one cannot but lament the loss of life and the whole circumstances of the fight. Whilst on the one hand we may imagine that the loss of a cool, conciliatory, brave leader was here felt in a grave degree, we must also see that it was known far and wide that this very loss was now a great weakness to his followers. There is no surer sign of mischief in Africa than these trumpery charges of bewitching houses by placing things on them: some such over-strained accusation is generally set in the front rank when other difficulties are to come: drunkenness is pretty much the same thing in all parts of the world, and gathers misery around it as easily in an African village as in an English city. Had the cortège submitted to extortion and insult, they felt that their night by the river would have been a precarious one—even if they had been in a humor to sleep in a swamp when a town was at hand. These things gave occasion to them to resort to force. The desperate nature of their whole enterprise in starting for Zanzibar perhaps had accumulated its own stock of determination, and now it found vent under evil

provocation. If there is room for any other feeling than regret, it lies in the fact that, on mature consideration and in sober moments, the people who suffered, cast the real blame on the right shoulders.

For the next three days after leaving Chawende's they were still in the same inundated fringe of Bouga, which surrounds the lake, and on each occasion had to camp at night-fall wherever a resting-place could be found in the jungle, reaching Chama's village on the fourth day. A delay of forty-eight hours was necessary, as Susi's wife fell ill; and for the next few marches she was carried in a kitanda. They met an Unyamwesi man here, who had come from Kumbakumba's town in the Wa Ussi district. He related to them how on two occasions the Wanyamwesi had tried to carry Chawende's town by assault, but had been repulsed both times. It would seem that, with the strong footing these invaders have in the country, armed as they are besides with the much-dreaded guns, it can only be a matter of time before the whole rule, such as it is, passes into the hands of the new-comers.

The next night was spent in the open, before coming to the scattered huts of Ngumbu's, where a motley group of stragglers, for the most part Wabisa, were busy felling the trees and clearing the land for cultivation. However, the little community gave them a welcome, in spite of the widespread report of the fighting at Chawende's, and dancing and drumming were kept up till morning.

One more night was passed in the plain, and they reached a tributary of the Lopupussi River, called the M'Pamba; it is a considerable stream, and takes one up to the chest in crossing. They now drew near to Chiwaie's town, which they describe as a very strong place, fortified with a stockade and ditch. Shortly before reaching it, some villagers tried to pick a quarrel with them for carrying flags. It was their invariable custom to make the drummer-boy, Majwara, march at their head, whilst the Union Jack and the red colors of Zanzibar were carried in a foremost place in the

line. Fortunately a chief of some importance came up and stopped the discussion, or there might have been more mischief, for the men were in no temper to lower their flag, knowing their own strength pretty well by this time. Making their settlement close to Chiwaie's, they met with much kindness, and were visited by crowds of the inhabitants.

Three days' journey brought them to Chiwaie's uncle's village; sleeping two nights in the jungle they made Chungu's, and in another day's march found themselves, to their great delight, at Kapesha's. They knew their road from this point, for on the southern route with Dr. Livingstone they had stopped here, and could therefore take up the path that leads to Tanganyika. Hitherto their course had been easterly, with a little northing, but now they turned their backs to the lake, which they had held on the right-hand since crossing the Luapula, and struck almost north.

From Kapesha's to Lake Bangweolo is a three days' march as the crow flies, for a man carrying a burden. They saw a large quantity of iron and copper wire being made here by a party of Wanyamwesi. The process is as follows:—A heavy piece of iron, with a funnel-shaped hole in it, is firmly fixed in the fork of a tree. A fine rod is then thrust into it, and a line attached to the first few inches which can be coaxed through. A number of men haul on this line, singing and dancing in tune, and thus it is drawn through the first drill; it is subsequently passed through others to render it still finer, and excellent wire is the result.

Leaving Kapesha they went through many of the villages already enumerated in Dr. Livingstone's Diary. Chama's people came to see them as they passed by him, and after some mutterings and growlings Casongo gave them leave to buy food at his town. Reaching Chama's head-quarters they camped outside, and received a civil message, telling them to convey his orders to the people on the banks of the Kalongwesi that the travelers must be ferried safely across.

At last Kumbakumba's town came in sight. Already the large district of Itawa has tacitly allowed itself to be put under the harrow by this ruffianly Zanzibar Arab. A small detachment was sent off to try and gain tidings of one of the Nassick boys, John, who had mysteriously disappeared a day or two previously on the march. At the time no great apprehensions were felt, but as he did not turn up, the grass was set on fire in order that he might see the smoke if he had wandered, and guns were fired. Some think he purposely went off rather than carry a load any further; whilst others fear he may have been killed. Certain it is that after a five days' search in all directions no tidings could be gained either here or at Chama's, and nothing more was heard of the poor fellow.

The talk was still about the break up of Casembe's power, for it will be recollected that Kumbakumba and Pemba Motu had killed him a short time before; but by far the most interesting news that reached them was that a party of Englishmen, headed by Dr. Livingstone's son, on their way to relieve his father, had been seen at Bagamoyo some months previously. The chief showed them every kindness during their five days' rest.

Marching was now much easier, and soon the steep descent to the lake lay before them, and they came to Kasakalawe's. Here it was that the Doctor had passed weary months of illness on his first approach to Tanganyika in previous years. So they journeyed on day by day till the southern end of the lake was rounded.

The previous experience of the difficult route along the heights bordering on Tanganyika made them determine to give the lake a wide berth this time, and for this purpose they held well to the eastward, passing a number of small deserted villages, in one of which they camped nearly every night. This road across the plain seems incomparably the best. No difficulty whatever was experienced, and one cannot but lament the toil and weariness which Dr. Livingstone endured whilst holding a course close to Tanganyika.

The chief feature after leaving this point was a three days' march over Lambalamfipa, an abrupt mountain range, which crosses the country east and west, and attains, it would seem, an altitude of some 4,000 feet. Looking down on the plain from its highest passes a vast lake appears to stretch away in front towards the north, but on descending this resolves itself into a glittering plain, for the most part covered with saline incrustations. The path lay directly across this. The difficulties they had anticipated had no real existence, for small villages were found, and water was not scarce, although brackish. The first demand for toll was made near here, but the headman allowed them to pass for fourteen strings of beads. Susi says that this plain literally swarms with herds of game of all kinds: giraffe and zebra were particularly abundant, and lions reveled in such good quarters. The settlements they came to belonged chiefly to elephant hunters. Farijala and Muanyasere did well with the buffalo, and plenty of beef came into camp.

Just as they came to the Likwa, a long string of men was seen on the opposite side filing down to the water, and being uncertain of their intentions, precautions were quickly taken to insure the safety of the baggage. Dividing themselves into three parties, the first detachment went across to meet the strangers, carrying the Arab flag in front. Chumah headed another band at a little distance in the rear of these, whilst Susi and a few more crouched in the jungle, with the body concealed in a roughly-made hut. Their fears, however, were needless: it turned out to be a caravan bound for Fipa to hunt elephants and buy ivory and slaves. The new arrivals told them that they had come straight through Unyanyembe from Bagamoyo, on the coast, and that the Doctor's death had been reported there by natives of Fipa.

With no small satisfaction, the men learnt from the outward-bound caravan that the previous story was a true one, and they were assured that Dr. Livingstone's son with two Englishmen and a quantity of goods had already reached Unyanyembe.

Petty tolls were levied on them. Kampama's deputy required four dotis, and an additional tax of six was paid to the chief of the Kanongo when his town was reached.

Arriving at Baula, Jacob Wainwright, the scribe of the party, was commissioned to write an account of the distressing circumstances of the Doctor's death, and Chumah, taking three men with him, pressed on to deliver it to the English party in person. The rest of the cortège followed them through the jungle to Chilunda's village. On the outskirts they came across a number of Wagogo hunting elephants with dogs and spears, but although they were well treated by them, and received presents of honey and food, they thought it better to keep these men in ignorance of the fact that they were in charge of the dead body of their master.

20th October, 1873.—We will here run on ahead with Chumah on his way to communicate with the new arrivals. He reached the Arab settlement without let or hindrance. Lieut. Cameron was quickly put in possession of the main facts of Dr. Livingstone's death by reading Jacob's letter, and Chumah was questioned concerning it in the presence of Dr. Dillon and Lieut. Murphy. It was a disappointment to find that the reported arrival of Mr. Oswell Livingstone was entirely erroneous; but Lieut. Cameron showed the wayworn men every kindness. Chumah rested one day before setting out to relieve his comrades to whom he had arranged to make his way as soon as possible. Lieut. Cameron expressed a fear that it would not be safe for him to carry the cloth he was willing to furnish them with, if he had not a stronger convoy, as he himself had suffered too sorely from terrified bearers on his way thither: but the young fellows were pretty well acquainted with native marauders by this time, and set off without apprehension.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONTINUATION OF THE NARRATIVE.

(ARRIVAL AT UNYANYEMBE—THE MARCH TO THE COAST.)

AND now the greater part of their task is over. The weather-beaten company wind their way into the well-known settlement of Kwihara. A host of Arabs and their attendant slaves meet them as they sorrowfully take their charge to the same Tembe in which the "weary waiting" was endured before, and then they submit to the systematic questioning which the native traveler is so well able to sustain.

News in abundance was offered in return. The porters of the Livingstone East-Coast Aid Expedition had plenty to relate to the porters sent by Mr. Stanley. Mirambo's war dragged on its length, and matters had changed very little since they were there before, either for better or for worse. They found the English officers extremely short of goods; but Lieut. Cameron, no doubt with the object of his Expedition full in view, very properly felt it a first duty to relieve the wants of the party that had performed this Herculean feat of bringing the body of the traveler he had been sent to relieve, together with every article belonging to him at the time of his death, as far as this main road to the coast.

In talking to the men about their intentions, Lieut. Cameron had serious doubts whether the risk of taking the body of Dr. Livingstone through the Ugogo country ought to be run. It very naturally occurred to him that Dr. Livingstone might have felt a wish during life to be buried in the same land in which the remains of his wife lay, for it will be

remembered that the grave of Mrs. Livingstone is at Shupanga, on the Zambesi. All this was put before the men, but they steadily adhered to their first conviction—that it was right at all risks to attempt to bear their master home, and therefore they were no longer urged to bury him at Kwihara.

To the new comers it was of great interest to examine the boxes which the men had conveyed from Bangweolo. As we have seen, they had carefully packed up everything at Chitambo's—books, instruments, clothes, and all which would bear special interest in time to come from having been associated with Livingstone in his last hours.

It cannot be conceded for a moment that these poor fellows would have been right in forbidding this examination, when we consider the relative position in which natives and English officers must always stand to each other; but it is a source of regret to relate that the chief part of Livingstone's instruments were taken out of the packages and appropriated for future purposes. The instruments with which all his observations had been made throughout a series of discoveries extending over seven years—aneroid barometers, compasses, thermometers, the sextant and other things, have gone on a new series of travels, to incur innumerable risks of loss, whilst one only of his thermometers comes to hand.

We could well have wished these instruments safe in England with the small remnant of Livingstone's personal property, which was allowed to be shipped from Zanzibar.

The Doctor had deposited four bales of cloth as a reserve stock with the Arabs, and these were immediately forthcoming for the march down.

The termination here of the ill-fated Expedition need not be commented upon. One can only trust that Lieut. Cameron may be at liberty to pursue his separate investigations in the interior under more favorable auspices. Ill-health had stuck persistently to the party, and all the officers were suffering from the various forms of fever. Lieut. Cameron

gave the men to understand that it was agreed Lieut. Murphy should return to Zanzibar, and asked if they could attach his party to their march ; if so, the men who acted as carriers should receive 6 dollars a man for their services. This was agreed to.

At length the start was effected, and Dr. Dillon likewise quitted the Expedition to return to the coast. It was necessary to stop after the first day's march, for a long halt ; for one of the women was unable to travel, they found, and progress was delayed till she, the wife of Chowpere, could resume the journey. There seem to have been some serious misunderstandings between the leaders of Dr. Livingstone's party, and Lieut. Murphy soon after setting out, which turned mainly on the subject of beginning the day's march. The former, trained in the old discipline of their master, laid stress on the necessity of very early rising to avoid the heat of the day, and perhaps pointed out more bluntly than pleasantly that if the Englishmen wanted to improve their health, they had better do so too. However, to a certain extent, this was avoided by the two companies pleasing themselves.

Making an early start, the body was carried to Kasekera, by Susi's party where, from an evident disinclination to receive it into the village, an encampment was made outside. A consultation now became necessary. There was no disguising the fact that, if they kept along the main road, intelligence would precede them concerning that in which they were engaged, stirring up certain hostility and jeopardizing the most precious charge they had. A plan was quickly hit upon. Unobserved, the men removed the corpse of the deceased explorer from the package in which it had hitherto been conveyed, and buried the bark case in the hut in the thicket around the village in which they had placed it. The object now was to throw the villagers off their guard, by making believe that they had relinquished the attempt to carry the body to Zanzibar. They feigned that they had abandoned their task having changed their minds and that

it must be sent back to Unyanyembe to be buried there. In the meantime the corpse of necessity had to be concealed in the smallest space possible, if they were actually to convey it secretly for the future; this was quickly managed.

Susi and Chumah went into the wood and stripped off a fresh length of bark from an N'gombe tree; in this the remains, conveniently prepared as to length, were placed, the whole being surrounded with calico in such a manner as to appear like an ordinary traveling bale, which was then deposited with the rest of the goods. They next proceeded to gather a fagot of mapira-stalks, cutting them in lengths of six feet or so, and swathing them round with cloth to imitate a dead body about to be buried. This done, a paper, folded so as to represent a letter, was duly placed in a cleft stick, according to the native letter-carrier's custom, and six trustworthy men were told off ostensibly to go with the corpse to Unyanyembe. With due solemnity the men set out; the villagers were only too thankful to see it, and no one suspected the ruse. It was near sundown. The bearers of the package held on their way, till fairly beyond all chance of detection, and then began to dispose of their load. The mapira-sticks were thrown one by one far away into the jungle, and when all were disposed of, the wrappings were cunningly got rid of in the same way. Going further on, first one man, and then another, sprung clear from the path into the long grass, to leave no trace of footsteps, and the whole party returned by different ways to their companions, who had been anxiously awaiting them during the night. No one could detect the real nature of the ordinary-looking bale which, henceforth, was guarded with no relaxed vigilance, and eventually disclosed the bark coffin and wrappings, containing Dr. Livingstone's body, on the arrival at Bagamoyo. And now, devoid of fear, the people of Kasekera asked them all to come and take up their quarters in the town.

But a dreadful event was about to recall to their minds how many fall victims to African disease!

Dr. Dillon now came on to Kasekera suffering much from dysentery—a few hours more, and he shot himself in his tent by means of a loaded rifle.

Those who knew the brave and generous spirit in which this hard-working volunteer set out with Lieut. Cameron, fully hoping to relieve Dr. Livingstone, will feel that he ended his life by an act alien indeed to his whole nature. The malaria imbibed during their stay at Unyanyembe laid upon him the severest form of fever, accompanied by delirium, under which he at length succumbed in one of its violent paroxysms. His remains are interred at Kasekera.

We must follow Susi's troop through a not altogether eventless journey to the sea. Some days afterwards, as they wended their way through a rocky place, a little girl in their train, named Losi, met her death in a shocking way. It appears that the poor child was carrying a water-jar on her head in the file of people, when an enormous snake dashed across the path, deliberately struck her in the thigh, and made for a hole in the jungle close at hand. This work of a moment was sufficient, for the poor girl fell mortally wounded. She was carried forward, and all means at hand were applied, but in ten minutes the last symptom (foaming at the mouth) set in, and she ceased to breathe.

Here is a well-authenticated instance which goes far to prove the truth of an assertion made to travelers in many parts of Africa. The natives protest that one species of snake will deliberately chase and overtake his victim with lightning speed, and so dreadfully dangerous is it, both from the activity of its poison and its vicious propensities, that it is perilous to approach its quarters. Most singular to relate, an Arab came to some of the men after their arrival at Zanzibar and told them that he had just come by the Unyanyembe road, and that whilst passing the identical spot where this disaster occurred, one of the men was attacked by the same snake, with precisely the same results; in fact, when looking for a place in which to bury him they saw the grave of Losi, and the two lie side by side.

February, 1874.—No further incident occurred worthy of special notice. At last the coast town of Bagamoyo came in sight, and before many hours were over, one of Her Majesty's cruisers conveyed the Acting Consul, Captain Prideaux, from Zanzibar to the spot which the cortège had reached. Arrangements were quickly made for transporting the remains of Dr. Livingstone to the Island some thirty miles distant, and then it became perhaps rather too painfully plain to the men that their task was finished.

One word on a subject which will commend itself to most before we close this long eventful history.

We saw what a train of Indian Sepoys, Johanna men, Nassick boys, and Shupango canoe-men, accompanied Dr. Livingstone when he started from Zanzibar in 1866 to enter upon his last discoveries: of all these, five only could answer to the roll-call as they handed over the dead body of their leader to his countrymen on the shore whither they had returned, and this after eight years' desperate service.

Once more we repeat the names of these men. Susi, and James Chumah have been sufficiently prominent throughout—hardly so perhaps has Amoda, their comrade ever since the Zambesi days of 1864: then we have Abram and Mabruki, each with service to show from the time he left the Nassick College with the Doctor in 1865. Nor must we forget Ntoaeka and Halima, the two native girls of whom we have heard such a good character: they cast in their lot with the wanderers in Manyema. It does seem strange to hear the men say that no sooner did they arrive at their journey's end than they were so far frowned out of notice, that not so much as a passage to the Island was offered them when their burden was borne away. We must hope that it is not too late—even for the sake of consistency—to put it on record that *whoever* assisted Livingstone, whether white or black, has not been overlooked in England. Surely those with whom he spent his last years must not pass away into Africa again unrewarded, and lost to sight.

Yes, a very great deal is owing to these five men, and we say it emphatically. If the nation has gratified a reasonable wish in learning all that concerns the last days on earth of a truly noble countryman and his wonderful enterprise, the means of doing so could never have been placed at our disposal but for the ready willingness which made Susi and Chumah determine, if possible, to render an account to some of those whom they had known as their master's old companions. If the Geographer finds before him new facts, new discoveries, new theories, as Livingstone alone could record them, it is right and proper that he should feel the part these men have played in furnishing him with such valuable matter. For we repeat that nothing but such leadership and staunchness as that which organized the march home from Ilala, and distinguished it throughout, could have brought Livingstone's bones to our land or his last notes and maps to the outer world. To none does the feat seem so marvelous as to those who know Africa and the difficulties which must have beset both the first and the last in the enterprise. Thus in his death, not less than in his life, David Livingstone bore testimony to that goodwill and kindness which exists in the heart of the African.

APPENDIX.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

AS Mr. Waller's narrative closes at Zanzibar, a brief account of the funeral of Dr. Livingstone is appended to this American Edition.

From Zanzibar the remains of Dr. Livingstone were sent to Aden, Arabia, where they were transferred to the English mail steamer "Malwa," and in charge of Arthur Young of Zanzibar and Jacob Wainwright, started for England, March 23d, 1874. Thomas Livingstone, a mercantile agent in Egypt and the eldest son of the explorer, joined the ship at Alexandria. The "Malwa" arrived at Southampton, England, April 15th, 1874, where fifty thousand people were assembled to witness the landing. From Southampton the body was conveyed by railroad to London, where the members of the Royal Geographical Society took it to their house. Here an examination of the body was made, and it was proved to be that of Dr. Livingstone beyond doubt. The left arm bone showed the old fracture, caused by the bite of a lioness thirty years before, which had often been noticed as a mark of his identity. The body was transferred from the rough Zanzibar coffin to one of English oak, bearing the inscription:—

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Born at Blantyre, Lanarkshire, Scotland,

March 19th, 1813.

Died at Ilala, Central Africa,

May 4th, 1873.

Wreaths of flowers to deck the bier were sent in, includ-

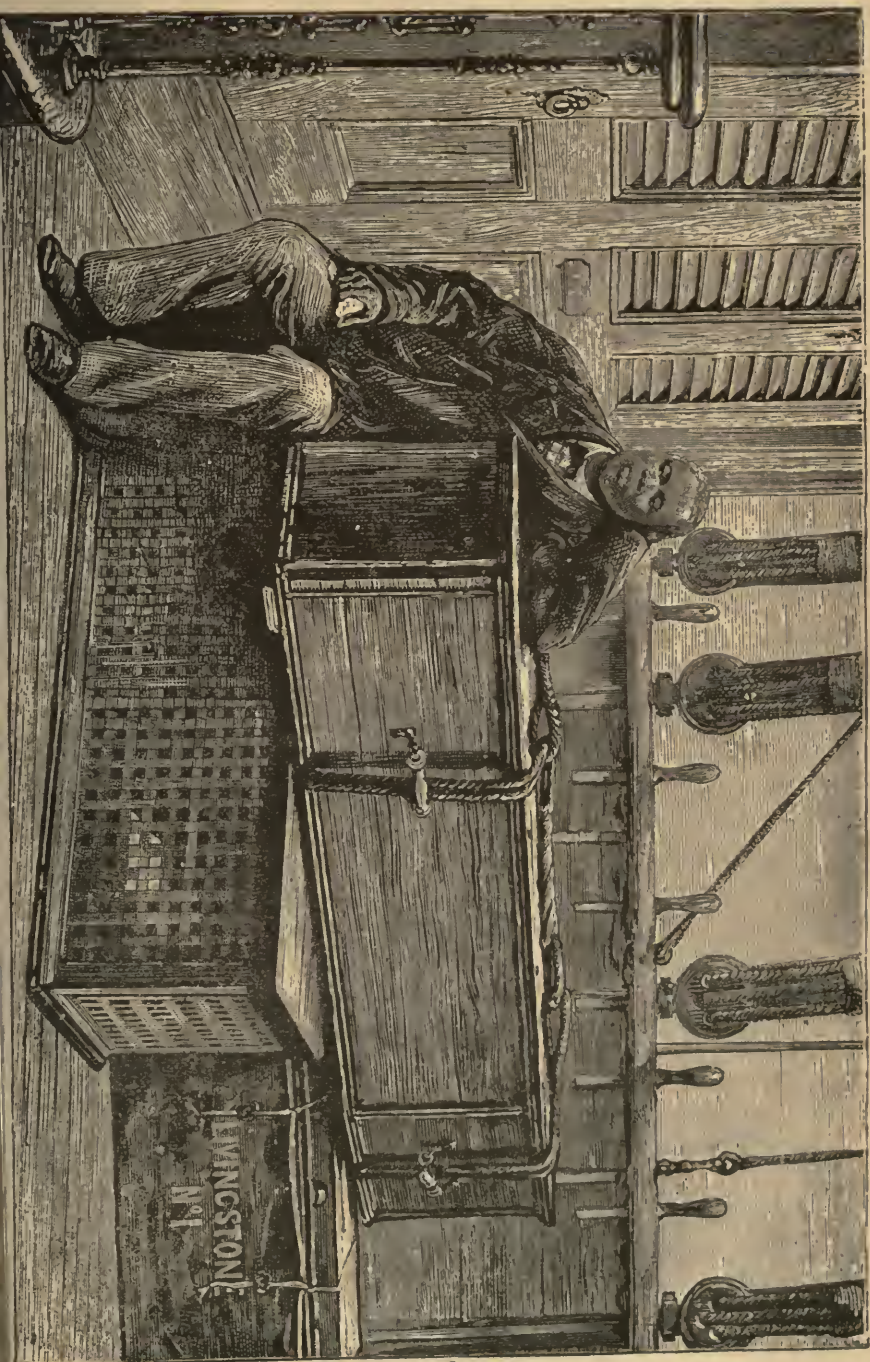
ing one inscribed, "A tribute of respect and admiration from Queen Victoria." The funeral which took place April 18th, is said to have been the grandest ever witnessed during the present generation. It was no doubt a fit tribute of the English nation to Dr. Livingstone's memory, but hardly in keeping with the character of one so simple in his ways and tastes; he, doubtless, would have preferred a grave beside that of his wife, on the banks of the Zambesi. In accordance with general desire and expectation he was buried in Westminster Abbey; and it will be long ere there is received within its walls one worthier to rest among the greatest men of the British Islands.

"Laid among kings! To be a king is duly
To do great things that else are left undone!
His life was one such deed; then reigned he truly?
Yes, for he knit the hearts of men in one.

Laid among heroes! All unquestioned wearing
The title—won by all that wins the name.
Laid among heroes; for his ensign bearing
The lion's tooth-marks on his wasted frame."

The name and achievements of the great traveler were a talisman that gathered within the walls of the venerable Abbey a throng of mourners as unique and diverse as was ever collected around an open grave. Amid that distinguished assemblage, besides his immediate relatives, were statesmen who co-operated in realizing his philanthropic aims; explorers who had shared with him the perils of the African wilds; missionaries who had made light of suffering and privation in seeking to Christianize the aboriginal races; hunters who had been his close companions in the solitude of the bush; clergymen who, with him, sought to establish a Zambesi mission; nonconformist ministers and laymen with whom he was identified in the earlier part of his career; and a miscellaneous host of admirers, who represented the general sentiment of the nation.

The pall-bearers were Sir T. Steele, W. Oswell, W. F. Webb—all old lion hunters and former comrades of Dr.



Livingstone in Africa—Dr. Kirk, Rev. Horace Waller, E. D. Young commander of the first relief expedition, Henry M. Stanley and Jacob Wainwright. Among the relatives present were the veteran missionary Rev. Dr. Moffat, Dr. Livingstone's two sons and two daughters, and the widow of Rev. Charles Livingstone, the brother of Dr. Livingstone and his companion on the Zambesi Expedition. Charles Livingstone, who had long been English Consul on the West Coast of Africa, died October 28th, 1873, on board the homeward-bound English Steamer "Ethiopia." He and his wife were educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and are remembered by many former students of Oberlin College. Mrs. Livingstone and her children were for many years residents of Boston, Massachusetts.

A black marble tombstone was subsequently laid over the grave of the great Traveler. The stone bears an inscription in gold letters as follows:—

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,
MISSIONARY, TRAVELER, PHILANTHROPIST,
BORN, MARCH 19, 1813,
AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE,
DIED, MAY 1, 1873,
AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA.
FOR THIRTY YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN UNWEARIED EFFORT
TO EVANGELIZE THE NATIVE RACES, TO EXPLORE THE
UNDISCOVERED SECRETS, AND ABOLISH THE
DESOLATING SLAVE-TRADE OF
CENTRAL AFRICA,
WHERE WITH HIS LAST WORDS HE WROTE:
"ALL I CAN ADD IN MY LONELINESS IS, MAY HEAVEN'S
RICH BLESSING COME DOWN ON
EVERY ONE—AMERICAN, ENGLISH, OR TURK—WHO WILL HELP TO
HEAL THIS OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD."*

On the right hand edge of the stone are the lines:—


Tantus amor veri—Nihil est quod noscere malm,
Quam Fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes.

And on the left hand edge is the following text:—

Other sheep I have which are not of this fold;
Them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice.

* See Page 333.

When in after times the passing stranger shall look on Dr. Livingstone's grave, and shall be told that it contains the bones of a wayfaring man who perished in the remote wilds of Africa, that English grave itself will be felt to be a grander and more touching memento of the philanthropic missionary than any monument that can be raised in his honor ; because it will be, as it were, the token of the plighted faith and awe-struck veneration which inspired the reverent care, alike of heathen Mussulman and Christian, around the solitary death-bed ; because it shows, by the most indisputable tokens, the devotion which must have sustained the small band of African youths in their arduous enterprise of carrying, through six long months, in spite of all the obstacles of climate, all the inborn prejudices of ancient superstition, all the machinations of hostile tribes, the last relics of their departed master. The devoted heroism of his followers was worthy of the chief they served.



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